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THE

MISCELLANEOUS DOCUMENTS

OF THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

FOR THE

SECOND SESSION OF THE FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

1892-'93.

VOLUME 14.

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1894.

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

ALEXANDER K. CRAIG,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM PENNSYLVANIA,

[illegible]

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

SIXTY-SIXTH CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
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1919.

52D CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 97.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

ALEXANDER K. CRAIG,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM PENNSYLVANIA,

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1893.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the Hon. Alexander K. Craig, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania, 8,000 copies, of which 2,000 copies shall be delivered to the Senators and Representatives of that State; and of the remaining number 2,000 shall be for the use of the Senate and 4,000 copies shall be for the use of the House; and of the quota of the House the Public Printer shall set aside 50 copies, which he shall have bound in full morocco, with gilt edges, the same to be delivered when completed to the family of the deceased; and the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby directed to have engraved and printed at the earliest day practicable a portrait of the deceased to accompany said eulogies.

Agreed to in the House of Representatives, February 27, 1893.

Agreed to in the Senate, March 3, 1893.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

JULY 30, 1892.

Mr. REILLY. Mr. Speaker, it devolves upon me to announce to the House the painful intelligence of the death of one of my colleagues, Hon. ALEXANDER K. CRAIG, late a Representative in this body from the Twenty-fourth district of Pennsylvania. Mr. CRAIG was taken ill in this city several weeks ago while engaged in the discharge of his public duties. His illness was of such a character that it was necessary he should be taken to his home at Claysville, Pa., where, as we learn this morning, he died at 9 o'clock last night.

Mr. CRAIG was a man aged about 64 years. He had lived all of those years the life of an exemplary model Christian gentleman and citizen. He died, as I understand, surrounded by the members of his family and with all that the kind ministering of loving hands could do to save his life. But the inexorable decree had gone forth and he has been taken from our midst.

His service in this body was not of very great length; he had been with us only a few months; but his character and his disposition were such as to endear him, I am sure, to all those who made his acquaintance, as they did to all those who knew him more intimately in the circle of his own community.

It is not my purpose nor the purpose of my colleagues from Pennsylvania to trespass at this time upon the indulgence of the House. I have risen for the purpose of doing no more than making this sad announcement and stating that on some future occasion, when it shall suit the convenience of the House, we shall ask it to set apart a day for paying proper tributes to the memory of our departed colleague.

I now offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ALEXANDER K. CRAIG, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That a committee of seven members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be named by it, be appointed to attend the funeral at Claysville, Pa.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate, and transmit a copy of the same to the family of the deceased.

The question being taken, the resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and the Speaker announced the appointment, in accordance therewith, of the following committee:

Mr. G. F. Kribbs, of Pennsylvania; Mr. J. J. Seerley, of Iowa; Mr. E. P. Gillespie, of Pennsylvania; Mr. A. Caminetti, of California; Mr. G. F. Huff, of Pennsylvania; Mr. John Raines, of New York, and Mr. Marriott Brosius, of Pennsylvania.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will now report an additional resolution submitted by the gentleman from Pennsylvania.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

Mr. REED. Mr. Speaker, I desire to say that in the present condition of the public business I think the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Reilly] ought to withdraw this last resolution. The House has already expressed in proper terms its

appreciation of the event to which its attention has been called; and it seems to me very plain in the present condition of the public business that we ought not to adjourn this House. Everything has been done which is suitable to testify respect. Adjournment of the House at the present time would be testifying respect at the expense of the public service and the public business. I say this in justification of the negative vote which I intend to give if the resolution is not withdrawn.

Mr. REILLY. Mr. Speaker, all I can say in reply to the remarks of the gentleman from Maine [Mr. Reed] is that it strikes me as an extraordinary thing that there should be any discussion on a resolution of this character. My own feeling is that such discussion is a matter of the grossest impropriety. The resolution is presented to the House in conformity with the uniform and unbroken practice on such occasions. I have never known an instance, when a member who had served in this body was summoned to appear before his Maker, that the House was not disposed to adjourn as an act of respect to his memory. In offering the resolution I have no disposition to interfere in any manner with the public business or what may be the desire of the House. The resolution is prompted—appropriately, as it seems to me—by the occasion. It speaks for itself; and having offered it I submit it to the House, which can make such disposition of it as it deems proper. I ask for the adoption of the resolution.

The question being taken, the resolution was agreed to; and in accordance therewith (at 12 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until Monday next at 11 o'clock a. m.

EULOGIES.

FEBRUARY 3, 1893.

Mr. BLOUNT. Mr. Speaker, I desire to ask whether there is not a special order fixed for half past three o'clock to-day.

The SPEAKER. There is, and as that time has about arrived the Clerk will read the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That Friday, February 3, 1893, beginning at 3:30 o'clock p.m., be set apart for the purpose of paying tribute to the memory of Hon. Alexander K. Craig, late a Representative from the Twenty-fourth district of Pennsylvania.

Mr. SIPE. Mr. Speaker, I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. Alexander K. Craig, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his eminent public and private virtues, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

ADDRESS OF MR. SIPE, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Lying just beyond the Alleghenies, in the Old Keystone State, is a district for which nature has done more perhaps than any other one represented on this floor. It embraces within its boundaries thousands of acres of land, unsurpassed for the fertility of its soil and renowned for its flocks of sheep and wool-growing industries; the great coke fields, with their thousands of smoking ovens; the extensive fields of bituminous coal, from which millions of bushels are annually floated on the rivers to provide light and fuel for the Mississippi Valley; the richest pools of petroleum oil the drill has ever discovered on this continent; unlimited deposits of natural gas; and, aside from these, it is famous for its schools and colleges of learning, from which have graduated many of the most illustrious statesmen, jurists, physicians, teachers, and preachers of this land; and having a population of almost 300,000 persons, representing every nationality, tongue, and religion.

This district, the Twenty fourth Pennsylvania, Mr. CRAIG had the honor to represent in the Fifty-second Congress at the time of his death; and I would be wanting in fidelity to my trust and unworthy of the loyal support which his friends gave to me at the recent election, if, on this occasion, as his immediate successor, I failed to record the high esteem and affectionate regard entertained for him by the people of his district, irrespective of party, and especially by those within his native county of Washington.

It was not my good fortune to have ever met Mr. CRAIG, but from a somewhat extensive acquaintance with those who knew him intimately, I am enabled to bear testimony to the

many virtues which adorned his life and secured for him the sincere respect of all with whom he came in contact.

Mr. CRAIG'S ancestors were of Scotch-Irish origin—a stock whose combination of sturdy manliness, religious training, and brilliant mental gifts have filled the world with historic deeds and intellectual treasures. To it our country owes much, for it was conspicuous for its resistance to British tyranny during the Revolutionary war, and contributed largely to the foundation of our civil and religious freedom. In every development of our growth it has borne an active and influential part for the best interests of the Republic. These ancestors were among the earliest settlers of Southwestern Pennsylvania.

ALEXANDER KERR CRAIG was born February 28, 1828, on what was known as the Craig homestead, located on the old National Turnpike road, in Washington County, Pa. In this historic region, famous as the birthplace of that great and illustrious statesman, James G. Blaine, whose recent death we all mourn, and whose ancestry sprung from a kindred Scotch-Irish parentage, the lamented deceased passed his life, within a few miles of his birthplace.

Doubtless his youthful eyes often saw that apostle of Democratic faith, Andrew Jackson, as he passed to and from the national capital over this great highway, and from this honest, fiery chieftain caught the inspiration of political activity that governed him throughout life. He must have seen all the great politicians of the day who used the national pike before the era of railroads, and learned something of the momentous issues that separated the parties in such hostile array.

Living in the midst of a fertile valley, where peaceful homes dotted the hillsides, among a people whose honesty, industry, and intelligence are characteristic of the ancestry I have referred to, where education was esteemed and diligently

sought for, the result of such environments were naturally to be expected in the development of young CRAIG. He displayed in early childhood a great love for books; and it is related by those who were then his associates, that the time spent by other boys in play and recreation he occupied in his school studies and in reading such books as were available. He developed a passionate fondness for works on political economy and religion, and studied carefully the Constitution of the United States and of the several States. He grew up on a farm, doing farm work in summer and attending school in winter. His education was obtained in the public schools and under the tutorship of a learned Presbyterian divine of the neighborhood.

At the age of 18 years Mr. CRAIG began the study of law, which, owing to changes occurring in his father's family, he felt called upon to lay aside at the expiration of one year, to give his attention to farming and the care of younger brothers and sisters. He pursued the vocation of farming, and taught school in winter for many years, until he entered the Union Army. He was regarded a most excellent teacher, and many young men of his neighborhood, under his discipline and teaching, were prepared to enter college and attained great prominence in business and professional life.

Mr. CRAIG was a true patriot. The blood of his patriot sires, the heritage of his forefathers' love of religious and civil liberty, and the emphatic declaration of Old Hickory—"The Federal Union, it must and shall be preserved"—all urged him to offer his services for the perpetuation of the Union he loved so well.

When the storm-cloud of war hung thickest over the land and threatened to destroy the political fabric that Washington and our Revolutionary fathers had reared with so much pains and such vast expenditure of blood and treasure, he enlisted in the gallant Eighty-seventh Regiment Pennsylvania Infantry,

participated in the closing scenes of the war, and was present at the surrender at Appomattox. He was a brave soldier, prompt and faithful in the discharge of every duty assigned him, ready at all times and under all circumstances to meet danger.

Like a gallant soldier, however, he was among the first to assist in healing up the wounds of war and in the restoration of fraternal love throughout the whole land. His country embraced every part of it and every citizen of it. Like Cromwell's Roundheads, he fought well and prayed well; but he did his fighting and his praying from proper motives, and because his conscience commanded him.

Neither Cromwell nor Stonewall Jackson ever went to war with more conscientious motives than actuated Mr. CRAIG. His zeal for his country was a burning and devoted love for the Union of the States and our institutions, and a desire to see both perpetuated for posterity. After his return from the army he devoted himself exclusively to agriculture, a calling always congenial to his taste and well adapted to his time of life, and when approached and solicited to become the standard-bearer of his party, like Cincinnatus, he was found at the plow. He accepted the nomination for Congress by the Democratic party out of a high sense of duty, when the political majority was supposed to be overwhelmingly against him. He made a quiet personal canvass of his district, and, by his pleasing manners and honest, frank bearing, he secured many Republican votes, but his competitor was returned elected.

Mr. CRAIG, believing that he had been defeated by illegal votes and irregularities, began an investigation, and after months of unceasing toil he obtained conclusive proof of his election, and after a bitter contest and a full, careful, and patient consideration by the able gentlemen who compose the present Committee on Elections, he was declared elected by a vote of this House. Dur-

ing the brief period his health permitted him to attend to his duties, he was vigilant in looking after the interests of his constituents, diligent and painstaking in the performance of every duty, and especially anxious and active in all matters relating to the welfare of the soldiers and their widows and children; and if his life had been spared I am satisfied that his counsels would have been much sought after; for while he was a man of unusual modesty, never intruding his opinions, he was at the same time a man of large common sense, sound judgment, and very positive convictions. He accorded to others the right to think and act as they saw fit, but he never permitted difference of views to affect his personal associations.

He abhorred treachery, deception, untruthfulness, and selfishness, and he never made a promise that he did not regard sacred and to the best of his ability tried to perform. Mr. CRAIG was a life-long Democrat of the Jeffersonian school, always active and ever ready to contribute of his means for the success of his party, but he never held any office, except that of school director and justice of the peace, until he took his seat in Congress. At the age of 22 years Mr. CRAIG married Miss Sarah McLain, an accomplished daughter of a prominent neighbor, who with three sons and one daughter survives him. His domestic life was a very happy one, and he found in the wife of his early and constant affection a gentle, loving helpmate and a devoted mother; and now in the evening of life, when bowed down under loss of a dear husband, her children rise up and call her blessed.

As reflecting the influence of Christian example and Christian training, I deem it proper to relate that of Mr. CRAIG'S children one son is now the honored mayor of a prominent city of the Northwest, another one is a successful practicing attorney of the same place, and another one is attending a theological seminary of the Presbyterian Church, preparing himself for the

work of the gospel ministry, while the daughter is a beloved devoted, and a happy wife.

Mr. CRAIG believed literally the language of the sacred Hymn, that "'Tis not the whole of life to live, nor all of death to die." He obeyed the injunction of the Good Book: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." When 22 years of age he united with the Presbyterian Church of Claysville, near his native home, in which he was ruling elder for thirty-five years, superintendent of the Sabbath school fifteen years, and leader of the church choir for half a century, and was also an active member ofthe Young Men's Christian Association of the same place from the date of its organization. During his stay at Washington City he was an active member of the Gurley Memorial Church Sunday school and a strict attendant on religious services.

The career of Mr. CRAIG was rounded out fittingly in the manner of his death, which was as peaceful as his life was beautiful. After an illness of some two months he died at home, surrounded by his loving family and kind friends, on July 29, 1892. Always living so as to be ready to meet the final summons calmly when it came, his spirit marched trustingly over the silent river, secure in the assurance of the final good reward of the Christian soldier who had lovingly and loyally obeyed the orders of the great Captain of Salvation.

A noble man, a loving husband, a kind father, a true patriot, and a sincere, faithful Christian passed away when the Angel of Death touched ALEXANDER KERR CRAIG.

The sculptor's chisel, the meteors of thought flashing from the poet's pen, the biography penned in chaste and beautiful language, and the melody of song have all been employed to perpetuate after death the memory of those who in life were beloved and esteemed for their patriotism, heroism, and statesmanship; but greater, more enduring, and more to be desired

than any one or all of these is the monument of a life devoted to duty, guided and controlled by the rule of conduct taught and practiced by the great Exemplar and Saviour of mankind in Judea almost nineteen hundred years ago: "Love thy neighbor as thyself;" "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Such a monument Mr. CRAIG has left behind him, and who of us would not rejoice to leave such a legacy behind us when we pass to the great beyond?

Mr. Speaker, the field of partisan political strife is often rank with the weeds of personal detraction, and frequently influential and prominent citizens avoid political duty on this account; but whilst its hedges and neglected corners have grown wild with these disfiguring plants, its cultivated soil yields abundantly the flowers that charm the senses and the fruits that enable American civilization to hold the first place in the world of nations.

As an illustration of this truth, I need only to refer to the amenities that have lately been shown to the memory of deceased political opponents by our household of the Democratic faith—memorial actions that ennoble human nature and honor American character. The tribute recently paid by Mr. Cleveland to Rutherford B. Hayes was as graceful as it was worthy of the man and the occasion. The honor shown James G. Blaine gilds with equal glory the dead and the living, and is not less meritorious because it proceeds from Republican friends and former Democratic foes alike.

When ALEXANDER KERR CRAIG died, some of the kindliest, sweetest courtesies of life were shown his memory by Republican opponents of his district. They illustrate fully the American political traits I have been referring to and prove that American manners are generous, humane, and kind.

They all testify how great was the loss to the country when he

died, and how he was esteemed by his political foes as well as his friends.

Let me close my imperfect remarks by quoting the following graceful tribute which appeared in a Republican paper of Mr. CRAIG'S county, and which is from the pen of a prominent Republican, acquainted with the deceased for many years:

In the death of Alexander K. Craig is sustained the loss of a citizen whose life and worth adds largely to the already long list of those who have made illustrious the history of Washington County. He was one of whom it has always been said, He is a good man. Nowhere has this oftener been said than within the radius of his direct personal influence. His home recognized in him the industrious, toiling provider of its comforts and advantages, an affectionate husband, a wise and tender father. His neighborhood knew him as a friend in time of need, a counselor in trouble, a genial companion in all social relations. His church had in him a vigilant, prayerful, and consistent member, a workman whose interest never flagged, a watchman always to be found at the post of duty.

Intelligent, honest, strong in his convictions, and untiring in his efforts; his home, his neighborhood, and his church are all the better for his having lived. In his death they have sustained a loss, which the tender sympathy of friends and the healing influence of time may mitigate, but can never restore. In person, strong and self-reliant; in deportment, genial and courteous; in business, upright and honorable, Mr. Craig brought to bear upon all his relations to the times and community in which he lived an influence that was widespread and always for good.

An intelligent man, a reader, he was always well-versed in the knowledge of current events and affairs of the day, whether from an educational, political, or religious standpoint. And while his rugged character and strong self-reliance required him to adhere with tenacity to those views which his judgment and investigation led him to adopt, his sincerity was undoubted, his integrity unquestioned.

Holding the warmest place in the hearts of those who knew him best, whether at the home fireside, in the circle of friendship, or within the sacred precincts of Sunday school and church, his life and character have been a tower of strength, and his memory shall be a benediction to those who loved him so well. As has been said of another good man and true, whose loss is still fresh in the minds of many friends, may with equal truth be written of Alexander K. Craig:

Oh iron nerve to true occasion true,
  Oh fall'n at length that tower of strength
That stood four square to all the winds that blew!

ADDRESS OF MR. O'NEILL, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: In the Fifty-first Congress the delegation of the State of Pennsylvania in the House of Representatives suffered great loss in the death of several of its well-known members. They will be cherished forever in the affectionate memory of the people of that Commonwealth and the country at large. Kelley, Randall, and Watson, esteemed colleagues and warm friends and associates of mine, were "called away" in the midst of their duties of membership, lamented by all. Two of them, Kelley and Randall, had gained the broadest experience, coming from many years of service, while Watson was adding to his usefulness, though of shorter service.

To-day we, as Pennsylvanians, especially mourn the decease of a colleague, ALEXANDER KERR CRAIG, who, after a contest during the last session, was admitted as a member. I sought his acquaintance soon after he was sworn in, and found him to be a cultured gentleman, of dignified manners, to whom, upon longer association, I am sure I would have become personally attached. He lived but a few months to serve his people, and he had been diligent and attentive, wishing in the exercise of an intelligent judgment to so act as their Representative as would entitle him to their commendation.

Mr. CRAIG had been from an early age a teacher, and continuing such in his more matured life he had achieved an extended reputation as an educator, many of the best known citizens of Washington County, Pa., having been instructed by him, and his teachings to those scholars admitted by them, as they advanced to success in their varied occupations, as the foundation of their usefulness to their fellow-men and of their promotions as their years of activity progressed.

To me there is no sphere of life excelling that of educating youth. I have often thought that those who accepted the positions of school directors and of membership in educational boards were taking upon themselves great responsibilities, and were doing unsurpassed work for the rising generations, always, when their duties were conscientiously done, certain to rise, if from gratitude only, to places of eminence. Representative positions in municipal bodies, in the legislatures of the States, and in the Congress of the United States are reached by many aiders in education, and by the teachers. Now, many such have become distinguished in the Halls of the Senate and House, and have filled with honor the higher places in our Government—yes, the very highest.

Mr. CRAIG had such a training and such a desire to be a useful member that longer service here would have given him position and prominence. He has been taken from us and we must bow to Providence. The House by his removal has lost a gentleman and a scholar.

For several years prior to his coming to Congress he had devoted himself to the pursuit of agriculture. At the call of his country in the days of the rebellion he offered himself as a soldier and served gallantly in a Pensylvania regiment. A teacher, a soldier, a farmer, he came fully equipped for Congressional duty. A Christian gentleman, he lived up to his faith. An elder in the Presbyterian Church, he died in the hope of an eternal life in Heaven. We mourn for him and offer such consolation to his family and friends as man can give.

ADDRESS OF MR. GILLESPIE, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Hon. ALEXANDER K. CRAIG, of Washington County, Pa., occupied a seat in this House but a short time until failing health came to him. His stay among us, however, was long enough to convince all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance that he was an honest, upright, and conscientious man. He was industrious, diligent, and painstaking in all his labors, patient, even-tempered, kind, and courteous with everybody.

His private life was that of a pure man, a model husband, kind father, helpful neighbor, and good citizen. He had his share to do in every laudable undertaking in the community in which he lived and he did it well.

He never boasted, never pretended, but with promptness always acted well his part at home, in church, in State, and wherever else duty called him. His neighbors appreciated him and realized that he was well qualified to represent them in Congress. The nomination came without his seeking and without his knowledge. The committee appointed to notify him of his nomination found him in his harvest field binding wheat, and I am told that it was with great reluctance that he accepted, preferring, as he himself said, to continue to live a quiet, peaceful life rather than to engage in the activities of a public life. Mr. CRAIG was elected, but the certificate of election was given to his adversary.

He came to this House as a contestant for the seat which was subsequently awarded to him The history of that election contest will show nothing for which the friends of ALEXANDER K. CRAIG need blush. The evidence of the political battle through which he passed to obtain his election has been writ-

ten. and upon no page can there be found a single line imputing to him any act or word not in harmony with honesty, fairness, and sincerity.

To pass through the political campaign and subsequent contest that Mr. CRAIG did to gain his seat was a great trial. It tried his honesty and his integrity, but with all he came out a clean man.

His fortitude, his courage, and his manliness never changed. He entered upon the duties of his office with the fixed and determined purpose of doing right, and could always be found at his desk earnestly endeavoring to do his whole duty. He never jested. His thoughts were at all times sincere and pure. No vulgar or profane word ever fell from his lips. His life was one of candor and earnestness. He was a firm believer in the advantages of living in accordance with scriptural teachings. He was a good man, and whatever the rewards of having lived a life of purity and of goodness are, they will certainly be his.

While we pay our heartfelt tributes to the memory of our friend who has gone from among us forever, let us endeavor to imitate his many good qualities. His praiseworthy character is worthy of emulation. He lived a good life and passed peacefully away. How often are we reminded of the lines written by Homer:

> Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
> Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
> Another race the following spring supplies:
> They fall successive, and successive rise;
> So generations in their course decay;
> So flourish these when those are passed away.

ADDRESS OF MR. AMERMAN, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: In the few months of my acquaintance with our departed brother, in many pleasant conversations he revealed himself to me a man honest, earnest, faithful, ambitious to serve God and his fellow-man.

His life had been a struggle from childhood. It is these who develop our resources, till our soil, open our mines, operate our manufactories, build and manage our railroads, carry on our trade, make and execute our laws, build up society, maintain our institutions, and make us great and strong. It is these whom God and men honor.

Opposition had made him reliant and equal to the discharge of duty. The stages of his life were marked by victories; for he never retreated, and halted not until he was victorious. He studied to know the right and was thus blessed. He was a man of few words but of many deeds; and so his life was indeed a long one, for "man lives by deeds, not words."

He believed in God; he also believed in man. Strong in mind and body, actuated by noble purposes, inspired by lofty ambitions, under the certain laws of human development success was the inevitable end. To him time and eternity were one, and death was but a station in a life that knows no end. His purpose was, therefore, not to strive to get through life on earth easily and somehow avoid punishment at its end, but to begin and carry on as well and as far as possible the culture of his soul toward perfection, toward the fulfillment of the end of his being, to be fully completed hereafter.

"We sleep, but the loom of eternal life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow in the beyond."

You all remember the beautiful story of Richter. A little

girl at the dusk of evening, as she was about to follow a path through a cemetery, was asked by one who chanced to meet her whether she was not afraid to pass through the cemetery in the dark. "Oh, no," she replied, "for this is the way to my home." Our brother had no fear of death, no fear to pass through the cemetery in the dark, because he believed and knew that that was the way to his home.

Sharing this belief with him, while I pay my sorrowful tribute of respect to his memory, I joyfully think of his present and future. Through the mystery of birth he came from God a living soul; through the no greater mystery of death he departed to God, the same living soul. Between these mysterious boundaries of his earthly life, saved from sin with love to God, by a continuous, progressive change, according to certain laws and by means of resident forces, his soul grew, or, may I say, evolved to its maturer, higher, better, and more perfected state. To the believer of the immortality of the soul this growth, this evolution, never ceases.

> There is no death! what seems so is transition;
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
> Whose portals we call death.

His service in this House was short, but in that short time he showed himself well equipped for the duties of a legislator. He was well informed upon all public questions. He was strong in counsel and safe in resolution. His votes were those of conviction and not of policy. He was a true, honest, and respected officer of the church, serving God by serving his fellows. Trusted by his fellow-citizens through a long life, he never betrayed their trust. With the same fidelity with which he served the community in which he lived he served the State, as well on the field of battle as in its legislative halls.

He loved God, he loved his fellow-man, he loved the State. Than this, no higher eulogy could any one desire for himself.

ADDRESS OF MR. STOCKDALE, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. SPEAKER: I respond willingly to the invitation to speak of a deceased member of a remarkable family that I knew in my youth, and which, in obedience to the nervous impulses of this marvelous Anglo-Saxon race, dispersed over the Union to meet again only beyond the horizon.

One brother traveled towards the setting sun and paused not until he stood upon the banks of that ambitious river that well-nigh spans a continent, and has since filled the Great Northwest with the fame of his eloquence and learning.

Another, equally brilliant, full of young life and buoyant hopes, set his face southward, floating down the heaving bosom of that "monarch stream" to the queenly city of Natchez, resting on the overlooking bluff in that hospitable realm of soft breezes and blushing flowers; not long to survive, however. Disease laid its spectral hand on his noble brow and in the morning of his glorious manhood he departed on his journey to the skies.

Another, ALEXANDER K. CRAIG, remained near the ancestral home in the land of his birth to be commissioned by a cultured people to a seat in the council chamber of the superbest nation of the earth, and with his name still upon the roll to be called to join the parliament of the redeemed in the federation of the eternal world, and his people have honored his memory in the high character of his successor.

But it is of life not of death I desire to speak. Death is but the end of the span—the terminus of a life full rounded to its close or severed in twain while yet its rich current flows full and strong with bright hopes of success.

Death is but an incident on the way, while life itself is an eternal pulsation of joy.

To pass below the horizon of life is but to enter into the endless morning of another sphere. Death in this world is a birth into the next. What is life? Who can answer?

Confucius, when asked to explain death, said, "How can I explain death when I do not understand life." We know that to be, to exist, to live, is the thrill of joy which we feel and can not explain. The human soul enmeshed in the nerve system is the highest exaltation of life. Verily is man wonderfully and fearfully made. Only in his dual structure the physical and spiritual worlds meet "and are made acquaint." The thrill of that touch caused the morning stars to sing together and the sons of God to shout for joy.

To sever such an existence would seem cruel but for the truth that it opens the door to the grander endless life. "I am the resurrection and the life" echoed through the Greek and Roman and now reverberates through all the avenues of the Anglo-Saxon civilization. To live uprightly is to live gloriously, in view of that coming life.

The breath of God that entered the nostrils and vitalized the inert body of the first father has come percolating down through the generations, through the races, "through the ages," throwing scintillations like David and Homer and Milton into the skies, causing luminaries like Plato and Newton to rise upon the world, causing the illuminations of the successive civilizations until the amazing height upon which we stand is reached, and from which we can look back by the light of temporal and revealed history along the way the human race has come and see that many of the great actors that convulsed society were not benefactors, and not a few were glittering curses to humanity, and we learn as well that giant intellects have often been the wreckers of nations and

governments while others were saved by men of seemingly less imposing stature, who, with well-balanced minds and patriotic purpose, strived ever towards the truth and justice.

Great intellects without the restraint of noble hearts are keen blades that save or destroy with equal facility. The safety of liberty and civilization lies in the great heart of the people. I once saw a waif, headed "Fame," in eight lines:

> The night has a thousand eyes,
> The day has one;
> Yet the light of the bright world dies
> With the setting sun.
>
> The mind has a thousand eyes,
> The heart has one;
> Yet the light of a whole life dies
> When love is done.

They who live with the high purpose to benefit mankind, and march with steady eye and sure footsteps in the great battle between good and evil, are the real heroes, and to their memory monuments should be builded highest and polished brightest, so that the rays of every new morning will reflect first the glory of true men.

The superb Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has no more luminous constellation in her canopy of intellectual glory than that of the great minds of her beautiful trans montes valley, in which the twenty-fourth district rests; nor is there a brighter spot on the polished surface of the keystone of this wondrous arch than Washington County, wherein the massive intellect of Thomas McKennon was developed and the dazzling intellect of James G. Blaine first flashed upon the world, and where many other families of renown still live.

It was such a people, with the honors of historic names resting upon them, cultured, intellectual, and great, that commissioned ALEXANDER K. CRAIG to the custody of their interests in the nation's parliament, whose grandeur is not

surpassed. That is in itself a complete eulogium, more eloquent than I can speak.

That chaplet of the hearts of that superb people I lay upon the grave of the soldier who fought in the front lines of the battle and was too brave for revenge after the struggle ceased.

In that benediction I embalm his memory and say, Rest.

ADDRESS OF MR. WILSON, OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: I should resist the promptings of my heart and deny myself a sad pleasure if when the friends of Mr. CRAIG are honoring his memory I failed to offer my own sincere tribute of respect and of friendship. I knew him only during his brief service in this Chamber, and my impressions of the man are derived entirely from my association with him in that service. When he came here at the beginning of the present Congress as a contestant for a seat in this House a letter from a mutual friend made us acquainted, and when he was awarded that seat by a practically unanimous vote the desk to which he was assigned made him my immediate neighbor.

In this daily association I learned to look on him as a personal friend and to respect him as a faithful and conscientious representative of his people. He was a painstaking and most industrious worker, constant in his attendance upon the sessions of the House, and watchful of its business. In voting upon public measures he was more desirous of getting at what was right in principle than what was popular in policy. He had an intelligent and firm grasp of the fundamental differences which separate the two great political organizations of this country, and a hearty loyalty to the party of his choice, free from personal prejudice or partisan bigotry. His qualities had nothing showy in them. They were the plain and simple virtues that

beget increasing respect and confidence as men see more of them and learn to trust more in their solidity.

Had he lived I can not doubt that he would have gained a very strong hold upon the good will and affection of his constituents and won for himself in this House the confidence that seldom fails to reward a sincere man, a well-balanced and industrious Representative. In private intercourse Mr. CRAIG bore himself always as a modest, kindly Christian gentleman, and this, I think, is the highest eulogy I can pay to him. I deplore his sudden death, Mr. Speaker, as the loss of a useful, discreet, and patriotic member of Congress, and I mourn for him in the sincerity of true friendship, for it was with that feeling I had learned to regard him.

ADDRESS OF MR. KRIBBS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Brief as was our acquaintance in this Hall with ALEXANDER K. CRAIG, it was sufficient to reveal to us the excellent traits of his character.

These were an upright love of honesty, staunch maintenance of conviction, with fidelity to principle and generous courtesy to those of opposite views.

In his private life, amongst his family and friends, his was the kindly disposition that carried with it the respect and esteem of all who knew him. Earnest and active in all good works, sincere in his professions and correct, according to the laws of God and man, in his dealings with his fellow-men.

It was my privilege to attend as a representative of this body the simple funeral of this plain man up amid the hills of his native State. It was a mournful pleasure to witness the high esteem shown his memory by those who had known him

in his daily life, had seen his going out and coming in for so many years.

When I stood in that little church where he had worshiped his God with all the religious earnestness of his nature, and saw the moist eye and quivering lip as his neighbors looked for the last time upon his placid face, I knew that we had not been mistaken in our estimate of the man.

There were present some who had known him from his boyhood, who had served with him in the councils of his church and upon the tented field; some who had been under his teachings in the Sabbath school, now men and women grown, leading their children who likewise had listened to his kindly teachings, and as they passed each laid some bud or blossom or sprig of green upon his dreamless couch in sweet remembrance of his virtues. And when his comrades in blue, wearing the bronze button of the Grand Army, lame and bowed, gray with years and stricken with grief, passed in review before the last conqueror of us all, it was asked of one standing by, "Did our friend have an army record?" "Aye," was the response, "as in everything else, Mr. CRAIG made a good record as a soldier." Who knowing the man could doubt it—always doing the duty nearest him with earnestness and fidelity.

It is not the great men of the world whose influence is for the best or the most far reaching, but it is of those in everyday life in an everyday world who impress their worth and character upon those with whom they come in contact, who in turn transfer the impulse to others. A word fitly spoken, the inspiration, we might say the contagion of right example, a single kindly act, may go on through all time gathering volume and bestowing blessing. Such a man and citizen was our deceased colleague. Hearts, not books, bear the record of such lives.

As has been said of one great in the history of his country, we may say of this one, who was good, whose memory is a shining light in the annals of his neighborhood:

Were a star quenched on high,
  For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from on high,
  Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a good man dies,
  For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
  Upon the path of men.

ADDRESS OF MR. SEERLEY, OF IOWA.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is a pleasure for me to be permitted to add a few words to the many kind ones which have been said in this House in memory of Mr. CRAIG.

His term of service in the House of Representatives of the United States was short, but by his frankness and his integrity he had won the respect of all who had become acquainted with him.

The honorable life which he led at home and the respect in which he was held by all his friends and acquaintances have been told by Representatives from his own State, and I can add nothing thereto. However, I desire to say, as one of those appointed by the Speaker to attend his funeral, that I was deeply impressed not only by the action of his friends and neighbors when they spoke of his many virtues and what he had done for the people among whom he had always lived, but also by the love shown by the young men and women and even the children for their teacher and adviser and their sorrow at his untimely death.

The first time I ever met the deceased was when he was visiting his son in Keokuk, Iowa, and I found him then to be the

same upright and honorable gentleman that he proved himself to be while making his contest for a seat in the Fifty-second Congress. We talked over the campaign through which he had just passed, and he ended the conversation by saying, "I believe I was duly and legally elected to Congress from my district. My friends are confident that I was elected. I propose to present my case fairly to the House, as I did to the people. If the members of the Fifty-second Congress think I was legally elected by the people I want my seat. I think it an honor to be a member of Congress, but I do not want to be a member of Congress if I was not honestly elected."

From my acquaintance with his son, Hon. John E. Craig, of Keokuk, Iowa, I soon became intimately acquainted with Mr. CRAIG and met him almost daily in Washington during the time he was making the contest. During all that time I never heard from him even so much as a suggestion that his case should be decided in his favor upon any technicality or because his political party had the power. His entire plea was to lay prejudice aside and do justice regardless of what might be the result. Such a showing when so many political battles are sought to be won without regard to the means employed speaks volumes in honor of the man to whose memory we do credit this day.

It was this manliness of character which also protected him, during the heat of the political contest through which he passed and his subsequent contest in this House, from those political assaults which are a disgrace to our American journalism. But his life demonstrated the fact that a character built up by observing the Golden Rule is a shield which is able to protect even a candidate for office against misrepresentation and abuse. I believe if he had been spared he would have made a useful legislator and would have always been found working for the interests of his people.

At the time of his death he was representing a district now historic. Until the great labor problem shall have been settled the word "Homestead" will be a warning and a lesson to both laborers and capitalists. That herculean struggle which, in my judgment, did much to decide the great political contest of 1892, had just commenced when his labors were ended. Sickness kept him from taking any part in seeking its settlement.

He lived upon a farm, but near the greatest manufacturing center of the world. With such surroundings he studied the great political and social questions. He gained his knowledge not only by reading, but from observation. From his experience thus gained he undertook to legislate. He was the friend of the farmer, and the laborer. He demanded equal rights for all. He believed the only way to preserve and perpetuate free institutions was by doing justice to all interests and all people.

It was such a man the Fifty-second Congress and the people lost by the death of Mr. CRAIG—a man who was loved and respected as husband, father, citizen, and statesman.

Mr. SIPE. Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to; and in accordance with the terms thereof, at 4 o'clock and 19 minutes p. m., the House, as a further mark of respect to the deceased, adjourned until to-morrow at 11 o'clock a. m.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

JULY 30, 1892.

Mr. QUAY. It is my painful duty to announce that my colleague, ALEXANDER K. CRAIG, a member of the House of Representatives, died at his home last night, and to ask that there be placed before the Senate the resolutions in relation to his death received a few moments ago from the House of Representatives.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Chair lays before the Senate the action of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *July 30, 1892.*

Resolved, That the House has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ALEXANDER K. CRAIG, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That a committee of seven members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be named by it, be appointed to attend the funeral at Claysville, Pa.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy of the same to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

The Speaker announced the appointment of Mr. KRIBBS, Mr. SEERLEY, Mr. GILLESPIE, Mr. CAMINETTI, Mr. HUFF, Mr. RAINES, and Mr. BROSIUS as the committee provided for in the foregoing resolution.

Mr. QUAY. Upon another occasion I shall ask the Senate to fix a day for the consideration of appropriate resolutions

commemorative of the services and public character of my late colleague. Meantime I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. A. K. CRAIG, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That a committee of three Senators be appointed by the Vice-President to join the committee on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. Under the resolutions just adopted the Chair appoints the following as the committee: The Senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. Cameron], the Senator from Wyoming [Mr. Carey], and the Senator from Maryland [Mr. Gorman].

Mr. QUAY. I offer an additional resolution.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolution will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on the adoption of the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to; and (at 2 o'clock and 50 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, August 1, 1892, at 12 o'clock m.

EULOGIES.

MARCH 3, 1893.

Mr. CAMERON. I ask that the resolutions of the House of Representatives relative to the death of Hon. ALEXANDER K. CRAIG, be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. ALEXANDER K. CRAIG, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his eminent public and private virtues, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. CAMERON. I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk and ask that they be read.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of the Hon. ALEXANDER K. CRAIG, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the Secretary of the Senate to the family of the deceased.

ADDRESS OF MR. CAMERON, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The Senate is once more called upon to suspend its business that fitting tribute may be paid to the memory of another departed colleague. The frequency with which death has entered this Chamber, as well as that of the other House, has been very marked during this Congress.

In this body we mourn the loss of four of our late colleagues, and the House of Representatives mourns the loss of ten of its members.

My late colleague, ALEXANDER KERR CRAIG, a Representative in Congress from the Twenty-fourth district of Pennsylvania, died at his home in Claysville, Washington County, Pa., Friday evening, July 29, 1892, at 9 o'clock, after two months' illness from jaundice. Mr. CRAIG was born in Buffalo township, February 21, 1828, on the old Craig farm, which is located on the National Pike, in Washington County, one mile east of Claysville. He was of Scotch-Irish descent. His father was the Hon. Hugh Craig, a man of considerable force of character and influence in his day, and represented his county two terms in the Pennsylvania legislature, declining a third.

Mr. CRAIG obtained his early education from the common schools in the vicinity of his home, from private instruction of the late Rev. Alexander McCarrell, and through devoting his few leisure hours to hard and persistent study, being a constant reader and a close student. He commenced teaching school at 16 years of age. About a year later he took up the study of law under Hon. T. M. T. McKennan, and continued the same until, through the force of adverse circumstances, he deemed it his duty to abandon the study of his chosen profession and return to the farm in the interest of his younger

sisters and brothers. While thus carrying on the farm work he also taught school during the winter months when no farm work could be done. His success as a teacher was such that he became principal of the Claysville schools, a position which he held for a number of years.

Mr. CRAIG came from a remarkable family. His brother, Hon. John H. Craig, is a distinguished lawyer in Keokuk, Iowa. Another brother, the late Rev. Hugh Craig, was an able minister in the Baptist Church, and was at one time president of the Monongahela College. William Craig, another brother, a young man of great promise, and educated at Washington College, went South in early manhood and became principal of a high school at Natchez, Miss., but shortly after died there from malarial disease. Another brother, Joseph Craig, is a prosperous farmer in Brown County, Kansas. Thomas B. Craig, his youngest brother, between whom and the one whose death we mourn here to-day there were the strongest feelings of brotherhood and filial devotion, has been for the past 25 years one of the most enterprising merchants in Claysville. A sister, Mrs. Darby, resides in Kansas.

Mr. CRAIG, my late colleague, was married in 1852 to Miss Sarah McLain, a daughter of the late William McLain, of Washington County, who for fifty years was one of the leading Presbyterians in the Claysville region. From this union there were four children, now living, all of whom have attained more or less prominence. His son John E. Craig is a leading lawyer in and at present mayor of Keokuk, Iowa; another son, J. Addison Craig, was for five years principal of the Keokuk high school; a third son, Thomas Craig, was recently admitted to the bar at Keokuk; and a married daughter, Mrs. Albert Sprowls, lives at Claysville.

In February, 1865, Mr. CRAIG enlisted in the Eighty-seventh Regiment of Pennsylvania Infantry, and served with

gallantry and conspicuous merit during the closing scenes of the war of the rebellion. He was also present at the surrender at Appomattox Court-House.

The war over, Mr. CRAIG returned to his home and again took up his agricultural pursuits.

He was a lifelong, active, and earnest supporter of the principles of the Democratic party.

Early in his life he manifested an interest in political affairs and soon became prominent in the local councils of his party, where his active and earnest advocacy of the principles of his faith gained him not only the support of those who shared his political belief, but the respect of his opponents as well. His youthful training was such that his mind became imbued with fixed views and he was very pronounced in their exposition. He was exceedingly well informed upon all the great economic questions of the day, and his mind possessed an analytical turn which peculiarly fitted him to deal with all important questions.

Mr. CRAIG was nominated by his party a number of times for county offices, but never held any public office except that of school director and justice of the peace until nominated, without solicitation, to represent his district in the Fifty-second Congress, receiving 21,585 votes against 21,708 votes for Andrew Stewart, Republican, and 995 votes for Edward Campbell, Prohibitionist. He made a spirited and successful contest and was seated February 26, 1892, by a vote of the House of 132 to 57. He was assigned to the Committees on Education and Military Affairs, where he rendered faithful service.

From the time he took his seat in the House, Mr. CRAIG displayed such perception and keenness in the business-like way with which he grappled difficult legislative problems, that he soon attracted the favorable attention of the leaders in that body. His term of office was short, but notwithstanding this,

he impressed his fellow-members with his wisdom and integrity.

Mr. CRAIG was a religious man. He was a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church of Claysville, and had been superintendent of the Sabbath school there for twenty years. He was also a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, which he joined at the date of its organization, and in which he was one of the most zealous and active members. His disposition was kindly. Selfishness was to him an unknown attribute. In the discharge of every duty he was guided by the Golden Rule, and in every act he sought to follow its precepts. His life was beautiful in its affection and simplicity, and his taking away leaves a sorrow in the hearts of all who knew him.

ADDRESS OF MR. PEFFER, OF KANSAS.

Nothing more appropriate, Mr. President, than that when men and women die something should be said about it; something that will move the chords of life, and help the sorrowing to weep their grief away; something that will aid the soul in contemplating the mystery of death; something that will bring at the heart at least faint glimpses of the greater, grander reality of life.

> Life is real, life is earnest;
> And the grave is not its goal.
> Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
> Was not spoken of the soul.

So, when the Senator from Pennsylvania came to me last evening and asked if I would not join him and others in these memorial services, and say something by way of tribute to the memory of a departed friend, I felt it to be my duty to consent.

Though it was not my fortune to enjoy a personal acquaintance with the deceased, he was my brother—his manhood made

him that—but it is of life and not of death that I would speak—his life, if you choose, in the sense that one man's life in its essential being is the life, or like the life, of all men, because it is one of many bound together by an indestructible sympathy.

Mr. President, "the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." Death we see; life is unseen. The roots of life lie deep among the dead; its nourishment comes from decay. The brightest colors and the sweetest fragrance are brewed in swamps. The pond lily rests on stagnant waters. Without death there could be no life. If nothing were wasted the world would stand still. Immortality is but the bloom of death in perpetual succession.

It is on this great truth that my faith is builded, a faith that teaches me the continued progress of men, the eternal growth of mind—a faith that reaches forward to the ultimate perfection of the human race.

This subtle force, this incomprehensible entity which we call life, is the most wonderful of all things. And yet it is a result, not a cause—it comes from the wrecks and ruins of the dead.

Nothing so grand, nothing so splendid, so inspiring as human life. In and through its ceaseless efforts came all the enduring monuments of time.

Every life has something in it worth remembering, and that is the part of it which was useful and good. There is nothing in the evil which men do that permanently impresses itself on the progress of the race. The only lasting influence is that which makes men better. The higher we rise the more plainly we see what is below. After all, evil is only contrast. We suffer pain because we enjoy pleasure. The better we grow the more plainly we see what is wrong and the more hateful it appears. The head sees through the heart; both grow together.

What there was of good in this man's life—and there was

much—is saved and descends as a legacy, not only to those who knew him best and loved him most, but to us here in the nation's highest legislative body, and we shall have done well if we profit by it.

Life is worth living, Mr. President. That which seems most cruel betimes is a training school, fitting us for better work ahead. We grow stronger by being burdened. We are perfected through suffering if we faint not nor fall by the way.

ADDRESS OF MR. CALL, OF FLORIDA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I had no personal acquaintance with the deceased member of the House of Representatives to whose memory we are now paying this tribute; but the lives of the four hundred and eight men who are charged with the responsibility of the sovereign legislative department of this Government are of great importance to those who shall come after us. They become a part of the annals of the Republic, and are placed in its archives. No man can belong to either of these two bodies and perform the duties which rest upon him satisfactorily without leaving his impress upon the civilization of his day.

This human life of ours, beautiful as it is, wonderful in its faculties and in all its characteristics, bounded by a horizon of impenetrable mystery, has within it something which appeals to the consciousness of man that there is a greater and a nobler future for us, but that future and the nobility of it we are impressed with the consciousness must come from the conduct of men here. In the whole arena of human life there is no field so great as that which is open to even the humblest among the four hundred and eight lives which are charged with the destiny of this great Republic.

This civilization of ours is dependent upon our institutions, following the example of the Divine Man who nearly nineteen hundred years ago revolutionized all the conditions of philosophy; and all theories of government were based and are to-day founded upon the idea of banishing to a great extent the misery and the woes and the sorrows which afflict mankind. It is intended to raise the poor who have always constituted the great body of the people to a higher and a better condition of life, to a condition where they can realize the responsibilities of that future life, and enjoy in comfort and peace of mind the faculties with which they are endowed and the bounties of nature. It is intended to banish the inequalities and the greed and the avarice and the cruelty, the bloody wars, the dark and loathsome dungeon, the chains, tortures, and superstitions which have characterized the condition of man and the administration of government in all past time.

This ship of state is freighted with the happiness of the human race, and the responsibility therefore of guiding it in its course upon these principles and in the light of these great objects, when intrusted by the suffrage of his fellow-citizens to any man, is the most honorable distinction known to our laws and the most important public duty. The manner in which he shall have performed the duties of this great office, as attested by persons who, although strangers to him, have been associated with him in their performance, becomes a great and important fact in our national life and history.

If his associates, although serving in another branch of the Legislature, shall attest to the fact that he has gone unstained through the temptations which beset each and all of us; that he resisted the appeals of avarice to use the powers of Government for the benefit of individuals and privilege and class against the body of the people; that he has boldly and with the true spirit of a patriot, a statesman, and a friend of his

fellow-man performed his duties—if we can inscribe upon the annals of the Republic this testimony in behalf of our departed colleague of those who knew him only as an associate in the performance of his duty without stain and without reproach, it is the highest commendation that a human life can have.

This testimony I can bear. Serving here during the whole period of the time in which this lamented brother of ours was a member of the National Legislature, I testify to the fact that no stain and no reproach and no suspicion came upon him. No venal press ever presumed to stain the purity of his conduct. Performing thus these high and great duties, contributing through them to the happiness of mankind in the perpetuity of the Republic, we can inscribe upon his name in the annals of the Republic this as the sentence and the judgment of his associates.

A scholar and student of human life, in a life of the Divine Jesus, contemplating the scriptural account of his interview with the woman at Jacob's well and his statement that "the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father," but "the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth," says:

> On the day and hour when Jesus pronounced these words he was indeed the Son of God. He for the first time gave utterance to the idea upon which shall rest the edifice of the everlasting religion. He founded the pure worship of no age, of no clime, which shall be that of all lofty souls to the end of time.

The words of Jesus were a gleam in a thick night; it has taken eighteen hundred years for the eyes of humanity to learn to abide it. But the gleam shall become the full day, and after passing through all the circles of error humanity will return to these words as to the immortal expression of its faith and its hopes. This faith which frees the human mind from the bondage of tradition; which pierces the darkness of the ages and illumines the immortal life; which overthrows the tyranny of

caste, privilege, and rank; which makes the care for and the protection of the people equally the obligation of a wise statesmanship and a true religion. In the light of this high and beautiful faith, in the confidence of this reasonable belief, in the performance of the duties of the great office confided to him by his people this gentleman lived and died. Honor to his memory, and immortal happiness to his spirit.

ADDRESS OF MR. VILAS, OF WISCONSIN.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The deceased Representative whose life and services have been briefly recounted by the distinguished Senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. Cameron] was relatively a stranger to me. When the request was made that I should add something to the observations of other Senators upon this occasion, I answered that my limited knowledge of him might cause me not to do him justice. I undertake, therefore, to pay not that tribute which close personal acquaintance might have enabled me to discharge with a more exact and better judgment and discrimination, but only a brief word to testify the remembrance due to the Representative and to the man.

After all, sir, what boots it that I was not specially and familiarly acquainted with the deceased. He was a man who in his walk of life had acquired celebrity in his locality, was highly esteemed and respected as a man of uprightness of character, as a man of high abilities and attainments, a man who walked his way in life well and faithfully. His qualities, sir, were such that I am sure had he been spared but for a short time he would doubtless have won that influence which his native ability, his solid acquirements, and the integrity of his character deserved.

Mr. President, the fate of death is common to us all. We can not escape it. The millions who have gone before and the millions who are to come after must suffer its ordeal.

> All that tread
> The globe are but a handful to the tribes
> That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
> Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
> Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
> Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
> Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
> And millions in those solitudes, since first
> The flight of years began, have laid them down
> In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

And what matters it, sir, to us as to the noise with which we depart from this world? You cast the little pebble in the pool, or the greater stone with a heavier splash; they alike sink, and in a little while the ripple that disturbed the surface has faded away. But they who sink in the pool of death disappear forever. Never yet the grappling hook or ingenious diving bell or all the wit or art of man recovered one trace or portion.

Sir, our hope is that the power which gave being will give life beyond the grave, a life the measure of whose beauty there will be the measure of its usefulness here. By this hope, sir, those who loved the deceased may grieve, but not as those without hope. Honorable, faithful, true in public and private life, they may well look to his past as the hope for the future. Sir, I am glad to pay this tribute of respect to the deceased, not only as a public duty, but from a sense of private duty also.

A brother of the deceased, Hon. John H. Craig, of Keokuk, Iowa, was well known to me. He was one of the ablest lawyers, the finest scholars, the most accomplished gentlemen in the West. Sir, this recollection gives me a sense of personal

consolation at the opportunity which is afforded me to lay a garland on the grave of our dead colleague.

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

It is of little consequence to him who is gone, but to us, still in the world, it is worth while to bethink ourselves that a short time only intervenes between his advance and our pursuit of the same course of death that ends life.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore.* The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. Cameron].

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

O

HON. MELBOURNE H. FORD.

Heliotype Engraving & Printing

[illegible] HOUSE OF [illegible]

MEMORIAL [illegible]

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

MELBOURNE H. FORD,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM MICHIGAN

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES [illegible]

FIFTY-SECOND [illegible]

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF [illegible]

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1893.

52D CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 98.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

MELBOURNE H. FORD,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM MICHIGAN,

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1893.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the Hon. MELBOURNE H. FORD, late a Representative from the State of Michigan, eight thousand copies, of which two thousand copies shall be delivered to the Representatives and Senators of that State, and of the remaining number, two thousand copies shall be for the use of the Senate and four thousand copies for the use of the House. And of the quota of the House of Representatives, the Public Printer shall set aside fifty copies which he shall have bound in full morocco with gilt edges, the same to be delivered when complete to the family of the deceased. And the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby directed to have engraved and printed, at the earliest day possible, a portrait of the above to accompany said eulogies.

Agreed to in the House of Representatives February 14, 1893.

Agreed to in the Senate February 14, 1893.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

DECEMBER 19, 1891.

Mr. CHIPMAN, of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, in accordance with the request of the delegation from the State of Michigan, the duty devolves upon me to announce to this House the death, on the 21st day of April last, of Hon. MELBOURNE H. FORD, a member of Congress from the State of Michigan. He died very suddenly, in the fresh maturity of his very remarkable powers; and in his death the brilliant future, of which his past career gave promise, has been cut off. His obsequies were attended by a multitude of citizens of the thriving and beautiful city in which he resided, and by representative men not only from the State of Michigan but from other States of the Union.

This is not a proper occasion to enter upon a eulogy of Mr. FORD'S career. He served in the Legislature of his State. He served on this floor, where he was known, respected, and beloved by many gentlemen who are members of the present Congress. I will content myself at present, with simply and reverently announcing to the House the sad fact of his death, and on another occasion will ask that opportunity be given to members of this body who admired and loved him to pay tribute to his memory. I ask the adoption of the resolution which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Whereas the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. MELBOURNE H. FORD, late a Representative from the State of Michigan: Therefore,

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to his memory the House do now adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

The resolutions were adopted; and, in accordance therewith, the House (at 12:37 p. m.) adjourned until Wednesday next.

APRIL 9, 1892.

Mr. BELKNAP. Mr. Speaker, I ask for the regular order.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will read the special order for this day.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That Saturday, April 9, beginning at 2 o'clock p. m., be set apart for paying tribute to the memory of Hon. MELBOURNE H. FORD, late a member of the House of Representatives from the Fifth district of Michigan.

Mr. BELKNAP. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for a tribute to the memory of the Hon. MELBOURNE H. FORD, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That, as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a public servant, the House at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

ADDRESS OF MR. O'DONNELL OF MICHIGAN.

Mr. Speaker, the frequent assignment of days in which the course of business is suspended in the House of Representatives to pay tribute to the worth of departed members of the Fifty-second Congress who have gone to the silent continents of eternity furnish impressive lessons of the mutability of human affairs, the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death. Since my service in this House many have been summoned from the activities of being to the stillness of the grave. What a roll of names that can make answer only from the silent depths of memory! In the present Congress what a membership have gone to the solemn shades!

Since Michigan became a State five of its members in this House and two Senators have died in office. The latter were Kinsley S. Bingham, one of our early statesmen, who died in 1861, and Zachariah Chandler, the great war Senator, unexpectedly taken from earth in 1879. Of the members of the House whose terms were closed by death were Edward Bradley, died in 1847, before taking his seat; Wilder D. Foster, who passed away in 1872; Alpheus S. Williams, summoned hence in 1878; Seth C. Moffatt, suddenly called in 1887; and the fifth and last of the list of Michigan's representatives released from duty by death was MELBOURNE H. FORD, whose memory we honor to-day, and who was numbered with the dead less than a year ago, April 20, 1891.

Mr. FORD was born in Saline, Mich., June 30, 1849. My first acquaintance with him began in my own city, where he was employed as a clerk. I remember that the duties of the clerkship were performed faithfully and acceptably by the youth. When he had given up the humble position he departed, and

I did not meet him again until the winter of 1887 in this Hall, when he came to enter upon the duties of a Representative in the Fiftieth Congress.

Mr. FORD commenced his education at the Agricultural College at Lansing, and while there received the appointment of naval cadet at Annapolis. He pursued the studies at that historic school for a few months. The young man desired to serve his country. He had not attained the years on entering the Academy to be enrolled among the country's defenders, but after a time he joined the naval forces, and saw a little service before the ordeal of war was fully ended. He was permitted to be a participant in the great struggle that made ambition virtue and repaid the nation in following the profession for which it had partially educated him.

When peace was restored he quitted the Navy and turned his talents to the conquests of peace, studied law, and was admitted. He never practiced that profession, but served many courts in another capacity than that of advocate or counsel. He ranked among the most proficient of stenographers and enjoyed the work. He held but two elective positions, both legislative. In 1884 he was chosen a member of the lower house of the Michigan Legislature, being accredited to that branch by the great manufacturing city of the State. He soon gave evidence of decided ability, his service being so acceptable that he was rewarded in 1886 by an election to this House.

During the term here he exhibited application and industry, accomplishing much for his constituency and district. He sought by law to stay the tide of immigration of the unworthy to our shores; to elevate American citizenship, and debar dangerous elements coming here; to close the door to those not fitted for our institutions. His design was misunderstood. He had reared a structure to protect his country. This was leveled by those whom it was intended to assist, and in the ruins

was the political hope of the promoter of the legislation. He learned the instability of public opinion; that it is ever changing. He accepted the verdict with composure.

In the Legislature of Michigan the members of the political party with which he was identified paid him the compliment of making him their candidate for United States Senator.

He retired from this House at the end of his term, disappointed at the lack of recognition on the part of the constituency whom he had desired to benefit. The interregnum between elections passed, and in 1890 he was again nominated for Congress, to share in the astounding victories of his party in that year of surprising results. Public opinion that two years before had cast him down now triumphantly designated him again as a Representative in Congress. He stood once more in the sunshine of success. The lesson of public life is difficult to con by those whose philosophy is the welfare of others. The issue of that contest restored Mr. FORD to his place among the leaders of his party in the Peninsular State and he planned to serve his people more efficiently than before.

In the brief period of forty-seven days after the beginning of his tenure as a member of the Fifty-second Congress he was suddenly summoned from earth by death, the grim messenger striking the fatal blow without warning. On Sunday night, April 19, 1891, he sought repose, and in that strange and solemn interval of time, the twilight of the morning, in the violet dawn, he was stricken with the malady which in a few hours removed him from the scenes of earth. He never recovered consciousness from the attack. He saw not the sorrowing wife and children and grieving friends about that couch of death, but quietly stepped from the harassing cares of the present into the realm of eternal rest and peace.

The 20th of last April was a day of sadness at Grand Rapids, his home. The wave of sorrow was felt all over Michi-

gan. At the funeral the affection of the people and their mourning for his demise were manifested in many ways. The Legislature of the State attended in a body, business was suspended, and as the remains lay in state at the City Hall, amid the flowers of awakening spring, thousands with moist eyes looked upon the placid countenance of the dead.

The bereavement was expressed so general that it seemed those sealed ears might hear. Amid the somber trappings of woe, the quiet procession of bereaved friends and acquaintances, as I looked it seemed to me there was that strange reflection of a light that never was on land or sea touching and brightening the still features into a look of hope and peaceful joy.

A great city's heart throbbed with grief that he was taken. The inanimate form was conveyed from its home on earth to its final home, followed by a great concourse, and in the silent city, on that April day, when nature was awakening in the vividness of renewed life, when the long day of the year had dawned upon spring, all that was mortal was tenderly laid to rest by loving, fraternal hands; the grave closed over this young life. At the obsequies the workingmen of the city requested that the factories be silent that day in order that they might pay their tribute to the memory of one they esteemed so well in life. I believe our dead friend would have asked no sweeter rosemary for remembrance than this act of the industrial forces at his home. Could he have looked down from the calm heights of eternity he would have realized that useful lives here are not forgotten.

Mr. Speaker, as I saw those marks of respect to his memory in that great mart of trade, while gazing upon the coffined lineaments of our friend and associate, there came to me the tender thought once spoken of another:

Thou camest into the world weeping, while all around thee were smiling, and thou leavest the world smiling, while all about thee are in tears.

Mr. FORD lived not quite forty-two years. In this limited period he accomplished much. In the swift pilgrimage "from the rosy dawn of birth to death's sad night" he wrought for others more than for himself. I knew him well during his service here, and soon discovered his strong convictions on public questions, and his consistent advocacy thereof. This spirit distinguished him to the end of his too brief life. His tastes were social as well as literary, and those who knew him here were inspired with confidence and friendship. His work in this Capital won success, gained by ability, fidelity, and industry.

Reflecting over the vanished life now passed on, let us remember, as was said by Lucretius centuries agone:

> Life is given to no one for a lasting possession; to all for use.

Mr. Speaker, I have sketched the life and public service of our departed associate, how he labored for his people and the nation. His strong character, enlarged views, application, and native ability displayed while a member here brought him recognition and prominence in the country. Those who noted that career as it developed in this Hall lament that he was too early summoned to the other world by death.

In paying this tribute to my dead friend and colleague my mind recalls a solemn scene in this Chamber on February 29, 1888, when he spoke words of sorrowing regret over the death of another departed member from Michigan, Mr. Moffatt, who, like the subject of our service to-day, had crossed the dark river and entered the portals of eternity. He, too, had been almost as suddenly summoned from life. We looked upon him one day well and strong, and in a few hours we saw on his face the wondrous seal of everlasting peace. In Mr. FORD'S eulogy of our dead colleague he uttered that gem imbedded in the language of every people, "say naught of the dead un-

less good." In that fitting address he foreshadowed his belief in the future life in these words:

> That there is a hereafter every man, it seems to me, must believe. I can not conceive how anyone with human instincts can think otherwise. If there exists a person who honestly believes that when his eyes are closed in death nothing remains, then, I say, such a person is to be pitied. Can it be that at the conclusion of man's existence on this planet for a comparatively infinitesimal period of time—can it be, I say, that when dust is rendered into dust, all is ended? No.
>
> No word comes back. We know not what awaits us. Still, I have something here in my innermost soul which tells me that this life is not the end; that beyond all this we have a wider, a higher, a nobler destiny. There lies in the human breast a something which says, "This is not all." What an encouraging hope, what a divine thing it is for this world, this belief in a future existence.

To repeat the words of our departed friend, spoken here four years since, for him we trust in that "encouraging hope" he gave of his "belief in a future existence" and are gladdened by the conviction that with him it is well. In the celestial economy no ray of light is left to wander aimlessly. His good deeds are treasured in the archives of eternity. We rejoice that back of death's semblance is the potency of a splendid new birth.

I have read that "man's best monument must be found in human hearts that swell at mention of his name, but speak not in a public place." How true is this. Can we receive a finer garland than is woven from the unremembered acts of kindness? Human sympathy is like the summer rain "which makes the fields it hastens to bright and green."

This young life is closed. We pause to-day to speak of the work he undertook, the tasks he accomplished, of his best endeavor. As the sketch is completed we invoke a benediction from the world beyond, turning to those tender words of Newman, which are held hopeful for the dead and helpful and worthy for the living:

Lead, kindly Light.

We stand dumb in deciphering the mystery of death—why this life was so soon and so suddenly abridged. It is not given to us to explain why this career, so well endowed by nature and so full of promise, should be thus early terminated. This problem for centuries has not been solved.

Our friend and colleague is no more. For those who remain the star of the future which shines in the horizon is Hope; there is never more night than day.

And now we leave him in his dreamless sleep. Farewell!

Sleep 'till the shadows take
Their endless flight;
Until the morning break—
Good night! good night!

ADDRESS OF MR. YOUMANS, OF MICHIGAN.

Mr. Speaker, I can not permit this opportunity to pass without paying my tribute to the memory of MELBOURNE H. FORD.

In reviewing the life of Mr. FORD, length of years—the allotted measure of existence—is not a part. Neither is his that fame which comes from long service, faithful ability, ripened experience, political sagacity—that tardy acknowledgment of great qualities. A sudden flash across the political horizon, then as suddenly eclipsed. Serving only in the Fiftieth Congress, yet in that brief time he made his name a household word. Mr. FORD'S sympathies were not so much with the prosperous as with his fellow-citizens in the more humble walks of life. His whole aim was to ennoble and elevate citizenship, to place it on that high plane which would insure permanency and safety to our institutions.

In the swarming millions flocking to our shores he saw danger unless the baser elements could be excluded. He sought

a remedy, and was made chairman of a select committee "to inquire into the alleged violations of the laws prohibiting the importation of contract labor, paupers, convicts, and other classes." I need not say how well that work was done. The startling evidence disclosed was commented on by the press throughout the land. Almost with one voice a correction of the evil was demanded.

Elected to the Fifty-second Congress, he hoped to complete the work already so far advanced. But suddenly he dropped the burden of life; that work was left for others to complete, and when completed it will be a monument to him outlasting "storied urn or animated bust."

In Michigan Mr. FORD always possessed the confidence and regard of his party, and in 1889 they honored his courage and ability by making him their candidate for United States Senator. But few men have climbed higher in so short a time. The characteristic of Mr. FORD's public career was perseverance, an inflexible pursuit of well-considered policy. In the more intimate relations of life he was cheerful, uniformly kind, and generous. His friends were not only the prosperous, but there were many in the more humble condition of life who looked on him not only as their champion but their friend.

His sun had not reached the meridian; in his early manhood, at his home in Grand Rapids, in the forty-second year of his age. on April 20, 1891, "he was, and then was not."

Mr. Speaker, I have been impressed with that passage in Forster's Life of Goldsmith describing his funeral:

> There were gathered in his rooms the most distinguished men of the age; but on the stairway leading to his rooms in Lamb's Court there was weeping and mourning by a crowd of the poor and unfortunate who had been recipients of his bounty and had lost their only friend.

So, too, at the funeral of Mr. FORD, distinguished men from all parts of the great and prosperous State of Michigan were

assembled; but there, too, was many an humble friend mourning him.

It was so sudden. They had looked forward to a long and brilliant career; surprised and sorrowing that so early in life the "pale horseman" had crossed his path and beckoned him to enter the Valley of the Shadow, the opening of which is another morn than ours.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCMILLIN, OF TENNESSEE.

Mr. Speaker, through seven terms it has been my lot to watch the comings and goings, the daily walk, the success or failure, of those whom our sixty millions of people send to represent them in this Hall, and I can truly say that in all that time I have seen no young man come here who seemed more readily to comprehend the high responsibilities devolved upon him, or who more intelligently and more assiduously discharged those duties than did the noble Representative whom we mourn to-day. He came at that time of life when all is buoyancy, all hope, all anticipation.

As has just been stated by his distinguished colleague [Mr. Youmans], he realized the dangers that threatened his country, and notwithstanding the trepidation in which others had shrunk from those dangers before him, and in which others might be inclined to shrink from them around him, he came boldly to the front and determined to try if it were possible to enforce the laws of American citizenship so as to keep out that incursion of criminal and other classes against whom the laws had already set up barriers, but barriers which were being constantly overridden. His action in that regard is well known to the country.

I remember that again, when the tariff bill was up for con-

sideration, he proposed to place upon the free list an important article of manufacture—German plate glass. He came here from the heart of a great manufacturing community. The beautiful city in which he lived had been originated and sustained and made prosperous by manufactures. I remember it was whispered to him that probably the course he was taking was not the best to commend him to those who believed in a system of tariff laws supposed to be inimical to his proposition.

In a conversation that I had with him he said: "I care not what the effect on me may be; I know that it is right and that greater prosperity will come by reasons of such an enactment." His arguments were so cogent that they convinced his associates and his proposition was made a part of the bill of that year, and, although that bill did not become a law, if he were here to-day he would ascertain that within less than six weeks there have been petitioners to the number of 40,000 asking that this Congress do what he attempted to do.

Mr. Speaker, those of us who knew him well and knew him but to love him have lost much. His State has lost more, because to her he was not simply an associate, a friend, but one of her pillars and stays. But his country—the extent of which he fully comprehended, the importance of whose free institutions had a dwelling place in his heart and an intelligent dwelling place in his head—that great country which he served with such distinction here, has been also a sufferer in this common calamity.

I know not how his last hours were spent. I know nothing of those expressions concerning the future that have been commented upon by his colleague who first spoke [Mr. O'Donnell]. But if a man is to be judged, as we are given to hope he will be judged, by every good deed done in the body—and of this I have no doubt—his lot will be a happy one in the hereafter. A passage that has struck me as very forcible and

beautiful is that between Ion and Clemanthe, where she asked him, when devoted to death, trembling before its uncertainties and moved by the sorrow of the coming separation, whether they would ever meet again. You remember that in substance he replied:

> I have asked that dreadful question of the stars that are eternal, of the rivers that everlastingly flow, but they were all, all silent. But now, as I gaze into thy beautiful eyes and behold the depths of thy pure soul, I know there is that there which can not wholly perish. We shall meet again.

So, those who knew the honorable life of our departed friend, his intelligence, his soulful nature (if I may use that expression), his comprehension of every obligation that rested upon him, his high endowments in all those thousand elements that go to make man the greatest of created beings, must hope and feel that there was that there which can not wholly perish, and that we shall meet again.

ADDRESS OF MR. HAYES, OF IOWA.

Mr. Speaker, it is not my intention to attempt to pronounce any eulogy in the ordinary sense of that term upon Mr. FORD, and even the perhaps necessary details upon these occasions may well be left to his State colleagues; but from the standpoint of personal friendship, and in view of the high esteem and regard in which I held him and do hold his memory, I can not let the occasion pass without expressing my never-ceasing sorrow at his untimely death and paying a tribute to his memory.

We never met until we came together in the Fiftieth Congress, but, owing to the facts that we were born and reared in the same locality, were connected by many associations in Michigan's history, and had a host of mutual friends and acquaintances, we soon came together and became the closest of

friends. After such friendship for over four years, I can well say of him that he was generous to a fault, noble in every quality and instinct, honorable always, and one of that rare class of men whose friendship never faltered.

From a public standpoint he had not only brains, but the courage of his convictions, indomitable will, ceaseless energy, untiring industry, and with a suavity of manner and force and eloquence in speech that made him carry his points. This combination of good qualities made his future a bright one for himself and full of promise to his people.

In his death his country, his State, his party, and his constituency suffered an irreparable loss.

ADDRESS OF MR. CHIPMAN, OF MICHIGAN.

Mr. Speaker, a year ago at this time the news was flashed throughout the State of Michigan that the Hon. MELBOURNE H. FORD was dead. It was unexpected, and in that great Commonwealth it produced a painful shock; and soon at his home, on the banks of the beautiful Grand River, the people of the State gathered together from all sections, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, men in official positions and men from the humblest walks of life, and there, amid the wailing of funeral marches, the tears of sorrow, and the flowers of affection, they buried him. They left him in the kindly arms of Nature—to the sunlight and the breezes, to mother Earth herself.

What manner of man was he who was consigned to the tomb on that day? He was alert; he was decisive; he was a man of correct thought and of correct methods in public affairs. He was a man of firm convictions; and it must be said to his credit, as it is to the credit of every man of whom it is true,

that he did not stop to determine whether those convictions were popular, but only as to whether they were right. And so it happened that in his younger life when he became a member of the house of representatives of the Michigan Legislature he distinguished himself by an effort to restore capital punishment in that State.

That effort I did not approve of; but as to the learning, the ability, and the zeal with which he pursued it, there can be no doubt. It attracted a great deal of attention to him, for the reason that in that great Commonwealth there is practically but one opinion on the subject, and it is that the taking of a life for a life is still murder. So that he bravely opposed himself to the prevailing sentiment of the people and espoused a cause which he knew to be unpopular. This is true heroism in a public man ambitious of public preferment.

Long before he came to this House he was a consistent tariff reformer. Living in a manufacturing district, and in a manufacturing State, above all in a wool-producing State, he had the courage of his convictions, and never for an instant hesitated to pursue the path of tariff reduction to which his judgment impelled him. At that time, Mr. Speaker, his position on that question, as it had been upon other questions, was not a popular one; but he clung to it bravely and steadfastly until he became a member of this House, when, as you know, and as we all know, he still upheld the principle for which he was contending.

During his membership of this House he became interested, as has been said here already, in the question of immigration. The evils growing out of the coming of foreigners to our shores struck him, as they have struck others, as being of a most serious nature, and while I do not believe that he had any prejudice against any man or any nationality, or any race who came among us, still he felt, and he felt rightly, that this great coun-

try should not be made the asylum for the halt, the lame, the blind, the vicious, and the criminal; in a word, of the classes which other nations desire to get rid of.

I am sure he felt that the honest, the healthy immigrant was a welcome guest among us, and his arms were spread out to embrace every such man in the folds of American citizenship. But he had none of the mawkish sentimentality—an instance of which has recently occurred in this House—which induced him to believe that there is any tie of brotherhood, that there is any claim of philanthropy, which demands of the hard-working people of this country that they shall share with everybody who chooses to come to us their means of subsistence, and in this way diminish the wages of their own labor and the comfort of their own homes.

There is a wrong idea abroad on this subject. We are told that we recently violated a treaty with China. Mr. FORD felt, as I feel, that there is no power, that there can be no power, whether it is called the treaty-making power or other power, which will permit foreigners in immense numbers to come into this country as mere denizens, as temporary sojourners among us, and pluck from our laboring people the appropriate rewards of their labor.

The idea is monstrous. No treaty ever meant that. No treaty ever could mean that. And while it is perfectly proper that the old law maxim recognized by the common-law writers should prevail, and be respected and enforced if necessary by treaties, there is no law, there can be no law, there must be no law by which we share our crust with any and every person, and any and every nation, without regard to their intelligence, their morals, and effect of their presence upon the general tone of manhood in this country.

He was unfortunate on that occasion, unfortunate perhaps in having entered upon the investigation carried on by the com-

mittee which took his name, because it led to misconstruction and subjected him to criticism which his motives did not justify. He was unfortunate, too, in that the measure which he brought into the House as the result of the investigation was not acceptable to the House; but in the main, in his noble desire to protect the workingmen from improper and ruinous competition, he was right, and sooner or later he will receive the just meed of fame which belongs to being right upon a subject of so great importance.

It is among the mysteries, Mr. Speaker, why a man should live to the age of promise and be taken from us when he was taken. It is inscrutable, and we wonder what has become of the knowledge he has garnered, of the subtle machinery of his brain, of all the forces which made him what he was, and it is only with the certainty that in nature there is no cause without an effect, that there is no mistake and no accident in anything which nature orders, that we may find the solution, if we can find a solution, of that enigma. We may ponder on what might have been. We may wonder what would have been the setting of this sun which rose with so great brightness if it had run its course to the twilight hour.

But after all this is mere vague speculation. We can know nothing, we can only hope. And yet, Mr. Speaker, in this season of bud, of sunlight, of bloom and of balm, of resurrected nature, we are taught that death is but the portal of another chamber of life. There must be a hereafter. Careers of such promise, cut so short, would be a mistake in the plan of nature if there is not. This knowledge garnered, these abilities so subtly fashioned, must have an expansion and a field somewhere in the illimitable future.

And so it is not given to us to know whether death is the enemy of man, or whether it is a ministering angel, bearing him to vaster opportunity and to greater usefulness. But I

humbly hope, Mr. Speaker, that that grave by the side of the beautiful river is not the prison house of our friend; that he has burst the earthly cerements of that tomb, and that in that other state where eternal opportunity must be given all men the virtues which characterized him here have brighter, greater, happier play, and that all that was earthly and all that was wrong in his character here dropped from him "like a worn-out fetter which his soul has broke and thrown away." Happy will be the man who can shed the dross of passion and earthly weakness and dwell in the realms of hope beyond the grave, habited in manly virtue and unclouded intelligence.

ADDRESS OF MR. WHITING, OF MICHIGAN.

Mr. Speaker, words can but feebly convey to the members of this House the real sorrow and appreciation of loss which the sudden death of Mr. FORD brought, not alone to the people of Grand Rapids and his district, but to the people of the State at large.

I believe that I speak within bounds when I say that a general sentiment prevailed throughout the State that he was the most promising young man in Michigan, and that a bright future full of usefulness and honor was before him. These facts, Mr. Speaker, intensify the sadness of his untimely death and remind us of the importance of the present hour.

My acquaintance with him was confined mostly to my associations with him as his colleague in the Fiftieth Congress. We often consulted each other upon public matters, and I can now clearly recall the honest earnestness of his manner when giving expression to his views, and his solicitude that a wise regard for all should govern his action. I recall his buoyancy of spirit, his fondness for public life, his ease and adaptability

to work assigned to him, and his active participation in all that transpired upon this floor.

I recall the tribute of confidence and love so recently and so generously bestowed upon him by the people of his district, and the pleasure that was in store for him and his cheerful, loving wife, in again renewing the many cordial and happy friendships of the two short years before, and so to-day am doubly saddened in contemplating the change. His mortal career ended, his life work done, and his friends sorrowing; but with it comes the reflection and consciousness that an All-wise God, not man, judges the frailties and the virtues of mortals, and that His Son has said:

> Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.

To his bereaved family we can give the assurance that we loved him, and appreciated his worth; and we can offer the consolation that his love and fidelity to his fellow-men, exemplified in all his public acts, will stand as a legacy greater than riches and more valuable than length of days.

ADDRESS OF MR. WEADOCK, OF MICHIGAN.

Mr. Speaker, Napoleon said: "All of us are needed a little; none of us are needed much." I might paraphrase this and say that each of us is needed but little in the great arena of the world, but there is a circle in which each one is needed very much indeed. And in the wider assemblage of friends who mourn the departure of our deceased colleague there is a small family circle that can never be the same again. There is a widow, and there are orphans, who will miss as long as they stay on earth the kind and affectionate love and compan-

ionship of the husband and father, and no trophy of flowers, no studied eulogy, and no honor that may be paid to our departed brother can ever atone for the loss which they have sustained.

Now, it is said of so many that they were born and they died. Unless more can be said of a man than that he was born and died, it were better that nothing should be said; but such is not the case of our departed colleague; and while it may be proper to note the principal facts of his life, we do it more for the purpose of calling attention to his life work than for the mere purposes of biographical data.

Mr. FORD was born in Saline, a small village in the county of Washtenaw, near the city of Ann Arbor, the seat of the great University of Michigan. At 10 years of age he removed with his family to Lansing, the capital of the State, then a struggling village in the wilderness, now the bright and thrifty capital of a great and prosperous State. He was educated at the Agricultural College of that State, a few miles distant from the city of Lansing, and one of the proud monuments to the care which Michigan gives to the diversified interests of her people. Born too late to take a part in the rebellion, he enlisted near the close of the war in the United States Navy, and served for a brief period.

He was attached to the European squadron, which gave him the advantages of travel and that knowledge of men which is only gained by contact with them, and that love for American institutions which can best be strengthened by travel and observation among the people of other lands. As the years grew on he studied law with the firm of Longyear & Seager, in the city of Lansing; but he did not then undertake the practice of that profession. Later on he began the practice of the law, being associated with a leading firm in his home at Grand Rapids.

How well he studied and how closely and analytically he mastered the great principles of law is shown by the fact that while yet a student he prepared a work entitled "Ford's Legal Analysis," which may be found in the Library, and which shows a comprehensive and very clear understanding of the great principles which underlie the system of jurisprudence. He then turned his attention to the study of stenography, and became one of the most expert in the State. He was stenographer of some of the principal courts of Michigan; and that is a very important calling, one requiring skill, honesty, and integrity in a marked degree.

In 1884 he was elected by the Democracy to represent the city of Grand Rapids, which then constituted the first district of Kent County, in the State Legislature. He was appointed upon the committees on private corporations and on the university, two very important committees. He was faithful in his attendance upon the sittings of the Legislature, and especially watchful of local interests. A member of the larger house, the first occasion when I saw him was in that body. He then introduced a bill for the restoration of capital punishment in Michigan, which had been abolished many years, except for the crime of treason, for which offense it still exists on the statute book of that State.

That bill was introduced a few days after the beginning of the session of the Legislature, prescribing the punishment of death for murder in the first degree and one other heinous offense which, under our statutes, may be punished the same as murder. As one gentleman has well said, public opinion was believed to be against capital punishment, but that may be a misfortune, because I think the offenses named in the Ford bill can only be adequately punished, so far as they can humanely be punished, by death. The house of representatives passed the bill by a vote of 59 to 29, and with the senti-

ment of the State divided, perhaps more than one-half against capital punishment, the house voted for it.

This certainly was a signal triumph for a young member, serving his first term in the Legislature. The bill failed in the senate of the State, and did not become a law. He turned his attention also to the legislation for caring for juvenile offenders, a field which invites the serious thought of every statesman, who feels that the laws relating to young criminals, and their detention and punishment in our jails and prisons, as managed at the present time, make them schools for crime rather than places for the punishment and reform of offenders.

The municipal courts of his own city also received his care and attention, and he succeeded in passing a bill which very largely added to their usefulness. Another law which he championed was one to prevent frivolous appeals to the supreme court when the amount involved was less than $100. Throughout the State of Michigan there are a number of abstract officers, who charged large rates for the abstracts which they furnished concerning titles to land. He recognized that these abstracts of titles should belong to the public, should be provided at public expense and furnished at cost to the people. To that measure his earnest attention was given; it was another move in the direction of relief for the people which they had a right to expect and which it would have been a pleasure to him to achieve. That is another thing that among the many acts of his life endeared him to everyone who knew him.

In this House I shall say but little with reference to his career. It is known to many who are still here. Many gentlemen who served with him upon his most important committee—the Ford Committee on Immigration—have already gone to their reward. A few days ago we listened to eulogies on one of them, Francis B. Spinola. A bright young man from Nebraska, the late Representative Laird, a Michigan boy, who had gone

to the West and was returned here to represent his people, was one of his dear friends. Another bright and able gentleman, the very pink of courtesy in this House, Gen. William H. F. Lee, was also one of his near neighbors on the floor of the House. The able leader of this House, Mr. McMillin, has expressed himself so well in respect to the ability of Mr. FORD as a member of Congress that it would not become me to say anything further in that connection.

In the campaign of 1888, when Mr. FORD was a candidate for reëlection, he met perhaps the most terrific opposition that ever was arrayed against any candidate for Congress. The Mills bill had operated with particular severity against Michigan, and in the campaign of that year the personal popularity of Mr. FORD and his personal following were not sufficient to stem the tide, and he was defeated, but in the succeeding campaign the same friends and the same following still stood by him, undismayed by the defeat, and he was elected a member of this body.

In 1887 he was the candidate of his party for United States Senator against Hon. James McMillan, receiving every vote of his party, an honor which he greatly prized. His last political service was to act as secretary of the State convention of his party.

Death came to him suddenly. He had spent the evening in communion with his family, and had retired to rest in his usual health; but before the next morning's sun arose, his lips were sealed forever. Here is one of the fatalities almost connected with the life of public men. They live at such a high tension. their energy seems taxed to the uttermost, so that when the death blow does come, it comes very suddenly. It came so to Adams, to Hendricks, to Chandler, to Windom, to Carpenter. to Beck, and many other gentlemen whom I might name.

Cicero said:

> Some men make a womanish complaint that it is a great misfortune to die before our time. I would ask what time? Is it that of nature? But she indeed has lent us life as we do a sum of money, only no certain day is fixed for payment. What reason then to complain if she demands it at pleasure since it was on this condition that you received it.

It may be well for us to remember it, for it may come to us just as suddenly as it came to him; and we should be able to say with Hamlet, before the duel with Laertes:

> If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all.

And so let us say of him as he said of another, Hon. Seth C. Moffatt, a former member of this House from the State of Michigan: His memory will not die. The friends who loved him in life will revere his memory in death; the acts of his life will be judged with clearer judgment than they could possibly have been in life.

Let me say, in conclusion, as was said by him in his conclusion of his eulogy of Mr. Moffatt:

* * * * * * *

> Our friend will not be forgotten. His friends will ever keep his memory fresh in their hearts. And when the glorious summer comes and the grass grows green and beautiful and the Michigan roses blossom on his grave, although his lips will be hushed in death, yet the tender blades and the perfume of the flowers will speak of him, and to those who knew him best will seem to say, "Beneath here sleeps one who was kind and noble and true."

We can say this with all sincerity and truth of our departed colleague. It is a pleasing thing to know that he believed in the future. There is a remedy for all the disappointments of this life in the belief in immortality, and that the higher life of man is extended beyond this earth. And we can say of him who has solved the great mystery of life that we join with

him in his belief in immortality, and we hope that he has gone to a better land, to that abode—

> Where love hath put off in the land of its birth
> The stain it had gathered in this;
> And hope, the sweet singer, that gladdened the earth
> Lies asleep in the bosom of bliss.

ADDRESS OF MR. BELKNAP, OF MICHIGAN.

Mr. Speaker, we have set apart this day, according to a custom that has prevailed from time immemorial in the House when one of our members has been removed by death, that the surviving members may pay just and proper tribute to the dead.

MELBOURNE H. FORD, at the time of his death, was a resident of the city of Grand Rapids, Mich. Born in Saline, Mich., June 30, 1849; was educated at the Michigan Agricultural College, and at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md. He served in the Navy, enlisting there as an apprentice September 10, 1864, and served on the *Sabine* and the *Colorado*, and was discharged May 7, 1867. He was then apprenticed a cadet at the Naval Academy June 21, 1867, and resigned on the 8th day of January, 1868.

Returning to the State of Michigan, he became official stenographer to several of the courts, meantime studying law. He was in the year 1878 admitted to the bar, but did not practice law until a short time before his death, but continued the profession of stenography. In the year 1885 he was elected a member of the State Legislature for the term of two years, and was then elected a member of the Fiftieth Congress, and in that Congress served with fidelity upon the Committees on Territories and on Military Affairs, and as chairman of the

Select Committee on Contract Labor. This committee was created to inquire into the violations of the laws prohibiting the importation of contract laborers, and it was in this work that he attained prominence.

The character of the immigration from all the countries of Europe to this country had become one of universal comment. The cities of the country, both East and West, were being rapidly filled with paupers and criminal classes of the countries of the Old World, becoming an unbearable burden upon the people of our land. They filled the charitable institutions of the different communities. The prisons were full of them, and the costly machinery of the courts rapidly became a burden too heavy for the taxpayers to bear. And not only were the cities infested with this undesirable class of beings, but the country districts were becoming unsafe on account of the tramps who roamed about robbing and often murdering the defenseless people.

It was a well-known fact that European governments by an organized system were sending their criminals to this country, and not only the criminals, but the idiotic and insane as well. The ship that came freighted with a thousand honest people would also contain a hundred others who at their very first step upon our shores became a burden and a menace to our institutions. Of this class many came here with no other design and having no other object in view.

It was this threatening cloud, this plague, that seemed to be surely undermining the people of our own country that brought Mr. FORD'S energy to the relief of the Commonwealth. Quick to perceive the danger, he put the wheels in motion that are still turning. Starting slowly at first, like the wheels of a large engine, they have gained in speed day by day until it seems the problem whether our own people are to be enabled to enjoy this grand country is nearly solved.

Laws and rules have grown out of this agitation, this investigation, so that at the present time many of the undesirable classes are prevented from disgracing our soil by their presence.

'Tis sad that Mr. FORD could not have lived to see the results of his work, to see the promise of the day when the ship coming to our shores with a thousand souls shall contain but law-abiding and self-sustaining people. He expressed a true statement, and one in the interest of all patriotic people, when he said that immigration should be controlled by the General Government, and not by any one State. That the subject of immigration was one that affected all our people and was a fit subject for Federal control.

He was defeated for reëlection in the Fifty-first Congress, and two years later was elected to the Fifty-second Congress, but was suddenly stricken and died at his residence in the city that delighted to honor him, on the 20th day of April, 1891. Never did people feel more keenly the loss of one of their own than did the people of the Fifth Congressional district of Michigan.

He was to them a brother. They had found in him a friend whose heart overflowed with generosity. His friends love to think of him and his genial ways. Those nearest to him will never lose the sad pleasures which come from the recollection of scenes brightened by the sunny side of nature he always presented. Personal characteristics drew friends to Mr. FORD; his individuality kept that friendship.

It was with deep sorrow and regret that the people of our State heard of the death of my friend and predecessor, and today the hearts of the people of the State are full of sorrow and sympathy for the bereaved widow and children, whose husband and father was cut down in the vigor of his manhood and in the midst of his activity and usefulness. His death is

deeply deplored by his constituents and by the State which he represented in part with undoubted ability as a member of this House. But he is gone, Mr. Speaker, and how soon we will follow none of us know.

To all appearances one day before his death Mr. FORD might count upon a most enviable future public life. He had an admiring, unquestioning constituency; he had laid broad and deep the foundation for wide influence in the State. To the ordinary view few men had better promise of a far-reaching political career, but no man, Mr. Speaker, with whatever eagle eye he may have at the ocean of the future, can tell when his voyage may be interrupted. He of whom we speak to-day was suddenly taken from his high vantage ground, and in what we call his untimely eclipse went out whatever there might have been for him otherwise of glory and honor to come.

If he had a fault it was due to his generous nature, his warm heart. He studied to please men, not to displease them. He often wronged himself in an effort to satisfy those who called for his assistance. When a man has been standing for many years in the fierce storms and lights of political controversy it is generally forgotten that he has any individuality, private life, or character, except such as has been imposed upon him by political allies or opponents. But in the rough-and-tumble battle of politics and servitude to the people his most pleasing trait was his social, genial manner. Always cheerful and humorous, he tried to strew the pathway of his friends with flowers.

The best portions of a man's life are the little unnumbered acts of kindness and charity that one finds opportunity to bestow every day in the course of active life. Some men tire out, some men wear out, as the days fly and the years pass by; some men go backward, or drop behind in the race of life; some grow dull and prosy as they grow in years, while others grow young in action and in heart as the battles of life by day

and month are met. But an intelligent people will never willingly let die the deeds, the kind acts, and the good words of an honest man. When a man's days are numbered there comes after his death a judgment.

Nature and society pass in a kind, yet in a just, survey upon each completed life. However, in this world we live in deeds, not years; we live in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not figures. He lives most who thinks most. He who acts the best feels the noblest. Our deceased friend counted life by the heart throbs, and not by the measured standard of months and years. To all appearance he had just reached the summit of his strength. He seemed equipped to undertake laborious tasks; never so well fitted to serve his constituents and his country. He did not perceive the enemy that was watching his every step and his every hour of life. To him the end seemed far distant. He thought to see the sun go down in the evening, the flowers to wither in the fall, the river to be frozen in the winter; not that the sun should go down at noon, and the flowers wither in the summer, and the stream of life frozen before the chill of old age.

Mr. Speaker, life is a golden ship, with sails of angels' wings. It comes to the shore freighted with an assorted load for man to select from. Youth going for the gifts may select roses with thorns, or the flowers of the fields, fragrant and sweet. He may select jewels, rare and precious, or he may load himself down with the baser metals, that will burden him through all his days on earth. Who is to guide the untrained hand that reaches for a share of the precious load? Someone has said that life is a casket of jewels, and that God holds the key. If this be true, and I believe it is, then God often unlocks the casket and gives to mankind many rare jewels. Not gifts to be kept and worn for all time, but gifts for a day, to adorn and light the paths of the universe.

The one day of life given to the insect of the air is a life of activity. The life of a season, or a brief year of a plant or flower of the field or forest, is a life of fragrance and usefulness to all mankind. The life of the birds of the air, brief in years, is a life of song, of love for its young, and of thankfulness to its Creator for the breath of life it is permitted to have.

The life of man is also but a span, but a brief atom of time; but he who makes the most of that brief space lives the most, and best returns to his Creator remuneration for the jewels out of the great and beautiful ship of life.

O Death! Hadst thou but spared the life that we this day lament.

> The sunset splendors, faded now and dead;
> So have we seen the hopes of youth decay;
> Oh, ruddy rose, that erst did blush so red!
> Thou, too, didst have too brief a summer's day.

The thought, Mr. Speaker, leads me back to the day when he was a youth, and set out to hew his way to a place among men; and thus do I see him:

> The sun had set.
> Then beamed the evening star beyond the crags.
> The evening wind sighed like a wearied child,
> And night fell like a mist upon the earth.
> He sank to sleep; before him in his dreams
> Three radiant forms in moonlit beauty stood.
>
> Love, Fortune, Fame, were they; the three most fair
> His eyes had ever seen, or thought to see,
> As, on the Mount of Ida years ago,
> Three goddesses in goddess beauty stood,
> Olympian in loveliness and grace,
> And bade the shepherd make his choice
> The while they bribed him enviously with gifts.
> So stood those radiant forms upon the mount,
> And while the moonbeams trembled on the steep,
> As oft in ancient times on Latmos' heights
> They trembled on Endymion's snowy brow,
> Addressed him as he lay in sleep.

First Fortune spoke: "O, youth, choose me," she cried;
"I know where gold is hid, whose sunny shine
Is loved by all men more than they can tell.
I know where gems await my favorite;
Pure, lucent diamonds, glittering like stars.
Imperial rubies, red as blood,
And all the lesser jewels, which to name
Were tedious task."
Then Love, blushing like the dawn,
Addressed him words caressingly:
"Choose me," she said, "and happiness that lasts
Long as the constant stars shall be thy lot.
Sweet courtesy that makes one's life worth while,
That adds a grace to kings, and makes the serf
A mate for kings, shall brighten all thy days."

Then Fame took up the word, and with a smile:
"Choose Fortune, child?" she said; "she hath wings,
And flies away as lightly as she comes;
And if she stay, what profit doth she bring?
She gives no honor: 'tis gold that wins when
Fortune takes her flight. Now tell me, pray,
Where be those cringing things of parasites
That fatten on a lordling's store?
Flown like a vulture when their feast is done.
And as for Love, I grant you she is fair;
So are the sunset days that fade to gray;
So is the wild rose that must wither soon;
So is the pebble shining in the stream;
Love is a dream, my child, a fitful dream."

"O Fame!" he cried, "I choose thee; thou art best."
And then he awoke. Pale star-shine on the crags,
And that was all. Such was the dream.
He climbed adown the mountain side,
Unto the shores of the roaring sea,
Great billows with majestic onrush swept
Like a conquering army to the hostile shore.
Within a sheltered cove a pinnace lay,
Equipped for sea, and lifting up her chain
He stepped aboard and set sail.
All day he sailed and fainter grew the land;
Night came, and one by one along the coast
The light-house beacons flashed their messages,
Then one by one faded from his sight.

So vale and forest, mountain side and sea,
Were traversed in a hopeless search for fame,
Whose form appeared not, save in fleeting dreams.
When, after calms and storms upon the main
His voyage had reached the ocean's utmost bound,
Upon the shore he met an aged man,
To him told the story of his search.
"O, youth," the aged man low-voiced replied,
"There is one more noble than the 'mystic three.'
Though fair is Fortune with her yellow gold;
Though sweet is Love if she be true;
Though grand is Fame, and eloquent her voice;
Fame, Fortune, Love, less noble all than one
Whose name is Duty. Serve her day by day,
And happy if with chastened life and pure,
Thou quit thyself as knight of Duty ought;
Fame, Fortune, Love, and all that men hold dear,
Will follow surely as the azure sky.
For he who gives his life at Duty's call,
Lives while he dies, and conquers in defeat;
And he who loves the right more than all else,
Shall win at last the eternal crown of life."

Then can we say:

Cover the embers
  And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning
  And rest with the night.

The book is complete
  And closed like the day;
And the hand that has written it
  Lays it away.

On motion of Mr. BELKNAP, the resolutions were adopted; and the House then, in pursuance thereof (at 4 o'clock p. m.), adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

DECEMBER 22, 1891.

Mr. MCMILLAN. I ask that the resolutions of the House of Representatives relative to the death of my late colleague in that House, Hon. MELBOURNE H. FORD, be laid before the Senate.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

Whereas the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. MELBOURNE H. FORD, late a Representative from the State of Michigan: Therefore,

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to his memory the House do now adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to communicate this action to the Senate.

Mr. MCMILLAN. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk and ask for their adoption. I give notice that I shall on some suitable occasion in the future ask the Senate to pause in its business to pay fitting tribute to the life and public services of my late colleague.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Michigan will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. MELBOURNE H. FORD, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate this resolution to the House of Representatives.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

Mr. MCMILLAN. As a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock and 17 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Wednesday, December 23, 1891, at 12 o'clock meridian.

FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

Mr. STOCKBRIDGE. I ask that the message from the House of Representatives announcing the death of Hon. MELBOURNE H. FORD may be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The message will be read.

The Secretary read as follows :

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *April 9, 1892.*

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of the Hon. MELBOURNE H. FORD, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. STOCKBRIDGE. I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read as follows :

Resolved, That the Senate receives with sincere regret the announcement of the death of the Hon. MELBOURNE H. FORD, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Michigan, and tenders to the family of the deceased the assurance of their sympathy with them under the bereavement they have been called upon to sustain.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate be directed to transmit to the family of Mr. FORD a certified copy of the foregoing resolution.

ADDRESS OF MR. STOCKBRIDGE, OF MICHIGAN.

Mr. President, in the full flush of early prime, at the beginning of what would have been a great career, and just after a remarkable demonstration of the confidence reposed in him by the people of his State and district, Hon. MELBOURNE HADDOCK FORD, Representative in Congress from the Fifth district of Michigan, was called from this earth.

It has fallen to the lot of but few of the many distinguished men whom Michigan has sent to represent her in the Congress of the United States to acquire such great and genuine popularity with the masses of her people as that which was awarded to the late Representative FORD. His career was short, but successful almost beyond precedent in the State's political history. His death was sudden, but painless. His funeral was an ovation to his memory.

It was my pleasure to be long and well acquainted with the deceased Representative. Although we were not of the same political faith, and his signal and repeated successes were disadvantageous to the political organization of my association, I shared in the general pride with which the people of Michigan observed his steady advance to national distinction.

Mr. FORD was a native of the State he afterward honored in public life and in whose service he died. He was born at Saline, Washtenaw County, Mich., June 30, 1849. It is unnecessary to give the details of his youth or his younger manhood. In his boyhood he had the hard labor and practical experience incident to farm life. Afterward his parents removed to Lansing, the capital of our State, and he was educated at the Agricultural College, located there.

He enlisted in the naval service of the country during the

war, and served with gallantry for something over a year. After his return to his home in Lansing he was appointed, through the favor of the lamented Hon. John W. Longyear, of Michigan, long a distinguished Representative in Congress, to a position as cadet in the Naval Academy at Annapolis. An affection of the eyes prevented a completion of his course at this institution, and undoubtedly changed his subsequent career.

Returning to Michigan he was some time engaged as a druggist in the city of Charlotte, but soon afterward he turned his attention to the profession of phonography. He grew to be an expert and one of the most successful shorthand writers in this country. He was long engaged as stenographer in the higher courts of western Michigan. At the same time he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and acquired some prominence as an active practitioner. He was the author of "Ford's Legal Analysis," a small but standard legal work. After he had entered political life he retired from the stenographic practice and was an active attorney at law. At the time of his death he was a member of the well known Grand Rapids law firm of McGarry & Ford.

Mr. FORD was always popular in the enterprising city which he afterward represented in Congress. He was in many respects typical of that remarkable, bustling, energetic, and prosperous city. His entry into political life was almost accidental, and his remarkable success in the public service was achieved without original intention or preparation for it. He was always an active member of the Democratic party, and was in the fall of 1884 chairman of a city convention to nominate candidates for the Legislature.

To his surprise, he was nominated by acclamation as the first choice of the convention, and was handsomely elected. It did not take Mr. FORD long to establish his position as a leader in

the Legislature. His party was in the minority, but it is no discredit to his associates of the majority to say that he was a genuine leader from the first day of the session. He entered upon his duties with honesty and energy and carried them out with enthusiasm and ability. He was identified most prominently in this session of the Legislature with an effort for the restoration of capital punishment in Michigan.

Capital punishment had been unpopular for a long time, and efforts for its restoration had theretofore been overwhelmingly defeated, but Mr. FORD'S effort was responsible for a great alteration in public sentiment, and while his bill did not become a law, he pressed it with such vigor that from that time there has been a very material and recognized change in public opinion upon the subject. Mr. FORD'S experience and prominence acquired in the Legislature led to his being early discussed as a candidate for Congress in the fall of 1886. Although his district went Republican on the general ticket that year, Mr. FORD was elected to Congress by a very comfortable plurality.

Mr. FORD'S service began with the Fiftieth Congress. Before the close of the first half of his term he had taken a very prominent rank in the House of Representatives. He had been originally appointed on some of the most important committees of that body, and was early in his service placed at the head of a special committee of the House to investigate the question of immigration, to which he had given much attention for several years.

This committee visited important cities in all parts of the country, acquired a mass of useful information, and made a complete and satisfactory report to the House. His work on this committee and his efforts generally in Congress rendered him very popular in his district. He was renominated for the Fifty-first Congress. In the election which followed the Republican party swept the district and Mr. FORD was beaten

by a very large majority, but his continued popularity was demonstrated by the fact that he ran very far ahead of his ticket. His defeat seemed only to emphasize his popularity and to give him renewed prominence in his party.

When the Legislature met, in the ensuing January, to elect a successor to Hon. Thomas W. Palmer, in this body, Mr. MELBOURNE HADDOCK FORD received the complimentary vote of all of the Democratic members of both houses of the Legislature for that position.

In midsummer of 1890 Mr. FORD was made chairman of the Democratic State Convention held in the city of Grand Rapids, which nominated the first successful State ticket of that party in the period of thirty-seven years.

Later in the year he was, for a third time, nominated by acclamation for Congress. Notwithstanding his defeat of two years before, he entered the campaign with great vigor and spirit, and the popular confidence in him was once again demonstrated by his overwhelming return as a Representative-elect in the Fifty-second Congress. His position now seemed to be secure. It was believed by his partisans and friends that he was now to enter upon a continuous and successful career in the House of Representatives. He began faithfully preparing himself for this work of his.

In the spring of 1891 he was chairman of the committee on resolutions of the Democratic State Convention. This was his last public service. On the 14th day of April, 1891, the people of Grand Rapids and of the State of Michigan were universally shocked at the news of his sudden and altogether unexpected death. He passed away at the early age of 41, having achieved unusual success and having come to a position of foremost prominence in the affairs of his Commonwealth.

Mr. FORD was generous, gallant, and chivalric. He was brilliant, brave, and patriotic. In public life he honored the

State which honored him. His loss was keenly felt by the people of his city, by his friends everywhere in Michigan, and by his colleagues in the Congress of the United States, who had hoped to renew the acquaintance and enjoy the society of this able, energetic, honest, and conscientious man.

All that was mortal of our late associate lies in a beautiful grove dedicated to the dead, in the midst of that hive of life and industry, the city of Grand Rapids. But we have absolute faith in the divine assurance that we may hope that such men do not fail to live again. Serene confidence in the future life was a characteristic of our dead friend.

The first remarks that he ever made in Congress were upon an occasion like this, when the House of Representatives paid tribute to one of his dead associates from our State. His expressions of hope and confidence in the continued life of that dead colleague have a sweet savor to us now, for in his words we can ourselves express the faith that he will live again.

Sooner or later—

He said—

the Angel of Death comes to us all. That there is a hereafter every man, it seems to me, must believe. I can not conceive how anyone with human instincts can think otherwise. If there exists a person who honestly believes that when his eyes are closed in death nothing remains, such a person is to be pitied. When dust is rendered into dust is all ended? No; I have something here in my innermost soul which tells me that this life is not the end; that beyond all this we have a wider, a higher, a nobler destiny. There lies in the human breast a something which says, "That is not all." What an encouraging hope, what a divine thing it is for this world, this belief in future existence!

ADDRESS OF MR. DANIEL, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. President, the character of the living may be estimated by the measure of respect which they pay to their dead.

Human life is the most splendid and most wonderful manifestation of the Creator's power. Earth and heaven are married in its being. It is the most sacred as it is the most beautiful and interesting of all earthly things. Its close, whether by the slow degrees of fading strength, or by the sudden stroke of disease, or by the violent hand of force, is the most shocking and appalling of all the catastrophes of nature, and the most inscrutable manifestation of our Creator's will.

We can not grow familiar with death. The distance between us and it may be brief in fact, but it must ever seem remote and far apart from us as long as we dwell in the land of the living. Its mystery can not be penetrated. Its dignity can not be belittled. We can not contemplate it save with awe and reverence. We can never know, until at least the veil is lifted, the meaning of its dispensation. Yet we may trust and hope.

Day by day our friends depart. Here as members of small bodies, like the House of Representatives and the Senate, we witness as upon a narrow field the process of swift transitions and dissolving scenes. Men chosen by the people, spirits valiant, gifted with light and power and prowess, come to discharge their delegated missions. They deliver their messages and disappear. Some are retired by changes of popular opinion, some of their own volition, some by the final fate, but in a little while all are gone.

Yet the scene is as busy as ever before. There are no vacant chairs. The great stream of natural life flows with increasing depth and volume, and few even of the greatest who have floated

on its surface leave behind them any proud monument or shining token of their days.

But it does not follow that their work was not important or that it was not ably and faithfully performed.

It does not follow that their names are not worthy to be cherished with gratitude and homage.

The deeds that hold society in cohesion and harmony and guide its forces to increasing prosperity are those of the mass that toil and think in their appropriate spheres. To do to-day's work and let it go for its worth is not less the task of the great than of the small. Whether it shine or no, whether it be heralded or no, all the same it has become a factor for good, and is having its influence in shaping, expanding, and preserving the public weal.

Yesterday we mourned a sage of the Senate from my own State who had suddenly vanished from our side full of years and honors. To-day South Dakota, in the far Northwest, and South Carolina, the land of the Palmetto, have bent side by side over their dead.

And now we mourn the young and brilliant son of Michigan, who was stricken down like a knight on the lists, while his fiery heart was all aglow with the fury of battle and his weaponed arm was lifted in the press of conflict.

MELBOURNE HADDOCK FORD was born in that young and vigorous Commonwealth which sent him here, and which has sent to our National Council so many statesmen full of the intellectual force and social grace, and of the energy and earnestness that have characterized its progressive and enlightened civilization. He was a characteristic representative man of that aspiring and achieving people, and his had been a busy and eventful life.

Whatever his hand had found to do he had done with his might, and his brief career was crowded with deeds that bespoke his fertile genius.

Born in 1849, he had hastened while yet a boy to become a defender of the flag that floated over his people, and which was sent forth to battle. I respect him for it. He entered the naval service just before the close of the civil war with the enthusiasm of the ingenious youth who throughout this land heard the drum beat, and instinctively sought the ranks.

As he laid aside the sword and the echoes of strife died away, he took up the general tasks, the love, the hope of peace, and its constructive duties. A clerk, a druggist, a stenographer, a lawyer, an author, a politician, a State legislator, twice a member of Congress, the choice of his party for United States Senator and receiving its support—these successive rounds of the ladder he mounted—and while his face full of hope still looked upward, and his strong hand was stretched upward, lo! death touched him and he fell. Warm affections and great interests and high hopes concentrated their dreams around him, which now, alas! can only pour their sorrows upon his all too early tomb.

I can not speak of Mr. FORD from the standpoint of intimate association with him. To recite his private virtues is the pleasing part of those who knew him better than myself and it has been well performed. But this I observe in his career that discloses his character on its marked and stronger features. Success had rewarded his efforts—he had been a member of the State Legislature, and then of the House of Representatives in the Fiftieth Congress. In that Congress he took decided positions upon public issues.

Some of his views were unpopular. He was defeated and relegated to private life. The spell of his successive victories was broken. But, nothing daunted, he reëntered the political field in 1890. He firmly and boldly advocated the doctrines which commanded his loyal convictions. The people discovered in him the staunch, true, leader; and now triumphing upon

the field that he had lost, he was reëlected a member of the Fifty-second Congress of the United States. Well, might we apply to him the warrior's boast:

> Call me not shamed who am but overthrown;
> Thrown have I been, not once but many a time.
> Victor from vanquished issues at the last,
> And overthrower from being overthrown.

Before that Congress assembled the victor was dead upon his shield. This I observed in Mr. FORD while he was in the public service here.

He was full of push and energy, and grasped his duties with a comprehending mind and a firm, industrious hand.

He seemed tireless in his efforts to press to success the measures confided to his care. I saw him on his appearance before committees and in his tasks upon the floor of the House. I realized that there was a man in earnest, no trifler with things he had to deal with, a spirit resolute and restless, determined to do or die.

I shall not prolong this poor and imperfect tribute save to add this thought: Mr. FORD belonged to that class of thoughtful, courageous, industrious men—well informed, justly ambitious, with high ideals and patriotic purposes, who correctly interpret the genius of this day and generation, and who are destined to lead and mold it.

The freshness of youth was in his mind and heart. He bore upon his soul no burdens from the past which so lacerated it as to impair its generous impulses; and he entertained no prejudices which belittled his stature, clouded his reason, or impeded his pathway.

Had he lived his career would have shed larger honor upon the State which gave him to the service of the nation, and grown into greater brightness around his name.

Cut off even as he ripened for the great tasks that kindled

his genius and his ambition, we can but bow to the wisdom and power of our Maker who has so decreed and say, "Thy will be done." Yet we take to heart the lesson that is left to enrich our annals in the life of this noble young American statesman, who followed his faith with fidelity, who did his deed with courage, and who now released from labor, sleeps well.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCMILLAN, OF MICHIGAN.

Mr. President, at the capital of the nation and in the halls of Congress more than anywhere else the fact of man's mortality is impressed upon the mind. Seemingly few and brief are the intervals when from all the public buildings and from the doors of both the House and the Senate the black badge of mourning is absent. To-day the Senate has been called to pay its tribute of respect to the memory of a young man, a man who was apparently just entering on a career of large usefulness to his State and nation. Trained at the Naval Academy for service in the great struggle, the war was ended before he could see active duty.

The return of peace led Mr. FORD to seek success in civil life. His brightness and industry are sufficiently indicated when it is said that he attained a high reputation in the difficult and laborious profession of stenography. His popularity led to his election as a member of the Michigan State Legislature, and his service there was of so satisfactory a character as to lead the people of the Fifth district, which includes the great manufacturing and commercial city of Grand Rapids, to send him to the House of Representatives.

During his first term in that body he attracted the attention of the country to his work in investigating the subject of

immigration. Defeated for reëlection, after an interval of two years he was again elected to Congress, but died before he could take his seat. The esteem in which he was held by his own party throughout the State was shown by the fact that four years ago he was the caucus nominee of the Democratic members of the Legislature for the office of United States Senator.

Such in brief is the record of a man who had crowded into the forty-two years of his life experiences remarkably varied. The death of such a man is a loss to his State, and in Michigan the mourning for him was widespread. In the beautiful city of Grand Rapids, where Mr. FORD made his home, the grief was deep and sincere.

It is fitting, therefore, that the Senate put on record its appreciation of Mr. FORD'S services in behalf of his State and his country; and although my own personal acquaintance with him was slight, I appreciate the opportunity to pay this tribute to the worth of one whose reputation is a source of ride to every citizen of Michigan.

Mr. President, I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

O

Hon. John R. Gamble.

53D CONGRESS, 3d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. } No.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN R. GAMBLE,

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM SOUTH DAKOTA)

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1893.

Hon. John R. Gamble

52D CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 99.

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1893.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the Hon. JOHN R. GAMBLE, late a Representative from the State of South Dakota, eight thousand copies, of which number two thousand shall be delivered to the Senators and Representatives of the State of South Dakota, which shall include fifty copies to be bound in full morocco, to be delivered to the family of the deceased; and of those remaining, two thousand copies shall be for the use of the Senate, and four thousand copies for the use of the House of Representatives; and the Secretary of the Treasury is directed to have engraved and printed a portrait of the said JOHN R. GAMBLE to accompany said eulogies.

Agreed to in the House of Representatives, April 15, 1892.

Agreed to in the Senate, April 20, 1892.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE GAMBLE.

JOHN RANKIN GAMBLE died in Yankton, S. Dak., Friday, August 14, 1891, aged 43 years 7 months and 13 days.

"JOHN GAMBLE is dead." These words greeted the early risers Friday morning and were told at many bedsides in the early day. JOHN R. GAMBLE dead? There must be some mistake. He can not be dead. We can not realize it; and yet he is gone, and this city, the State and the West, have lost a good citizen, a loyal champion, and a grand representative.

Mr. GAMBLE had been a sufferer with a heart trouble for many years. Indefatigable, as he seemed, and as industrious and persistent as he was, there was a limit to his strength, and he reached it. Thursday he complained of an indisposition, and at 6 o'clock last night Dr. Turkopp, the family physician, was summoned. He left some medicine and called again at 9 o'clock. Mr. GAMBLE seemed to be feeling better then; but at 12 o'clock the heart trouble, of which the mild illness of the day was a symptom, attacked him, and Dr. Turkopp found him very weak and very much wearied when he reached the bedside. His brothers, Hugh and Robert, were with him until late last evening, but they had not the remotest idea that he would not be well on the way to recovery to-day. John rallied from the attack and rested easily until about 3 a. m., Dr. Turkopp and Mrs. Gamble remaining with him. The doomed man seemed, however, to realize his own condition, but was

much encouraged that he felt stronger. At about 3:30 o'clock, however, there came another attack, and Dr. Turkopp asked for a consultation of physicians. Dr. McGlumphy was summoned, and the two doctors applied external restoratives and made every effort to relieve the sufferer. Their efforts were partially successful, and Mr. GAMBLE rallied again. At 5:30, however, he began to fail rapidly, and at 6:15, after having been unconscious for fifteen minutes, he drew one last feeble breath and was dead. Robert Gamble had been called at 5:30, but his brother had passed into a partial unconsciousness and did not know him.

JOHN RANKIN GAMBLE was born in the town of Alabama, Genesee County, State of New York, on the 15th day of January, 1848. He was of Scotch-Irish ancestry. On his mother's side he was related to Andrew Jackson, his mother being a third cousin. He was brought up upon the farm, and attended the common schools in the neighborhood. He removed with his people to Fox Lake, Wis., in the year 1862 and continued to reside on the farm. He was always an energetic, active, and studious young man, and was a leader in his work and the best student in his classes. By his industry at an early age he mastered all the studies taught in the schools of the neighborhood, and he then took up the work of self-instruction. He was always a great reader, and he made such advancement that when he entered Lawrence University at Appleton, Wis., in 1867, he graduated the first in his class in 1872, taking the full classical course. Prior to his entering college and during his course he taught school, and largely paid his own way through his entire course. After his graduation he studied law with Dawes Brothers, at Fox Lake, one of the leading firms of central Wisconsin, and was admitted to the bar in August, 1873. He moved from Wisconsin and located in Yankton, S. Dak., in September, 1873, and commenced the practice

of law. He has resided here continually since. In November, 1875, his brother, Robert J. Gamble, joined him at Yankton, and the two have been partners in the law business since that time under the name of Gamble Brothers.

On the 22d of September, 1875, John was married at Fox Lake, Wis., to Fannie Davis, a daughter of the Hon. John W. Davis, a leading citizen of that part of the State. He leaves a wife and three children, Lillie M., aged 13, Alice J., aged 11, and John W., aged 7. His mother died in November, 1880. His father is still living at Fox Lake, at the advanced age of 79 years. He has also two brothers and one sister residing there. William A. Gamble, the eldest brother, keeps the old homestead, and the aged father is with him, Hon. James C. Gamble, a leading and representative citizen of the county. His sister Margaret is the wife of Lieut. S. C. McDowell, who has held many official positions in that part of the State, and was an officer in the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment during the war. He has also another sister, Mrs. L. B. Bridgeman, who resides at Wakonda, in this county. His two younger brothers, Hugh S. and Robert J., are residents of Yankton. Mr. GAMBLE'S different periods of public service were:

As district attorney for Yankton County from 1876 to 1878.

As United States attorney for Dakota Territory, after the death of Col. Pound, and until the appointment of Hugh J. Campbell, in 1878.

As a member of the house of representatives from Yankton County in 1877, 1878, and 1879.

As a member of the legislative council from Yankton from 1881 to 1885, inclusive.

He was elected a Representative in Congress from the State of South Dakota to the Fifty-second Congress, and was preparing to go to the National Capital and take his seat at the time of his death.

He had been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States, and had the reputation of possessing the greatest legal ability and knowledge.

His law business had been lucrative, and he had accumulated moderately of the world's goods.

The death of Hon. JOHN R. GAMBLE is an event altogether unexpected. The intelligence came with a shock that has served to intensify the feeling of bereavement which pervades the city and is keenly felt in every heart and home. A few days ago he was mingling with his fellow men, apparently in the best of health, planning for the work which his newly assumed official position opened before him, inviting to a career that promised lasting honor to himself and great usefulness to his fellow citizens. His whole mind was in this work, and urging him to its performance was the will and the ability of one whose successes in life have proven that he possessed both qualities in a remarkable degree.

Mr. GAMBLE has been a conspicuous figure in the affairs of Dakota for the past fifteen or twenty years, and his name is as familiar as a household word throughout both the States that made up the former Territory. His active business life had its beginning and its ending here. From the young and briefless lawyer of twenty years ago he had grown to be a leader and an authority in his profession, ranking second to no one of the ablest attorneys and counselors in South Dakota. His natural endowments were of a high and valuable order, and these were supplemented by a liberal education and a mind thoroughly and intelligently disciplined. He was intuitively a lawyer, and grew step by step in his profession, spurred by an ambition that never flagged or wavered. He was a rare worker. His application was a distinguishing trait. To his tireless

will was he indebted for the uninterrupted successes which greeted his professional labors. In this feature of his life the young who are striving to make headway may learn a valuable lesson.

As a leader of public opinion in matters of a political nature Mr. GAMBLE held a first place in the State. Here again his indomitable spirit, good abilities, and strong practical common sense made him eminent and influential, and during a period of nearly twenty years, always foremost in the thickest of the conflict, his career was one of almost uninterrupted achievement. And better than this is the record of his public acts, which bear no stain or blemish to reflect upon the honor of his name. He was an uncompromising Republican. His political principles were inborn and inseparable. He was an unflinching and indomitable fighter and truely knew no such word as fail. Such a nature always attracts the affection and confidence of political friends, and can not escape the censure of political foes. Mr. GAMBLE was no exception to the rule, and yet no political leader in the State has enjoyed the respect and confidence of all classes to a greater extent than he.

In private life Mr. GAMBLE was a loving husband, a gentle and indulgent father. As a citizen he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the entire community of Yankton, where his years of manhood have been passed. It can be said of him that here he was thoroughly known and thoroughly respected.

His mourning relatives and sorrow-stricken wife and children may surely know that their inconsolable grief is largely shared by the entire population of the city. Strong men strive in vain to check the tear of sorrow and bereavement. All feel bereaved—that if not a brother, a true friend, a worthy, able, and trusted citizen, whose future career promised so much of usefulness and honor, is lost to them. Yankton mourns the death of her foremost citizen—her gifted and honored son.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES,

August 16, 1891.

JOHN RANKIN GAMBLE, the deceased statesman, was buried Sunday, August 16, 1891, amidst the tears of the community and the sorrow of the entire State. Of all South Dakota's afflictions, the death of Mr. GAMBLE has called forth the greatest number of expressions of sorrow, and the funeral was a State tribute to the memory of a departed son.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY THE REV. D. T. BRADLEY. AT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, YANKTON.

The occasion that calls us together to-day is one that has made this entire community to bate its breath. Perhaps never in the history of this community has there been an event that has so profoundly moved it, or so suddenly startled it with dismay and sorrow. We have lost our chiefs in times past, but we were somewhat warned of their approaching departure, and we watched and waited while the lingering hope vanished. Not so with us now. We are awakened out of slumber at early dawn, only to learn that the heavy stroke had fallen, and that our brave and honored chieftain only now walking in health among us would speak to us no more. The stroke has made us speechless with grief. It is not necessary to say that

the feeling of personal loss, and especially of the community's loss, is shared by men of every faith and men of every thought in this city. While men live they are rivals; they are opponents often. They seek similar ends by different methods and disagree. When men die, rivalry vanishes, opposition is quiet, and the limits of the city contain no man so narrow who is not glad to bring his meed of praise to him who loved his people, and with all his heart and power of mind endeavored to his best judgment to serve them. So it is with us to-day. We are united in paying our respect to this servant of his people, this man who loved Yankton and South Dakota, and lived for their honor and renown.

Leadership makes it impossible in our democratic communities for any man who is the leader to become universally popular. Every question that arises for settlement in the city and the State has two sides. It is susceptible of being looked upon by honest men from opposing points of view. Men who lead in these opposing views incur the prejudice of those who hold different opinions. In proportion as they are earnest and successful, in that proportion do they have strong public foes. In the strife of opinions there come to be personal estrangements, coldness, lack of sympathies. Leadership has this burden to carry—the burden of condemnation from a portion of the community. So that a true leader of men can not be universally popular. But he can be universally respected. Men who oppose him may say he was wrong in his opinion, faulty in his method, short-sighted in his outlook. And the reverse is said by those who follow him and believe in his wisdom. But all can say he was true in his purpose, honest in his convictions and brave to follow them—he was loyal, patriotic, generous, and noble in character. It is so with us to-day. However much we have differed in our views we can agree together and say here is one who tried with his

best effort to serve his people, and spared no pains to give them good government and peace and prosperity. A man who according to his light sought justice for the individual, prosperity for the community, and honor and dignity for the State.

It has been plain during all these years that here was a man who had in an eminent degree the qualities of leadership. It was no accident that made his brother attorneys in all this region where his counsel and his advocacy were known, to concede to him the foremost place. It was no accident that placed him at the front among older and more experienced men in political life. There were qualities of mind and heart here, not distributed freely among all men, qualities of vision that could see through the intricacies and mazes of a legal problem or a political question to the very principle that lay at its heart. That quality made him a leader. There was a power of concentration that could bring all the faculties to bear upon the given point, long enough to grasp and master and handle it. That was no common quality that made him a leader. There was a quality of earnestness here which having led him to take up a cause, made him carry it through with tremendous energy to success. No one could question the earnestness of this man, who, whatever he undertook, pushed it with all the power of his nature, regardless of obstacles. Then there was the quality of industry—tireless, ceaseless industry, that worked brain and nerve and body until all fell exhausted under the tremendous purpose of the will; that was a marked quality, an imperial quality. Then there was his courage that would lead him to undertake hard things, and things that made other men cringe and quail, undertake them and carry them bravely to a successful issue. There was a quality of will—an imperious will, that having set forth to attain carried him to the goal in spite of discouragement. These qualities made him a leader.

It is vain to think that fortuitous circumstances or lucky combinations or accidental events brought to the very front of professional and political honor that penniless law student who arrived here in 1872 without alliances, without office, and without influential friends. These things were worked out in strenuous toil, by a gifted soul that knew its powers and industriously employed them, conquering all obstacles—obstacles that were by no means few or feeble. Men in this presence knew how it was done, and how while other men were idling or were sleeping he was plodding late and early at the books or the papers, or studying to know the last detail of the political situation or the trend of public affairs.

But such leadership brings with it grave responsibilities and serious temptations. There are opportunities for the leader to secure temporary success by dishonorable means. It is sufficient to be said of our friend in his various public places of trust his integrity of character has never been impeached. No stain of corruption ever rested against his public fame, no taint of pollution ever was whispered of his private life. His hands were clean and his integrity and honor he preserved stainless amid the contention and strife of eighteen years of earnest and persistent public effort which ended in high public honor.

I think it will be generally conceded by friend and partisan foe alike, that when the votes were counted last November and it was found that the cause he had espoused had triumphed in this State, the greatest credit for stemming the tide of defeat, for courageously meeting the people, and for brave utterances that checked disaster, was given to JOHN R. GAMBLE.

It is needless to add that in all these spheres of labor he has been of the greatest usefulness to the community and to the State. There is a sort of feeling abroad, indefinable and hard to describe, that the people owe no debt of gratitude to

the men who guide the affairs of the State in times of peace, unless they accomplish some monumental thing that lives in history. But is it not true that to hold the State or community true to its ordinary course, to give it chance for proper development, to shape its laws, guide its policy, to manage its machinery, and to see to it that the people are brought up to their political duty, in other words to let the true nature of the State and the people be so unhampered and unhindered as to permit it to move swiftly and smoothly in its course of normal prosperity—are not those who aid in the accomplishment of these ends worthy of our deepest gratitude? In time of war we want soldiers, and we deck their brows as they return victorious, or deck their graves when they come back slain. But in peace we need leaders who will so lead that peace shall steadily flow on untrammeled and unimpeded; that the genius of the people shall have no check and drawback; that the will of the majority shall have sway. We need to be grateful that as a State we have had such leaders, and that to-day, as a commonwealth, the people have the rule, and that they are checked and hindered by no unnatural and needless obstacles, and that the honor and integrity of the State stands before the world inferior to none. For these results and for the victories of peace we owe to such men as our friend here a debt of profound gratitude.

But upon these matters other men may speak more wisely than I, and the public press has already, without exception, whether friend or public opponent, spoken without qualification and with perfect unanimity in recognition of his eminent public services. I need not speak further of this. This community and this State will surely miss in the months just before us the strength and help and sound judgment of this man, this capable and honored citizen. How sorely he will be missed only those who carry the heavy burdens of the community can adequately testify.

I will speak of him as a man. He was my friend, and in these brief years I had found something of his worth. But those of you who worked with him, those of you who had found him helpful to you for many years in the time of need, and I know not how many there are who have thus found him a helper; those of you who had come in contact with his generous heart can speak of this better than I, and can think of him and his noble service in personal gratitude to-day. Some men come to be naturally the men to whom others go for favors and benefits. It comes to be expected of them that they will use their time, their efforts, their money in the way of conferring personal benefits upon all who need. It was so with our friend. Men sought him from far and near for help. I do not now refer to professional help, but to other help for which there was no compensation intended or expected, and they received it, and time, money, influence, all was freely given to the service of those who sought it.

Then again, this was a friendly man. He had a friendly heart. Men did not easily discover it. It was not worn upon the sleeve. It was not manifested in the ordinary ways and expressions. It was found only after time had passed, and when trial and trouble had tested it, and penetrated to its hidden depths.

These brothers and sisters who for these long years have showed the love of an unbroken family, especially those who worked side by side—first in the wheat field, then in the school, and then in this ample office; these men who have grown mature together, who, like Jonathan and David, have been loyal and just and affectionate under circumstances of business relations that would sorely test the greatest love—they found this man's heart, and found it true. These others who have shared the shelter of this happy office and have been inspired to higher and better things in life by this man, found his heart

and found it generous. These public men, whom the people honor, who have traveled over this State in political campaigns together, and together with him have entered the fierce strife of party caucus and public convention, found his heart and found it loyal.

And if we may for the moment enter the sacred portals of the home and speak of her to whom he gave the full measure of his deepest affection, in the home the loyal wife who with him wrought out their success, found his heart and found it always undivided and unalterably true.

These little children, about whom this sturdy man's heart clung with the affection of a strong, earnest nature, found his heart and found it gentle, noble, and affectionate.

This private life of loyalty and love, how pleasant it is to think of? How the memory of some of you goes back to the boyhood, when this young soul, earnest to attain the better things, inspired by a sainted mother whose spirit and whose faith were imparted to all of her children, stirred by a right ambition, went away from home and by dint of strenuous effort, sacrifice, and economy, helped and urged on by the older ones of the family, won his way through college. What an affectionate family, inspiring each other to good works, toiling to help one another and glad to see, without envy or unworthy thought, the success of the other. And that private love and loyalty has never suffered abatement, never known any change. In the most intricate business relations there was needed no papers of agreements or contracts. These men and women trusted one another, never doubted each other, nor gave opportunity for doubt, and when one suffered all suffered together, and when one succeeded all rejoiced. It is a consolation to think of these things at this hour when the earthly tie is sundered and the charmed circle is broken.

I have spoken of the faith of our friend. He received a her-

itage of faith from a devout parent, and he kept it to the end. Unfortunately in the stress of public affairs and of official life, that active interest in the spiritual work of this church, of which he became a member in 1875, was wanting, and both his own experience and the work of this church felt the lack, but he was ever a loyal and liberal supporter of the church, and never lost faith in the fundamentals of a Christain hope. On the great principles of righteousness his views were those of evangelical religion, and in more than one conversation on these matters I have found him heartily in accord with those fundamental truths. But few of us whose lives are placed where the temptations to lose sight of the spiritual are only slight can appreciate the difficulty of adjusting a taxing and trying professional and public political life to the deeper concerns of spiritual things. It is certain that many of our best public men miss a great source of strength and solace in failing to secure the profounder spiritual influences, and the church loses the strength of mind and judgment that it should receive from them. It is a matter of regret that those who are most capable of receiving the deepest spiritual impressions and impart them are thus deprived of the support and the serenity that comes from keeping a firm hold on spiritual religion. But with our friend these spiritual things were not despised or counted as of no value. It was simply that they became overshadowed in the great struggle of life. The hard, incessant work of mind and body left little time for the things of faith. But the shadows came. In the prime of life they came. In the best days of manhood the vital powers received a deadly blow. It was prophetic of the end soon to come that our friend made special efforts to finish up his business that had been accumulating, and get all the old cases out of the way. He looked upon it as a preparation for the great assembly of lawmakers at Washington, where he was to have an honorable

place in representing his State. Little did he think that he should so soon be ushered into that vaster company of those who have suffered, toiled, and struggled in the battle of life, and weary with its strife have passed over to the other side. But so it was to be. The end came, and it came swiftly and with little pain.

May we not trust that as the darkness of death fell upon the strong, earnest soul the sun of righteousness dawned into his heart with the radiant light of hope and faith. May we not believe that as the tender ministrations of a loving hand soothed away from the brow the agony of pain the profounder ministrations of the Divine spirit spoke of a Savior's love and mercy and sins cleansed in a Redeemer's blood. May we not hope that as the night settled thick upon the fast ebbing life he could catch the breath of a better land and discern a ray of light from the brighter morning.

After Mr. Bradley, Rev. Mr. Clough prayed most eloquently for the final rest of the departed soul, the choir sang "Lead kindly light," and the funeral procession took up its way to the cemetery. At the grave the last offices of the church were performed, the earth was deposited upon the coffin, and JOHN R. GAMBLE took his place in memory, there to live in devoted remembrance through the lapsing years.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

JANUARY 5, 1892.

Mr. PICKLER, of South Dakota. Mr. Speaker, a melancholy duty it is, that I announce to the House the death of one of its members, my late colleague, the Hon. JOHN R. GAMBLE, a Representative from the State of South Dakota.

He died at his home in the city of Yankton, suddenly, of heart disease, on the 14th day of August last, aged 43 years.

Although young in years, and as humanity reckons too young to die, he lived long enough to impress himself upon the history of his young State, for whose admission into the Union he had long and faithfully labored.

He was a genial gentleman, a talented lawyer, an honest man, a favorite with the people.

He was honored with the public offices of district attorney of Yankton County, United States attorney for the Territory of Dakota; as a member of both branches of the Territorial legislature; as a member of one of its constitutional conventions; and was elected to the Fifty-second Congress, for the duties of which he was preparing when death terminated his young manhood. The members from his State will later in the session ask that a time be set a part, that appropriate action may be taken in memory of the deceased.

Mr. Speaker, I now ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of the following resolution:

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN R. GAMBLE, late a Representative from South Dakota.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to his memory the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to.

And accordingly (at 3 o'clock and 58 minutes p.m.) the House adjourned.

EULOGIES.

MARCH 12, 1892.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That Saturday, March 12, beginning at 2 o'clock p. m., be set apart for paying tribute to the memory of Hon. JOHN R. GAMBLE, late a member of the House of Representatives at large from the State of South Dakota.

Mr. PICKLER. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that an opportunity be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. JOHN R. GAMBLE, late a Representative at large from the State of South Dakota.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to communicate a copy of the resolutions of the Senate.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and his public services, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

ADDRESS OF MR. PICKLER, OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is seldom the House commemorates the death of a member so young as he who is the subject of the special order of to-day.

The Hon. JOHN R. GAMBLE, my late colleague, a Representative from the State of South Dakota, was born in the town of Alabama, Genesee County, N. Y., on the 15th day of January,

1848, and died at his home in the city of Yankton on the 14th day of August, 1891, aged 43 years 7 months and 14 days, and before he had taken his seat in this House.

He removed with his people to Fox Lake, Wis., in the year 1862.

He was brought up on a farm, attended the common schools, was active, studious, and energetic. He was at the head of his classes, later a school-teacher and self-instructor.

He was always a great reader.

He entered the Lawrence University at Appleton, Wis., and graduated in 1872, first in his class, having taken a full classical course. He paid his way through college principally from money earned teaching school.

He was admitted to the bar in 1873, and in September of the same year removed to Yankton, S. Dak., and commenced the practice of law. His brother, Robert J. Gamble, joined him in 1875, and the two entered into partnership in the practice of the legal profession at that place, which partnership continued until the death of JOHN.

He was a natural debater, a persistent and energetic student, and rapidly rose to distinction at the bar.

He was happily married, in the year 1875, to Fannie Davis, a daughter of Hon. John W. Davis, a prominent citizen of Wisconsin. His wife and their three children, Lille M., aged 13; Alice J., aged 11, and John W., aged 7 years, survive him.

His brother Robert, his law partner, himself an able lawyer and distinguished citizen of the State, and who was his most intimate associate, says of him, in answer to my inquiry concerning his brother's history:

"For two years we roomed together while at college. He was always an inspiration to me by his industry and enthusiasm through my early years at school and college and in the

practice of law. He was capable, until the last few years of his life, of accomplishing more work in the same amount of time than any other person with whom I have come in contact. This was characteristic of him in all his undertakings and throughout his whole life. As a lawyer I regarded him as the most painstaking, thorough, efficient one I ever knew, not only in his preparation in the law but as to all the details of the trial. He could take in the essential and prominent features of the case with the safest judgment, and know at first upon what lines the contest would be made, and with the greatest grasp of any person with whom I have ever been associated. In all his contests at the bar he was always possessed of indomitable persistency and would never give up. He was always conservative in his judgment, and appeared to have an instinct of the reasons of the law and the principles applicable to each case in hand. He was strictly honest in his practice as a lawyer, and would scorn to do anything mean or low, even though it might be of temporary advantage to him in his practice. This was characteristic of him in all his business transactions. I do not know that I ever heard, through all my business with him, of any person who intimated a word as to his integrity or truthfulness.

"He was positive in his convictions, and under all circumstances was loyal to principle as well as party. At times he was subjected to severe criticism; it would naturally arise from the bitter contests involved; but through it all, whether local or during his connection with Territorial politics, I think even his bitterest enemies accorded him political honesty, and that in no case did they ever charge him with the betrayal of a friend or anything that would be construed as dishonest or dishonorable.

"He was a man of noble instincts, and it is of the greatest bereavement to me that his life was so untimely cut off. I

deeply miss him and his aid and counsel, and there is scarce a book in the library or an article about the office which is not a constant reminder of him."

In this noble and truthful tribute of a loving brother every one acquainted with his true character will cordially join.

The unexpected announcement of his death produced a shock to the people of the State seldom if ever before felt at the death of any other citizen. From a human standpoint his time had not come. This conclusion is one of the common mistakes of humanity. A life's usefulness is not always measured by the years it numbers. A man's success is not recorded by the months of the calendar. History is rich in examples of men whom death has claimed in young manhood, who, by their industry, perseverance, genius, great hearts, and nobility of character, are—

> Of the few, the immortal names;
> That were not born to die.

JOHN R. GAMBLE lived long enough to impress himself indelibly upon the history of his young Commonwealth, to stamp his thought into its formative period, to have been at various times honored with positions of trust in its government, and until he had entered upon an enlarged field of action as its representative in the councils of the nation, placed there by the popular voice of the people of the State—a life long enough to establish a character for honesty, integrity, and ability that has endeared him to the hearts of the people, and which will perpetuate his memory in the long years to come as one of the State's tried and most trusted public servants.

He was a politician—a politician in the broader and better sense of the term. Where, under the present classification in American politics, the line separating the politician from the statesman shall be drawn, is a difficult question to answer.

To define what duties performed constitute the politician, and what others the statesman, remains an unsolved problem. The politician in the broader, better, and higher sense is the statesman. Such were the characteristics of JOHN R. GAMBLE. He was an honest politician, he was a citizen interested in the affairs of his State, he was alive to the public welfare, and desired the best government for the Commonwealth. He was loyal to her aims and interests, and he had faith in her success. He came to her when a Territory; he battled in her development. He was fixed in principle and stable in character. While firm in his own opinions, he was tolerant of those who differed from him.

Had death spared him, he would have been found in the national Congress, bringing the same ability, industry, and perseverance to bear upon national questions that had characterized him in the public affairs of his own State. The nation would have learned of him what the State had known for years past.

Logical in the treatment of questions, a master in the committee room, argumentative in debate, clear in presentation, and earnest in advocacy, his ability would have impressed itself upon the affairs of the country.

The history of the State and its long struggle for statehood would be wholly incomplete without the connection of JOHN R. GAMBLE therewith. And in the great contest for the division of the Territory he stood firm and immovable for the division. I am fully convinced that there were more times than one during that memorable and most important contest that if a half dozen of the old leaders, including GAMBLE, had wavered in their support division would have been lost, and the great possibilities of two States would have been forever sacrificed.

Who can estimate his and his colleagues' great work in leading in the accomplishment of this grand result, forming two

States instead of one, to continue during the existence of the American Union, with all the grand possibilities that two States have more than one? Nor can we of this generation even contemplate the importance nor what it may mean in the years of the future, by the two additional votes in the United States Senate in the contests for supremacy which may arise between the different localities of the nation.

It was political sagacity and true statesmanship that inspired such leaders as GAMBLE to persevere against all opposition until two States were carved from the broad Dakota Territory of the Northwest.

The flag of our country will for all time be indebted to these men for an additional star. Their acts grow great in importance as the years go by. To divine the magnitude of this deed is to measure the possibilities of a coming great Commonwealth in all the future years.

No member of the legislature of 1885 from the southern half of the Territory which met at Bismarck can forget what a tower of strength JOHN R. GAMBLE, then serving in the council, was in the consideration of all questions which tended to make division certain and further the interests of South Dakota.

I have no hesitation in saying that for severity, continuance, fierceness, and equality of strength, no contest in the Territory or State has surpassed the struggle of the men of the South in that legislature against the men of the North in the attempt of the former to remove the capital of the Territory from Bismarck to Pierre.

The people of the South, owing to their remoteness from the scene of conflict, never fully realized the magnitude of the undertaking of their members in the passage of this measure; their heroic endurance during all the weeks of the struggle; nor their chagrin and disappointment when, after its final passage, the results of their arduous labors were dashed to the ground by the governor's veto.

As a member of that house, closely watching the action of the other and upper body, I may say that that legislative council, never, in my opinion, has been surpassed in ability by either branch of a Dakota legislature, either Territorial or State.

My deceased colleague was an acknowledged leader in that council; and in the contest alluded to, a contest which was entered upon by the members of South Dakota more to emphasize the determination of the people of the South to battle to the end and by all legitimate means for the division of the Territory than from the desire to change its capital, JOHN R. GAMBLE, the member from Yankton County, from the first reading of the bill to the vote to lay on the table the motion to reconsider the vote by which it was passed, was its firm, unflinching, able, and determined advocate.

And right royally were these leaders for the division of the Territory supported by practically all the people of the present State of South Dakota. No people were ever more conscientious in an opinion than were the people of the south half of the Territory that the division of this large Territory into two States was for the highest interests of both sections, and seldom if ever were a people more determined, more patient, and more persistent in battling for any object than were the patriotic, wise, and farseeing citizens of South Dakota, struggling for division through long years of trial and disappointment to a final and grand success.

They builded better than they knew, as will more clearly appear as the years go by.

And it is safe to say that a people with the vigor, determination, and intelligence exhibited in the contest for division by the people of South Dakota will erect a State worthy of the honored sisterhood into which it has been admitted—a State whose history shall be a fitting crown of the efforts of

JOHN R. GAMBLE and the people whom he was elected to represent in the Fifty-second Congress.

The life of my late colleague is an added example of the beneficence of our republican form of government, and the large possibilities that are open to the earnest, energetic, determined American youth.

A poor boy, acquiring his education almost solely through his own earnings and exertion, he supplemented the same by a thorough course in law, rising to distinction in that profession, to rank among the first lawyers of his State. Political preferment was likewise accorded him at various times.

He was honored with the public offices of district attorney of Yankton County and United States attorney of the Territory of Dakota; was a member of both branches of the Territorial legislature; a member of one of its constitutional conventions, and was elected to the Fifty-second Congress, for the duties of which he was preparing when death terminated his young manhood.

He visited the House during the closing days of the Fifty-first Congress. He was deeply interested in all that transpired, noting the methods of procedure, familiarizing himself with the rules, inquiring as to the details of business, and in every way striving to equip himself to render the best service to his constituents.

We were elected at large as Representatives from our State upon the same ticket, and in our frequent communications and consultations, until his death, his fair and frank conduct in the treatment of various public matters had drawn me toward him with a warm regard, and I felt the growth of a personal friendship, from which I contemplated much pleasure as well as profit in the future.

His death is a calamity to the State, to myself a source of real bereavement.

His character was that of the frank, rugged, resolute, Western pioneer. He loved the new land into which he came in its very early history. His mind was as broad as the boundless prairie in which his life was spent; his will as resistless as its winter's storm; his spirit as genial as its summer breeze; his purpose as constant as the flow of the great river upon whose banks he dwelt, and attuned to whose measured murmur his life went on.

He will be missed by the courts of the State in his clear, logical and painstaking presentation of the contentions of which he was an advocate. He will be missed by the members of the bar in his genial, jovial, kind-hearted intercourse with them.

He will be missed by the Republican party of the State in its councils, consultations, and conventions. He will be missed by a large concourse of friends in both Dakotas, drawn to him by long years of pleasant and intimate associations while the States comprised one Territory.

He will be missed by his fellow-townsmen in his own city, with whom he had so long gone in and out, and whose esteem he had won as a high-minded, public-spirited citizen.

But above all, and more than all, he will be missed by that wife with whom he had so long traveled life's journey, who had lovingly shared in his trials and ambitions and rejoiced in his successes and achievements. Her sorrow is her own. And his children, to whom he was a peculiarly tender and affectionate father, will miss him and mourn his loss with the overwhelming grief that only comes to the child in the loss of a parent.

To the stricken wife and children in this day of their trouble I desire to tender the sincere sympathy of the people of the whole State, commending them to the tender mercies of the Father of all.

Kindly in nature, generous in disposition, true in friendship, the people of South Dakota mourn his loss.

For honesty of purpose, devotion to principle, and nobility of character the life of JOHN R. GAMBLE affords an illustrious example to the people of his State.

Peace to his ashes, honor to his memory.

Fleet foot on the correi,
  Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
  How sound is thy slumber!

Like the dew on the mountain,
  Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
  Thou art gone, and forever!

ADDRESS OF MR. PERKINS, OF IOWA.

Mr. SPEAKER: In August, 1891, in the summer days, the mortal life of JOHN RANKIN GAMBLE suddenly went out. In the previous November he had been elected by the people of his young State to a seat in this House. For eighteen years his home had been at Yankton, the old capital of the great Territory. From the wilderness, threaded by the turbid Missouri and stretching northward to the British possessions, he lived to see two States of this Union fashioned.

He lived to see the thought of his own mind blazoned in immortal stars upon the flag of the great Republic. What this meant to him I know something; for my home is just over the border in Iowa, on the same river, and from the bluffs that skirt it I can look over on the plane of that promised land stretching out between the Missouri and the Big Sioux rivers like a diamond. The work of JOHN R. GAMBLE was done at home. He was loyal to his own country and to his own people.

By inherent strength of purpose and character he was a chief among them. He fought a good fight.

His life was not peaceful. It was a life of strong contention. He was a leader upon issues that appealed to the courage and to the patriotism of men, for in his time were determined questions whose relationship was beyond his day, beyond his generation, beyond his century—aye, Mr. Speaker, whose relationship is with all the years of the measureless future. The battles he fought, the victories he helped to win, were not for himself, save as he was one of all; they were battles fought and victories won for the children and the children's children, for the time being and for all time, for the Dakotas and for the great sisterhood into which they have come.

The American spirit is generous toward achievement. It does not crown the family name, it does not dignify lineage, it gives no approval to title, but it crowns and dignifies and approves that nobility of personal character, that loyalty of service, that excellence of the life of the individual with which, from whatever origin and over whatever pathway, he may be able to characterize himself.

In our American civilization no bar is raised against any man. The kingdom may be his in this kingly land. And I am glad here to-day, Mr. Speaker, in this presence, to point the American boy, the poor, the tried, whosoever in his environment looks at every turn into the hard face of discouragement, to the life and example and triumph of JOHN R. GAMBLE.

I need not follow his record minutely. Others are better qualified to do that. But here in the far East, in the great Empire State of New York, he was born, no longer ago than 1848. He was a farmer boy. He was of Scotch-Irish ancestry. He had from his mother's side the blood of Andrew Jackson in his veins. That he had resolution, that he had strength of

purpose, that he had courage, no one who ever knew him ever questioned. He was born to battle and ready armed.

At 14 years of age he removed with his family to Wisconsin, where the farm life was continued. He keenly appreciated the importance of an education, and it was a happy day for him when, in 1867, he became a student in Appleton University, and a proud day for him when, in 1872, triumphant against all the odds of poverty, he graduated the first of his class. Like many others, he helped himself along at intervals by teaching school. A simple story, familiar through repetition.

The silken thread binds many men and families together. The jewels men grown old and growing old hold priceless in the security of their memories are earnings of their self-denial and of their self-sacrifice, the fruits of which enriched their minds and added strength and fortitude to their characters, and overflowed into the lives of others. There is no reward, Mr. Speaker, which outlasts life and sweetens all life save that won in deprivation, in hard struggle, in pursuit of a standard set higher than personal ambition. We prize those things which cost us dearest; we knit ourselves into other lives as we make those lives our life. The way to glory is the humble way of service; the shining way is the way of sacrifice, and the retrospect lights up radiantly in the measure of the heroism, the patriotism, the love, in which hope kept courage company in the struggle through the years, by day and by night. All final recompense in living for self is in living and doing for others.

In August, 1873, Mr. GAMBLE was admitted to the bar to practice law, and a month later, a young man of 25 years of age, he appeared in Yankton, Dakota Territory, to make a home. Two years later, at Fox Lake, Wis., he was married. His wife and three children survive him. At the time of his death his age was 43 years 7 months and 13 days.

Mr. GAMBLE was an active participant in all the sharp contests of the people of the Territory pending its final division and admission into the Union as North and South Dakota. Few about me here to-day can realize the vigor of those contests or appreciate the magnitude of the issues involved. He never faltered in his loyalty to the city of his adoption, up to 1883 the capital of the Territory. In that year, following a remarkable contest, the capital was removed to Bismarck, a city created by the Northern Pacific Railroad at the crossing of the Missouri River. The removal was involved in the division and statehood question, and Mr. GAMBLE, putting behind him all minor questions, held his leadership as a prudent counselor in the greater contest which terminated in the fall of 1889—statehood for North and South Dakota.

Mr. GAMBLE was district attorney for Yankton County from 1876 to 1878; he succeeded Col. Pound, on his death, as United States district attorney, which office he held until the appointment of H. J. Campbell in 1878; he was a member of the Territorial house from Yankton County in 1877, 1878, and 1879, and a member of the Territorial council from 1881 to 1885, inclusive.

I simply cite the record to establish my point that his activity in public affairs was continuous. He was not ambitious for public office; he was ambitious to be of help in directing the policy of the new country into the best channels. The antagonisms at times were extreme; the divisions at times were bitter—and JOHN R. GAMBLE was always where the fight was thickest.

And yet, Mr. Speaker, no tribute to his memory is equal to this, that every shred of enmity was blotted out of every heart when the news was spread that August day that JOHN R. GAMBLE was dead! All the war was over. All now were the tender friends of the one gone hence in a night from the activities of this life into the shoreless life hidden in eternity. All

now were rich in sympathy, whereof human nature is so constrained to make concealment, toward those in the narrow circle of the stricken home whence the life of the tender husband and loving father had gone out, and upon which the shadow impenetrable had settled. And why? Because at last to every man comes justice. Because at last the character grown in the slow years shines out in the night of death, and illumines the way of the soul's grandeur and immortality.

There are no riches, Mr. Speaker, comparable to the riches of character. It is the light of man's immortality. It is the anchorage of the soul. It is the shield against malice. It is the light in which some day, near or far, we may see eye to eye. It establishes in all the world its kinship, and, to the grave, if sadly not before, it brings the homage as it is known of all its kindred. And thus it is to be victor over death and the grave. In this ultimate triumph JOHN GAMBLE died! It is my royal privilege here to-day, his neighbor and his friend, to commend the story of his resolute life to the American people.

We lose ourselves, Mr. Speaker, in the byways of our lives. Death calls us home. Death unlocks a life and lets it out into the infinite world, and death unlocks the secret chambers of our hearts and lets forth the sweet sympathies which refresh as a heavenly shower the pinched and parched ground of our small ambitions and narrow and selfish prejudices

There is but the one ambition worthy of an American citizen; and that, Mr. Speaker, is to be a loyal soldier in the army of truth. Where truth is God is. To be in the company and in the service of truth is to be in the company and in the service of the Everlasting!

The absolute is beyond our reach—beyond our comprehension. Contradictions are much in company. In each of our lives, as we know, are battlefields upon which the opposing

forces of our nature go often to contest, where they make truce, and where they camp. If truth shall have most of victory finally; if final surrender to other leadership shall never have been; if in the night of death love comes in benediction—blessed be God, our Father!

It is well, Mr. Speaker, that we who are here in this House come at times and look into that common grave where we all soon must sleep. There is pain in it, but there is exaltation in it, and in that exaltation we rise above the petty discords of the working day, out of the partisan bickerings of narrow living, and turn our eyes upward from the gloom of the narrow home into the glory of the home of peace and of perfect and eternal liberty. Aye, Mr. Speaker, disarmed of all enmity, listening to the music faintly floating in upon our weary souls from the far-off morning stars, we catch a shadowy picture of the perfect union where love reigns, where foul suspicion comes not, where truth has no rival, where the understanding is unclouded, where death is not and life is—life in its fullness, in its richness, in its sweetness evermore.

Are we the representatives of the American people? May we flatter ourselves that out of the sloughs of political life we have been brought here as types of a people unrivaled on the earth in power of self-government? Then let us remember how short the day is, and how the life that is and the truth that is born or given wings in the hour make in feebleness or in strength an eternal flight.

The sun that disappears at evening in a bank of clouds or in the glory of a golden sky will return again and again as the wonderful flight of the earth goes on. Error may live long, but obliteration will overtake it finally. Truth alone is born to immortality. The life that is of true nobility is the life of service; not service of self, not a life of scheming for personal gain through false pretense. The life that is of true nobility

is the life of honest service of one's people. Thus is one in humility exalted. Thus is one who casts himself down lifted up.

We honor our dead always for what they did for others; we cast away the follies, we put the weaknesses under our feet, and we bring forth the tried gold of the ultimate character, and before it our souls bow, for in it we see eternal life, the kin of our better lives, the hope immortal, the indwelling God! In the tender testimonies we offer to our dead we give testimonies to those ambitions, to that loyalty of service, to those ideals of citizenship which ought, in the fullness of our strength, to control every action and purpose here.

It is not so much, Mr. Speaker, that we shall have reward at the hands of our fellows, or vindication from them; but that in the clear light of our personal insight into the secrets of our own lives we may have justification unto ourselves—the unspotted and kingly, aye, Godly crown of our own consciences.

JOHN R. GAMBLE died a young man. He was on the threshold of larger opportunities. But out of the tanglewood of his life, through the hard struggles with poverty, out of the contentions of the years, the immortelles of his sturdy character and work marks the place where he sleeps and will keep green in the memory of the Dakotas his name.

ADDRESS OF MR. JOHNSON, OF NORTH DAKOTA.

MR. SPEAKER: JOHN R. GAMBLE was born in Genesee County, State of New York, on the 15th of January, 1848. He inherited neither rank nor wealth, but what was more significant and more to his advantage as a candidate for recognition as one of nature's noblemen in the equal contest of American

citizenship, he inherited a *mens sana in corpore sano* and all the natural instincts and traditions of a patriotic, a virtuous, and a pious race, his ancestry being Scotch-Irish, his mother a third cousin of Andrew Jackson.

At the age of 14 he removed with his parents to the State of Wisconsin, and at the age of 25 he again followed the star of empire in its westward march to the Territory of Dakota.

We ask especially the participation and sympathy of the members from New York and Wisconsin while we pay these last tributes of affection and respect to the memory of our honored dead.

His nativity and golden days of happy childhood for fourteen years belong to the great Empire State of New York.

His youth and education for eleven years, devoted to the development of intellectual and moral power and crowded with achievement and promise at school and in college, belong to our noble sister State of Wisconsin. His manhood years and earnest life work for eighteen years as a frontiersman, a citizen, a jurist, and a statesman, crowned with all the honors and emoluments that a brave and grateful people could lay at his feet, belong to the Dakotas. His fame, his example, his conduct, so well calculated to inspire the youth of this land with hope and courage, with a lofty and a noble ambition, belong not merely to the keeping of the records of this House, but have become a part of the true wealth of the whole Republic, while the great, manly soul of JOHN R. GAMBLE belongs in the eternal years of God to the omnipotent power which made it.

As boy or man, at work or play, at home or in school, he was always a natural leader. Reared in a large family, where there were no drones, and where necessity as well as principle required each member of the family to contribute a share in earning the daily bread for the common support of the house-

hold, he was ever a dutiful son and an affectionate brother. He must be esteemed fortunate that his early life knew neither the hopelessness of extreme poverty nor the lassitude of inherited wealth, which, by eliminating the immediate and apparent necessity for work, destroys the incentives to personal effort and a just appreciation of the true dignity of labor. His was the golden mean—answer to the pious application, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." He was an omnivorous reader, a thorough student, and a delightful companion. His preparation for college was broad and ample. His mind had already traversed a wide range of the best English literature. He was proficient in mathematics and an enthusiast in the exact sciences. His memory was phenomenal. He pursued history with a zest that few give to fiction.

When, in 1868, he entered Lawrence University, at Appleton, Wis., he brought to his task not only good health and splendid courage, but a mind accustomed to the delights of good literature, trained to mathematical accuracy and scientific exactness, and garnished with the cameos of history in ancient and modern times. Thus well equipped for his task, although hampered with frequent absence to teach school and do other work to defray the expenses of his education, he easily maintained his supremacy in the class throughout the course and graduated from the classical department in 1872 with the highest honors as valedictorian of his class.

For the practical purposes of settlement Dakota was discovered about that time. Although purchased for the United States by Thomas Jefferson, from Napoleon Bonaparte, as a part of Louisiana, as early as 1803, yet the Territory of Dakota, with the exception of a little triangle in its northeastern corner and the narrow strip of shore line that could be seen from the hurricane decks of the steamers passing up and down her great rivers, was at that time as much a *terra incog-*

nita as are to-day the forests of Africa between the head-waters of the Congo and the sources of the Nile.

The antelope, the elk, and the buffalo then ranged their limitless and immemorial pastures where now the peaceful domestic herds are grazing on the homestead and the ranch.

The battles of the Rose Bud and the Little Big Horn were then several years in the future and never dreamed of as possible.

"No. 1 hard" wheat had never yet been heard of in the busy marts of commerce, and the only harbinger of its coming that had ever been wafted within the confines of civilization was the diffused haze of smoke from the annual prairie fires consuming the perennial growth of natural meadows, which softened the scenery and mellowed the light in the Mississippi Valley in the beautiful autumnal days of Indian summer.

Foremost among the brave, strong, and well-equipped young pioneers who then went up to possess this goodly land was JOHN R. GAMBLE.

Having been admitted to the bar, he settled at Yankton in 1873, and was eminently successful from the very start. He soon built up a large and valuable practice extending all over the Territory and into many of the adjoining counties in the State of Nebraska. He was a man of wonderful energy and untiring industry. He was always loyal to his clients as well as to the court. He succeeded eminently at the bar, and enjoyed the admiration of his associates, the respect of the court, and the support of a large clientage. He never knowingly advocated the wrong, and never, for any reason personal to himself, neglected the cause of the defenseless or the poor.

He was a man of earnest convictions and from early life always took a deep and active interest in politics. The principles and policy of the Republican party early met the approval

of his judgment, and to that party he remained firmly loyal and devoted to the last.

He was unreservedly trusted and greatly honored by his party and his State. He loved the profession which he adorned with his learning and with an integrity of character that was never drawn in question. He preferred the uninterrupted pursuit of his calling, but always left his time, his means, and his judgment at the service of the public whenever his city, his county, his party, or the State required him to respond to the call of duty.

He served with honor as district attorney of Yankton County, as United States attorney for the Territory, in both branches of the Territorial legislature, as a member of the Sioux Falls constitutional convention of 1883, and was elected to the Fifty-second Congress from the State at large.

In the sharp controversies which preceded division and statehood he was always for division and always loyal to the interest of South Dakota, but his warfare was ever of that brave and honorable sort which never failed to command the admiration and respect of us, his rivals and competitors, who sometimes necessarily represented conflicting interests, simply because we happened to reside north of the forty-sixth parallel of latitude.

In 1875 he joined the Congregational Church of Yankton. During all the subsequent years of a busy life in his great career as a lawyer and statesman he remained an unostentatious but faithful and consistent member of that church.

As an unobtrusive member of that church he exemplified in his life the graces of a true Christian character, abounding in good works and strong in the faith. From the altar of that church his remains were borne to their last resting place in the bosom of Mother Earth, on the banks of the longest river in the world, whose murmuring waters shall for all time sing his re-

quiem as they roll on ceaselessly in their stately onward march from the mountains to the sea. Our colleague died suddenly at his home in the prime of life, and after an illness of only a few hours.

He fell, not like the decayed trunk of the leafless cedar before the wintry blast, but like the strong oak upon the mountain top, shivered by the lightning, when its great boughs are clothed in the full leaves of summer.

Both by the tests of classic paganism and the requirements of Christianity our dead friend has achieved immortality, both as an earthly fame and a heavenly crown. Well could he sing with the poet Ennius, old and fragmentary, when quoted by Virgil—

> Let no one decorate me with tears
> Or celebrate my funeral obsequies with weeping.

Or with his favorite Horace he might say:

> Here I have erected a monument
> More lasting than bronze
> And higher than the royal pyramids.

While the blessed light of Christian faith and promise shining through the darkness enables us to write on his tomb—

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. They shall rest from their labors and their works shall follow them."

ADDRESS OF MR. LIND, OF MINNESOTA.

Mr. SPEAKER: In rising to pay tribute to the Hon. JOHN GAMBLE, late a Representative-elect from a district adjoining my own, though in a neighboring State, I am unable, from a lack of personal intimacy with the departed, to go into those details of his everyday life and character which determine the place that a man shall occupy in the hearts and memory of his friends and associates.

My limited acquaintance only afforded me opportunity to observe those salient points that even at first sight distinguished the individual from his fellows.

I first met Mr. GAMBLE in court, some ten years ago. I saw him engaged in the trial of a cause. His terse and vigorous method of presenting his case attracted my attention. I was struck with the spirit of self-reliance, discriminating power, and good judgment which characterized his every move and utterance.

He impressed me as a typical Western man; self-made, physically and mentally strong, fearless, and self-reliant. Personal intercourse verified my first impressions.

I found that he possessed all these traits and none of the prejudices which so often mar the mental vision of men who have grown up under different conditions.

Young, vigorous, and ambitious, it was but natural that he should play a strong part in the embryo Commonwealth of which he was a member. He helped launch the ship of state. He helped guide it in its formative—the most important—period. He soon received its highest confidence by the election to a seat in this House.

To our shortsighted judgment death stepped in as a robber,

depriving him of a well-earned reward, the State of an able servant, and us of a genial colleague.

If faith and hope presented no promise to the human heart of another sphere of existence and activity, death under these circumstances would not only make life a vanity, but it would stamp existence as a crime.

To those of us who enjoy that abiding confidence that our going as well as our coming are in the hands of a kind Providence, whose decrees are the dictates of justice and love, there comes a feeling of submission even in the presence of death, for we know that His will is done.

ADDRESS OF MR. BRYAN, OF NEBRASKA.

It was not my good fortune, Mr. Speaker, to be personally acquainted with the deceased; but living just across the line in a neighboring State, his fame had reached us, and we shared in the sorrow which the members of this House felt when the news flashed along the wires that he was dead.

In his early life he represented the truest type of American manhood. His boyhood days were spent upon the farm, and there, in communion with nature, he supplied himself with, perhaps, the best preparation that any man can bring to the duties of this life; and when he emerged from that farm he came strengthened by the associations of such a life, and free from those vices which elsewhere often dwarf the boy ere he realizes the dangers before him. He sought an education; he had that yearning for knowledge which indicates in its possessor the ability to use an education after it is obtained.

He was a self-made man, and proved, as multitudes before him have proved, that any person who desires an education in this country can obtain it. Lack of effort and lack of ambi-

tion are the only obstacles in the young man's way. He had, therefore, furnished an example which will be a benefit to every rising generation. After the struggle which was necessary to obtain an education he might have been discouraged; but the obstacles which he overcame simply excited a desire to encounter greater obstacles, and at the conclusion of his education he entered upon that arduous profession, the law, in which his greatest achievements were attained—a profession in which the successful advocate finds his greatest advantage and his greatest protection in the long, the weary, and often thorny way that separates the lawyer beginning from the lawyer independent.

That he was an able lawyer the reports of his own State and of the Federal courts furnish abundant testimony. But he was more than an able lawyer. He was an earnest and an industrious lawyer. He carried into his profession that energy and perseverance which characterized his earlier days. More than this, beyond being able and industrious, he was an honest lawyer. There is an impression among some that honesty is not an aid to success at the bar. I am glad that by his life our deceased friend had given the lie to this assumption, which has so little support in actual experience at the bar. It is one of the great truths of which we may all be glad that the paths of duty in this world run parallel. A man can be a good citizen, a good father, a good husband, a good church member, a good politician, a good lawyer, and not find his duties conflicting. He can serve in all these capacities, and serve well in each.

Mr. GAMBLE went to Dakota as a pioneer. Those who are surrounded by the comforts and conveniences of older communities scarcely realize the undertaking which is before one who turns his back upon these advantages and seeks his fortune in a new country. Yet it is such men as JOHN R. GAM-

BLE who have made our great West and Northwest what they are to-day. They have gone from their earlier homes, carrying with them their education, their integrity, their industry, their perseverance, and have converted that country from a wilderness into a garden. They have built up cities and towns, schoolhouses and churches. They have given to these sections greatness, wealth, and influence.

It is not strange that one who had the experience and abilities of Mr. GAMBLE should have been called upon for public service. It is one of the glories of this country that the people are able to select those who prove themselves worthy of confidence, and are compelled to rely for guidance and for government upon those born to rule. It is not strange, therefore, I say, that such a man as Mr. GAMBLE should have been selected by his people for various positions of honor and of trust; and it can be said to his credit that in all of these capacities he proved himself worthy of every confidence reposed. It is a loss to this House that a man as well equipped as he was, as well prepared for the arduous duties of public life, should have fallen in the strength of early manhood and at the very commencement of his Congressional career. We need such public men. We need men of his approved integrity, of his high character. We need men who take for their motto, as he did—

> To thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

They are a blessing to the country, they are a service to all, and I come to-day as one who, by investigation, was led to a different political faith from that held by the deceased, to mourn with his friends and political associates that one like him should be taken from us, and that we should be denied his his aid and companionship.

His death was sudden. It came in a way that reminds us

that, however strong we may be, however full of health and hope, however surrounded with all the things that indicate a long and useful life, death is ever present in our midst, and that none of us are able to tell the day or the hour when we may be called upon to render an account of our stewardship.

While we mourn the departure of a man elected to this House, the greatest burden of grief must fall upon that home which he honored and blessed by his presence; and while we regret the loss of a public servant, we mourn with her, his widow, and with the children whom he has left. He has bequeathed to them a spotless name, an estate greater than wealth can purchase. The grief-stricken companion of his home can remember a husband who won no less her respect than her love. And while the children are at an age when ill able to lose a father, they have the proud consolation of knowing that they have lost a father whose life is an example, and whose industry, whose perseverance, and whose character should be to them an inspiration.

ADDRESS OF MR. JOLLEY, OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

Mr. SPEAKER: South Dakota for the first time mourns for the death of a public officer. In the meridian of his life, crowned with the confidence of the people of his State, sent by the electors of the young State of South Dakota as their Representative at the national capital, on the threshold of a life that would have been useful and honored, JOHN R. GAMBLE died. Without any warning, in seeming perfect health to all human appearances, with years of health and prosperity before him, his young life was suddenly ended, and his wife, his family, and his friends were compelled to sever the tie that bound them to a kind and faithful husband, to a fond and in-

dulgent father, to a firm and true friend, and to an able, energetic, and trusted public servant.

Young in years but old in experience, he was a true representative of the energy, perseverance, and courage of our Western civilization. He knew thoroughly all the wants and needs of the people of his adopted State as few men did, and his natural endowments, as well as his cultivated acquirements, qualified him as few men are equipped to supply every want that the people who chose him as their Representative required and to procure for his State all that it needed. No difficulty delayed him in attaining an object he set out for, and no obstruction that energy, perseverance, and study could overcome barred him from the end he sought to attain.

Thoroughly honest, always fair, firm as a rock, a ripe scholar, a diligent student, gentle and kind to a friend and open and defiant to a foe, such was the man we mourn, and such was he who won the confidence, love, and support of the people of the State who sent him here as their honored Representative.

JOHN R. GAMBLE was born in the State of New York on January 15, 1848, of Scotch-Irish ancestry. He moved with his parents in 1862 to the State of Wisconsin. Until 1867 he worked on his father's farm, a hard worker and an earnest student. In 1872 he graduated from Lawrence University, at Appleton, Wis., first in his class. After graduating he studied law, and in September, 1873, he settled in the city of Yankton, in the Territory of Dakota, where he lived until he died, on August 14, 1891.

From the time he located in the then sparsely settled Territory until his death he was prominent in every public movement and in every public enterprise. As a lawyer he moved from obscurity to the front rank with a swiftness that seemed marvelous. For years he was acknowledged as one of the

leaders of the bar of the Territory and later of the State. And he deserved and maintained his place there. It was never given him as a favor; he attained it as a right.

Few cases in our Territorial and State courts of importance were tried that JOHN R. GAMBLE was not an attorney on one side. When his services were secured, he served his client with all the ardor of an honest man. In his professional life he was serving a master who demanded an undivided loyalty, and he served that master well. He was loyal to his clients, he was loyal to the judges, and he was loyal to his profession. In a large practice of eighteen years not one word of criticism was ever heard against him. He studied his cases with an energy that never weakened, with an honesty that never was questioned, and with a zeal that few equaled. The records of the courts of the Territory of Dakota and of the State of South Dakota show the labors of his professional life. It is a grand record; one that his friends may well be proud of, and one that shall ever serve as a beacon light to those who shall follow him in his chosen calling.

To one who has often met him in the courts as an assistant or as an opponent the memory comes and shall always live of an able lawyer, an eloquent advocate, and a thoroughly honest and honorable gentleman. In every meeting of the bar held in our State, so long as the members of the old Territorial bar live, some story of JOHN R. GAMBLE'S kindness will be related and some eye will be dimmed with tears because of his death. We could have parted with him if he had lived his allotted time, but to have him taken from us in the prime of his manhood we can not yet submit without a murmur. The public will remember him as an able, brilliant, and learned lawyer; the members of the bar will cheerfully yield to him all that, but to them he was more, he was always a kind friend and brother.

A man with the abilities of JOHN R. GAMBLE could not remain in private life, much as he desired to. In a new country, such as Dakota was in Territorial days, public questions were more generally discussed than in an older country. The people are independent in the expression of their opinions on all political measures, and are always well informed on every matter that affects their interests. They are thoroughly self-reliant, and their judgment of men and measures is based on real merit. For shams and demagogues they have no use in their active and stirring life. They are full of charity for honest mistakes; for deceit and dishonesty in a public officer they have little charity and no forgiveness. All the characteristics possessed by JOHN R. GAMBLE qualified him for a leader of the pioneers in his Western home.

Soon after settling in the city of Yankton he was elected district attorney by his party friends. Before his term ended criminals knew that a man who never feared to prosecute all violations of the law with strictness, ability, and energy would manage all criminal cases on the part of the Territory. At the commencement of his term an unknown boy, at the end of the term of his office his name was known throughout the Territory. In 1878 he was elected a member of the Territorial house of representatives. During the session all the laws passed by the legislature bear the impress of his mind. His abilities forced him to the front, and from that time until his death he was recognized by all as a leader of his party. Twice afterwards he served as a member of the Territorial council, and each time he added to his well-earned reputation as an able legislator.

In all new countries a crisis comes. Dakota Territory was no exception to the rule. No one knows, except those who have passed through the ordeal, the humiliations the people of a Territory suffer under a Territorial form of government.

Territorial officers are sent out to govern the people who hold their office by appointment from the national Executive and not by the choice of the people of the Territory. The people of Dakota Territory had that kind of government for nearly thirty years. The old pioneers hoped and longed for the time to come when they could have the same rights and privileges as their brothers who lived in States. Many died before that happy day came. So long was the day of their political deliverance postponed that many restless men declared their right to establish a State government before Congress granted that power.

Constitutional conventions were held in the Territory, and although the constitutions submitted to a vote of the peeple declared that the organic law would not be in force and effect until sanctioned by legal authority, many declared the people of the Territory, the source of all power, had the right and authority to establish a State government before Congress passed an enabling act. The contest was long, exciting, and hot. For years the contest waged. The demand for a division of the Territory and formation of two States was almost unanimous. The division among the people was: Whether to form a State government before the national authority granted the power, or to wait until Congress passed a law dividing the Territory and authorized the people to adopt a constitution and form a State government. During the long and fierce struggle the voice and influence of JOHN R. GAMBLE was to wait until all legal requirements were fully complied with. Fortunately for the people of the State of South Dakota, the advice of JOHN R. GAMBLE and others acting with him prevailed. The change we all so anxiously hoped for came. The Territorial form of government was a thing of the past. South Dakota after a long struggle was admitted as a State into the Union. To the wise counsel and valiant efforts of JOHN R. GAMBLE and others associated with him have the people to thank for their prudent conduct during that exciting period.

There is no spot to mar the fair fame of the people of the State of South Dakota. It seems almost a mockery to know, that he who did so much, who labored so earnestly, and who devoted so much time to have South Dakota admitted as a State, died so soon after the star of that State was placed on our national flag.

In the State convention of his party, held just prior to the admission of our State, his name was presented for the position of member of Congress. It was not successful. He neither sulked nor hesitated. His time and talents were given to the party of his choice. In 1890 the efforts of his friends were successful, and in the election of that year JOHN R. GAMBLE was elected as one of the Representatives from the State of South Dakota. To say that he was not proud of the confidence reposed in him would be to say he was not human. His selection was not an accident. He deserved it and it was a just reward for hard work, earnest efforts, and faithful services rendered by him to the people of his State. He would have fulfilled the duties of his office in such a manner as would have been creditable to himself and would have honored the State he represented.

His future to the human eye seemed all that his friends could ask and he desire. It was decreed that they would not be fulfilled. He never took his seat in the national Congress. With a suddenness that was startling his death came. He died as he would wish to die. Seeking the rest he so much needed, his last day on earth was passed in riding with his family on the prairies near his home. In the evening he became ill; the family physician was called. Nothing serious was thought of. After midnight a change came that was unlooked for, a change that baffled the skill of the physicians. On the morning of August 14, 1891, as the sun touched the prairies of his Western home, surrounded by his wife, his three

children, and a few devoted friends, JOHN R. GAMBLE died. His death was a shock to the people of our State.

This was the life of my friend, the representative of our young State, the kind husband, the fond father, the faithful friend, the able lawyer, the brilliant legislator, and our honored citizen.

JOHN R. GAMBLE'S life was a useful life. The records of his works and services will never die. The history of our State can never be written without his name embellishing its pages. By his wife his memory will always be cherished; to his children his well-spent life will ever be an example and a guide; to his friends his kind words and deeds will make their lives better, and the people of our State will never forget his faithful services.

The SPEAKER *pro tempore* (Mr. Hooker, of Mississippi, in the chair). The question is on the adoption of the resolutions offered by the gentleman from South Dakota (Mr. Pickler).

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The SPEAKER *pro tempore*. In accordance with the last resolution, I declare the house adjourned until Monday next at 12 o'clock m.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

JANUARY 6, 1892.

The PRESIDING OFFICER laid before the Senate the following resolutions from the House of Representatives; which were read:

JANUARY 5, 1892.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN R. GAMBLE, late a Representative from the State of South Dakota.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to communicate a copy of these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to his memory the House do now adjourn.

Mr. PETTIGREW. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN R. GAMBLE, late a Representative from the State of South Dakota.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to his memory the Senate do now adjourn.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously; and (at 4 o'clock and 17 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Thursday, January 7, 1892, at 12 o'clock meridian.

EULOGIES.

FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

Mr. PETTIGREW, of South Dakota. I ask that the resolutions of the House of Representatives in respect to the death of my late colleague, Hon. JOHN R. GAMBLE, be now laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives; which will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
March 12, 1892.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that an opportunity be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. JOHN R. GAMBLE, late a Representative at large from the State of South Dakota.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to communicate a copy of these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and his public services, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Mr. PETTIGREW. I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of the Hon. JOHN R. GAMBLE, late a Representative from the State of South Dakota.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, in order that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the Secretary of the Senate to the family of the deceased.

ADDRESS OF MR. PETTIGREW, OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: For the first time since I entered the Senate I am called upon to mourn the loss of a colleague and to review in the presence of the Senate the ended life of a member of the House of Representatives from my State.

JOHN R. GAMBLE, late a Representative at large from the State of South Dakota in the House of Representatives, deported this life on the 14th day of August, 1891, at his home at Yankton, in the State he had done so much to create and loved so well. The news of his death was a great shock to the people of my State, for it was entirely unexpected, as Mr. Gamble was apparently in the full vigor of manhood and but 43 years of age.

He was no stranger to me. During the eighteen years of his residence in Dakota we were partisan friends, acting together to accomplish the same objects, associated together in the legislatures, conventions, and other public assemblies of the Territory and State. I had learned to love him for his kind and generous heart, and to respect him for his clear and able mind. The story of his life can be told only of an American boy; here alone in this country are the opportunities offered for such a career.

Mr. GAMBLE was born in the township of Alabama, Genesee County, State of New York, on the 15th day of January, 1848. He was of Scotch-Irish ancestry, his mother being a second cousin of Andrew Jackson. His early years were spent upon the farm, and engaged in the ordinary occupations of a farmer's son.

In 1862 he removed with his parents to Fox Lake, Dodge County, Wis., where his people have since resided.

From his early life he was a constant attendant at the district schools of his neighborhood and was always a student of the highest rank in his classes, and a young man of the most careful and scrupulous deportment in his conduct. He was enthusiastic and energetic, not only in his work at school and in his general pursuits of reading, but also as an active and capable help at home upon the farm.

At an early age he formed an ambition to acquire a thorough college education. To this end he devoted all his energies, and his spare hours while on the farm were given to study and research. He soon mastered all the studies pursued in the ordinary country school and then devoted himself to self-instruction, so that at an early age he was sufficiently capable to devote part of his time to teaching and thereby secure money with which to enter college and pursue his course while there.

He entered Lawrence University at Appleton, Wis., in 1867; took a full classical course, and graduated with the highest honors of his class in 1872. While at college he displayed the same energy and enthusiasm as a student that he had during his earlier years, and was regarded when he left the institution as one of their most promising and capable graduates. He took high rank in all departments, and while there took great interest in the literary work of the college. Though never eloquent, he was a clear, forcible, and convincing speaker.

Long before leaving college Mr. GAMBLE had chosen the law as a profession, and this had induced him to take especial pains in the work of the literary societies of the institution. After his graduation he studied law at Fox Lake, Wis., and was admitted to the bar in August, 1873. At this time he was indebted to his brother James for part of the moneys used in going through college, and after his admission to practice additional funds were loaned to him by his brother with which to purchase a law library.

In September of the same year he located at Yankton, S. Dak., and commenced the practice of the law at that place. He at once, by his energy and industry, built up a very lucrative business, so that he was enabled to pay off all his existing liabilities on account of his education.

Mr. GAMBLE had all the elements of a successful lawyer. He was thorough and painstaking in a remarkable degree in the preparation of his cases for trial. He had wonderfully clear perceptions of the law, and as to the essential features of each particular case, and to the application of the facts to the law in question, always loyal to his client. He was thoroughly devoted to the work of the profession. He was persistent and heroic in his encounters at the bar, and it was seldom that he failed in sustaining the case of his client. He had a high appreciation of the obligations of an attorney and of his fidelity to the court.

In all my acquaintance with him I never knew him to do a mean or dishonorable thing in his practice, although it may have been of temporary advantage to him. This was true also in his business and political life.

He was elected district attorney for Yankton County in 1874.

He acted as United States attorney for some months in 1877 and 1878, and was elected to represent his city in the Territorial house of representatives in 1877, 1878, and 1879, and was three times elected to represent his county in the Territorial council.

Mr. GAMBLE was a member of the constitutional convention for South Dakota in 1883, and acted as chairman of the committee on legislation. The constitution adopted by this convention was practically the constitution with which South Dakota was admitted into the Union in 1889. During his entire public and private life, in every position, whether a prose-

cuting officer, a delegate to a partisan convention, a member of the legislature, or as a delegate preparing the constitution of a State, no blot or stain can be found upon his record. Every page of his life, every act of his hand, will bear the light of a midday sun. His thought and character is stamped upon the history of Dakota, and its expression is in the character of her people and institutions.

The life of a political organization, of man in the aggregate, is after all but the repetition of the life of individual men that compose the State or nation; and I am sure it is not too much to say that the character of the people and the institutions of South Dakota are not the same as they would have been if he had lived elsewhere. Fearless, honest, persistent, and capable, this strong man was a leader in the best sense of the word, and he has left an impression on the people of South Dakota that will endure longer than any monument of stone.

No higher ambition can prompt an American boy than to take part in laying the foundation of an American State, in helping to create a mighty commonwealth that is to endure as long as this great nation stands among the nations of the earth. It was this thought that took this young man, fresh from school and full of honest purposes and high aims, to the prairies of Dakota, there to battle with the wilderness, to build a home, to help shape the institutions of a sovereign people, and to make a place in the world that shall endure.

Mr. GAMBLE had influenced his surroundings, but those surroundings had made themselves felt in molding his character. He had become active, restless, keen-witted, earnest, self-contained—a splendid representative of that vast throng that, climbing the Alleghenies, have in so short a time crossed this continent and reached the Pacific Ocean, planting great States in their path with all that implies the highest civilization embodied in their institutions.

The work of creating new States is nearly completed, but the growth of that vast empire west of the Mississippi River has but just commenced, containing as it does five-sevenths of the area of the United States, excluding Alaska, with natural resources equaling, yes, surpassing, the same number of square miles of any other portion of the earth.

The time must soon come when the people of these States, of which this man was a representative, will dominate and control this Government. New issues will arise that must modify our national policy, in fact mold it to its purpose, and I feel safe in saying that as this influence increases by the increased number of the representatives of this civilization in Congress, we will grow broader, and greater, and grander as a people and a nation.

It was through the efforts of Mr. GAMBLE and those who acted with him that two States instead of one were added to the Union. The contest for a division of the Territory of Dakota and the admission of two States was a long and bitter one and delayed the creation of those States for several years; but in this contest he never wavered, because he felt sure it was for the best interests of the great Northwest that there should be two States acting together in the future with the increased power in this body thereby secured. Who can measure the consequences of this result; consequences that must extend through all time and grow more important as these States grow in population and in wealth?

Mr. GAMBLE married Fannie Davis on September 22, 1875, and leaves a widow and three children. He was a true husband and a kind and affectionate father, and his home was a happy one, and while he will be mourned and missed and his loss keenly felt by his State, it is upon his family, his devoted wife and children and surviving brothers and sisters, that the greatest blow has fallen.

He believed in a future life, and to them there is consolation in the thought that they can go to him if he can not return to them; and to me, with all my doubts, there appear the words of Cato's soliloquy:

> Plato, thou reasonest well:
> Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
> This longing after immortality?
> Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
> Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
> Back on itself, and startles at destruction?
> 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us.

ADDRESS OF MR. HANSBROUGH, OF NORTH DAKOTA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: My acquaintance with the Hon. JOHN R. GAMBLE, late a Representative from the State of South Dakota, dates back to the time of the Territorial days in Dakota, when we believed, as we still continue to believe, that statehood was the greatest boon that could be conferred upon a people who were disfranchised by being obliged to live under a Territorial government; to the time when delegations from Dakota were making annual excursions to this city with a view to enlightening the lawmakers as to the needs of that portion of the growing, the boundless, the unparalleled West, more recently embraced within the splendid sisterhood of States; when with us the only general contest at the ballot box was over the election of a single, voteless Delegate, who must represent half a million of people, scattered over 150,000 square miles of territory; when our political conventions, no matter at what time they were held or however remote they might be from the geographical center of the Territory, were attended by complete delegations from every county, some traveling 4,000 miles, from the Black Hills region by way of

Omaha and St. Paul and returning by the same route, for the poor satisfaction of assisting in nominating one of their own number who, if elected, would be nothing more than an errand boy without a vote, having the privileges of the House floor and the right to burn midnight oil sending prosy documents and musty garden seeds, free of postage, to an eager and anxious constituency.

JOHN GAMBLE was always to be found at these conventions, not as a canidate for the one and only honor to be bestowed, but invariably in the interest of a friend, and likewise in opposition to those whom he supposed to be his friend's enemies. He was a patriot always. His motives were honorable and his purposes high. Nature had endowed him with a physique that was all endurance and an unselfishness that was all devotion. To those whom he loved he gave the full benefit of these superlative attributes. His friend's cause was his cause; to him his country's glory was greater than any personal advantage or reward.

Burning, gnawing political ambition found no place of abidance in him. He was ambitious only in behalf of a great multitude of people who yearned to be absolved from a condition of political boudage. His aspirations were those of a true and loyal citizen, who entertained no doubt of the ultimate triumph of the enlightened policy of home rule. He looked forward to the admission of the Territory as two States in earnest desire, not for place, not for power, or personal preferment, but for justice to a people who were politically enthralled.

He had been an eyewitness to the effects of the great evils which sometimes grow out of an abuse of the Territorial system of government. He had seen in full operation an application of the un-American plan of exercising power from a great distance over defenseless communities inhabited by those well equipped and well fitted to govern themselves, and his whole being was in revolt against it.

Mr. GAMBLE was a profound student. His mind was stored with the rich fruits of industrious research. In the law he occupied a place among those in the first rank, and his opinions were current statutes with the people. To him the history of his country was an inspiration. He was an American in the truest sense. He loved the institutions of his native land and believed that this must ultimately excel all other countries, commercially and otherwise. He was an ardent advocate of territorial extension.

If he had been spared to his countrymen his voice might now be heard in the halls of this Capitol proclaiming in behalf of new conquests for the benefit of the millions who are to come. From the sweat and blood of toil and suffering he beheld an empire rising to the view—that empire heralded by the good Bishop Berkeley as "time's noblest offspring." He believed with De Tocqueville, who in 1835 wrote these prophetic lines:

"In the midst of the uncertainty of the future there is at least one event which is certain. At an epoch which we can call near, since it concerns the life of a people, the Anglo-Americans alone will cover all the immense territory comprised between the polar ice and the tropics; they will spread from the shores of the Atlantic Ocean even to the coasts of the Southern Sea. * * * There will then arrive a time when there will be seen in North America 150,000,000 of men, equal together, who will all belong to the same family, who will have the same point of departure, the same civilization, the same language, the same religion, the same habits, the same manners, and over which thought will circulate in the same form, and paint itself in the same colors. All else is doubtful, but this is certain. Here," continues De Tocqueville, "is a fact entirely new in the world, of which the imagination can hardly seize the extent."

Charles Sumner said that no American could fail to be strengthened in the future of the Republic by this testimony of De Tocqueville. And we may say of our departed friend that no citizen of this great Union can emulate his example in patriotism or experience, the feelings of admiration and love that he experienced toward his beloved country, without being a better and broader American in all respects.

We of the new States have reached that ideal period which may be said to return the poetry of frontier life, and in comparison with which the pioneer squatter's time was the period of prose. And we look back in deep sorrow upon the unfortunate circumstance which brings us here to-day to mourn the loss of one who was so near the entrance upon a life of great usefulness when the cold hand of death was laid upon him. Truly hath the poet said that—

> No frail man, however great or high,
> Can be concluded blest before he die.

ADDRESS OF MR. DAVIS, OF MINNESOTA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I desire to add a few words of tribute in reference to JOHN R. GAMBLE in addition to those which have been paid to him by the Senators who have preceded me.

The mortuary records of the last few years have most feelingly persuaded us of the truth of the saying: "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

Death has smitten with its withering hand those who stood most conspicuous in the public affections. That icy hand has smitten the Executive Mansion. It has stricken the Cabinet; it has taken the sword of the warrior and has broken it in twain. With firm and gentle hand he, the Angel of Death, has removed from the places of the living the greatest, I think, of American

statesmen of our times, and laid him in the tabernacle of everlasting rest; he has visited the two Chambers of Congress; he has thinned the ranks of this body; he has assailed those of the House of Representatives.

Repeated instances and ceremonies like those which we are now performing bring a sense of sadness to our hearts and of persuasion of the uncertainty of all earthly things to us.

Mr. GAMBLE had not come within the sphere of public attention which entitled him to rank with many of those who have been taken from us, and of whom I have spoken. He fell upon his way to this Capitol. He had no particular contact with Federal affairs.

All that could be said of him in regard to his aspects was that he was a man of great possibilities and great capacity. I did not know him intimately, yet I had encountered him and sometimes walked with him in the way of our professional life. He was a pleasant man, well adjusted, well poised, a self-concentered and ripe lawyer, acute and able in debate, fruitful in forensic resources, and true to his clients always.

There is one thing, Mr. President, pertaining to the times in which we are living which I do not think is sufficiently observed, and yet which ought to be observed and put into contemporary history so that future historians may use it, and that is the manner in which within the last fifty years new States, especially those of the Northwest, have been summoned almost out of nothingness and sprang, perhaps in the course of a year or two years and sometimes a few months, fully equipped and panoplied, into the ranks of States.

If not properly understood it would be a marvel to future historians how great and perfect Commonwealths have thus been formed. We whose fathers were pioneers in that country understand it well. There came into those regions in the times of the earliest settlement the choice and selected spirits of the East. They were young men.

For many years after the settlement of those Territories you could go into the largest audience and see few gray heads. They were aggressive men; their minds were full of suggestions; they were aspiring and ambitious men, seeking to lay hold of a future which might be full of honors for them. Most of them were students. They came from a land of actual practice, and yet they bore with them in their minds theories of government and institutions which they sought to put into operation.

The consequence was, as I have said, that Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, and the two Dakotas sprang rapidly into political being, with a completeness of organization, sometimes in advance of the perfection of organization over the old communities, which it is surprising to contemplate even now that it has become a familiar fact.

The men who did this work were a class of men to which JOHN R. GAMBLE emphatically belonged. He went to Dakota shortly after the organization of that vast region which was formed into the Territory of Dakota; he identified himself with all her interests, he became prominent in all the councils of that region, and as the time drew nigh when Dakota could rightfully demand admission into the sisterhood of States, he was the foremost in advocating and formulating the measures by which that admission should be brought about.

It was generally understood in Dakota for a long time that the vast Territory of Dakota should be admitted as a single State. Against that, Mr. GAMBLE wisely and firmly set his face, and with a wisdom which time has demonstrated to be true.

This is his record in the history of the State of his adoption; and now, Mr. President, that is an honor for any man. In the older historic times to have been thus concerned in the foundation of a great State would have handed a man's name down

most illustriously. Such instances of recent years have been so frequent, and the men who have been engaged in them so many, that the same distinction can not and will not be conferred upon them, nevertheless they deserve it.

So, Mr. President, whatever is said here to-day concerning the memory of JOHN R. GAMBLE will have, except for those who knew him, very little significance; but to us who did know him they signify much. What has been said here to-day will be read by his neighbors in his distant home with the highest appreciation and with the feeling that no tribute which has been paid to him here to-day has been in the least degree undeserved.

ADDRESS OF MR. KYLE, OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: JOHN R. GAMBLE, Representative-elect to the Fifty-second Congress from the State of South Dakota, was born in Alabama, Genesee County, N. Y., January 15, 1848. His early life was spent upon the farm, where his educational privileges were such as the country districts afforded. When about 14 years of age his parents moved to Appleton, Wis. It was in this State where his education was completed and where he, as a student in Lawrence University, distinguished himself for thoroughness in scholarship, graduating with honors from the classical course in 1872.

Though living in the same State, it was not my privilege to become personally acquainted with the deceased; but in a general way he was well and favorably known to all who took an interest in the Territorial history of South Dakota, and in the preparation and contest for statehood.

JOHN R. GAMBLE was one of the early settlers of the Territory, having opened a law office at Yankton in 1873, when

the northern three-fourths of the Territory was a comparative wilderness—the hunting ground of the Sioux Indians.

Being energetic and active by nature his talents were soon demanded in the affairs of state. He filled successively the offices of district attorney for his county, United States district attorney for the Territory, represented his county in the legislature during 1877, 1878, and 1879, and was a member of the Territorial council from 1881 to 1885. In the fall of 1890 he was chosen Congressman-at-large upon the Republican ticket.

During the early days of a State, when laws are being enacted and institutions are being founded, when her future is being mapped out, great responsibilities rest upon those called to be leaders.

The State of South Dakota looks back to-day upon many of her noble sons with pride. Men who have given her a constitution second to none, and educational institutions which would do honor to the most favored States. But her history of these is not read without feeling and seeing the impress of the wisdom and untiring industry of JOHN R. GAMBLE. He was associated in this work with men of national reputation, all of whom speak in terms of highest praise of his zeal in behalf of the future of the Dakotas.

Though a young man at the time of his death, he had, like many before him who have been pressed by the emergency of the times into public service, accomplished the work and reaped the rewards of a long life. We have in his career a lesson for the young as to what can be accomplished by thoroughness of study and untiring energy.

His public life was merely the complement of another life spent in devotion to his profession. He was known at the bar as a student versed in the law, and therefore an antagonist to be feared.

It was not his privilege to take his seat upon the floor of Congress.

It is difficult to tell what would have been his record in this national capacity; but it is safe to say that he would have brought to his new work the well trained enthusiasm of previous years.

JOHN R. GAMBLE has gone from us. The life immortal is now his—where progress is unhindered and where, free from the conflicts and suffering of mortality, his soul rests with the all-wise and beneficent Creator. He is mourned by citizens of South Dakota irrespective of party, and they unite with the State's representatives in paying this last tribute to a hard-working, painstaking lawyer, a wise statesman, and kind husband and father.

Mr. President, I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

HON. JOHN W. KENDALL.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN W. KENDALL

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM LOUISIANA,

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, APRIL 22, 1892,

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1893.

52D CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 100.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN W. KENDALL,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM KENTUCKY,

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1893.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky, 8,000 copies, of which 2,000 copies shall be delivered to the Senators and Representatives of that State, and of the remaining number 2,000 copies shall be for the use of the Senate and 4,000 copies for the use of the House, and of the quota of the House the Public Printer shall set aside 50 copies, which he shall have bound in full morocco with gilt edges, the same to be delivered when completed to the family of the deceased; and the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby directed to have engraved and printed at the earliest day practicable a portrait of the deceased to accompany said eulogies.

Agreed to in the House of Representatives February 14, 1893.

Agreed to in the Senate February 14, 1893.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

MARCH 8, 1892.

Mr. McCREARY, of Kentucky: Mr. Speaker, with sincere sorrow I announce the death of my late colleague, the Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL, a Representative from the State of Kentucky. He died in this city yesterday evening at 10 o'clock. Those who knew him best loved to honor him. He was county attorney of his native county for eight years. He was a member of the Kentucky legislature for eight years. He was Commonwealth's attorney of the thirteenth judicial district six years, and he was serving his first term in the Congress of the United States when he was stricken with death. In all the positions of honor and trust to which he was elected he was always conspicuous for ability, integrity, and devotion to duty. Later in the session I will ask the House of Representatives to set apart a day to take appropriate action in regard to the death of my deceased colleague. I now ask the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the members of the House of Representatives have heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That a committee of seven members of the House be appointed by the Speaker, to act with such Senators as may be selected, to attend

HON. JOHN W. KENDALL.

52D CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { Rept. No. 1

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN W. KENDALL

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM TENNESSEE

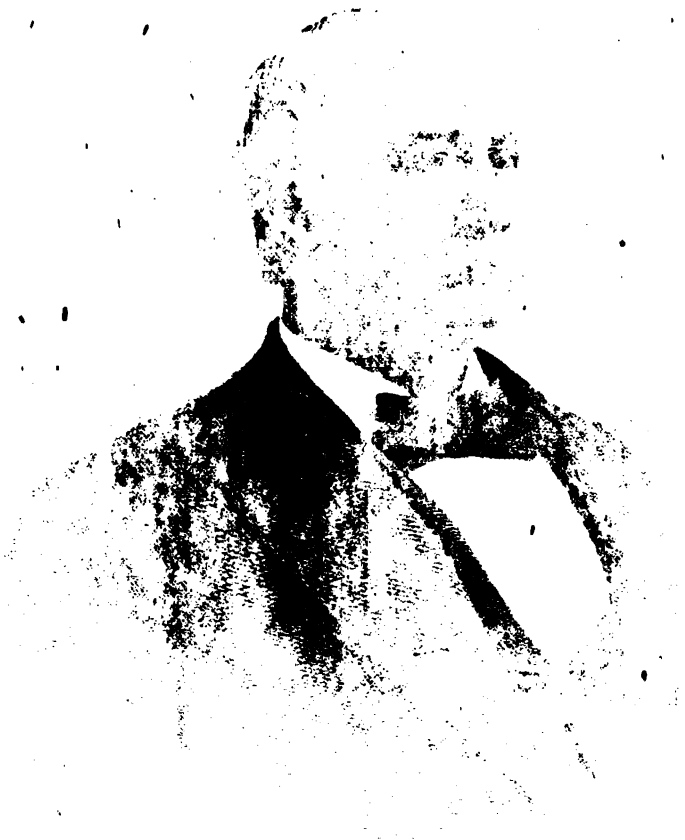
DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1893.



52D CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 100.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN W. KENDALL,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM KENTUCKY,

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1893.

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The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the members of the House of Representatives have heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That a committee of seven members of the House be appointed by the Speaker, to act with such Senators as may be selected, to attend

the funeral of the deceased; and that the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House shall take order for superintending the funeral and for escorting the remains of the deceased to his home; and the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to communicate to the Senate a copy of these resolutions.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect, the House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously.

Pending the adjournment,

The Speaker announced the appointment of the following committee under the resolutions: Mr. Paynter, of Kentucky; Mr. Alderson, of West Virginia; Mr. Amerman, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Bailey, of Texas; Mr. Fellows, of New York; Mr. Wilson, of Kentucky, and Mr. Belknap, of Michigan.

The House then (at 12 o'clock and 13 minutes p. m.) adjourned.

EULOGIES.

FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will read the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That Saturday, the 4th of February, 1893, beginning at 3 p. m., be set apart for the purpose of paying tribute to the memory of the Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL, deceased, lately a Representative from the Tenth district of Kentucky.

Mr. MCCREARY. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House of Representatives be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tribute to the memory of Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his eminent ability as a distinguished public servant, the House of Representatives, at the conclusion of these memorial services, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCCREARY, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. SPEAKER: The death roll of public men is lengthening rapidly, and in Congress, as in every sphere of life, we are continually reminded that "in the midst of life we are in death."

The regular business of the House of Representatives is suspended now in order that we may pay tribute to the memory of one of the noblest and truest and best of men. While at

his post of duty, in the prime and vigor of splendid manhood, and in the midst of plans and hopes and comprehensive purposes, Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL suddenly died on the 7th of March, 1892.

He was born in Morgan County, Kentucky, June 26, 1834. Reared among people who loved liberty, honor, and virtue, he was a true type of a chivalrous, honorable, patriotic Kentuckian.

As a citizen he was kind, obliging, and sympathetic. In his dealings with men he was just and fair, and he illustrated as well as any man I have ever known, his belief in the beautiful maxim, "Do your duty to God, yourself, and your fellow-man, and leave the rest to Him who doeth all things well."

As a lawyer he ranked among the first in his section of the State. When just eligible he was elected by the voters of his native county to the office of county attorney. He discharged every duty that devolved on him with such ability and fidelity that he soon became distinguished at the bar and was reëlected county attorney without opposition. Later in life he was elected Commonwealth's attorney at the judicial district in which he resided, embracing a number of counties, and he was conspicuous for the earnestness, ability, and courage with which he advocated law and order and brought criminals to justice.

In the late civil war Mr. KENDALL entered the military service of the Confederate States at the very commencement of hostilities and served as a private soldier in the Fifth Kentucky Infantry and later as lieutenant and adjutant of the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry.

He was a brave and faithful soldier, and after the war closed he returned to his home with the confidence, respect, and love of his comrades.

He was twice elected to represent Morgan County in the legislature of the State of Kentucky, and was quite prominent

because of his able and earnest advocacy of measures to promote education, internal improvements, and geological development.

In 1890 he was elected a Representative in the Congress of the United States from the Tenth Congressional district of Kentucky, and was discharging his duties as a faithful, earnest, zealous, conscientious Representative when he was suddenly stricken down.

He married Martha A. Davidson, of Floyd County, Ky., in 1860, and was blessed above measure in the sweet and tender companionship of a wife who was devoted to him for more than a quarter of a century. She was with him in loving affection to the end, and the vow "Till death do us part" was sacredly kept.

I served in the same army with Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL. He was my brother member two terms in the Kentucky legislature, and he was my colleague in the Congress of the United States. Few of his friends knew him better or appreciated him more than I did. I knew him to be a devoted friend, a worthy citizen, a faithful officer, an honest man. He was also a thorough American and a true patriot. Proud of his own State and devoted to its progress and improvement, he also studied the interest of the whole Republic, and was ready at all times by proper national legislation to promote the prosperity and greatness of the whole country.

For thirty-seven years, without "variableness or shadow of turning," he was a staunch Democrat and honestly believed the teachings and principles of his party would best promote the happiness of the people and the welfare of the country. He spoke often and ably in behalf of Democratic principles, and he was always courteous, just, and fair to his political opponents.

Every chapter of history teaches the wonderful truth that

"the paths of glory lead but to the grave," and this is singularly applicable to him whose memory we honor to-day

He had been filled with an honorable ambition for years to represent in the Congress of the United States the district in which he was born and reared, and in which his family and his wife's family had become prominent.

After one year of service as Congressman his path of honor and glory terminated suddenly at the grave.

The yearnings of human nature are the same everywhere. The great Napoleon, when life's fitful fever was nearly ended, wrote as his last message: "I desire to be buried on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the people I have loved so well."

Mr. KENDALL was devotedly attached to his people and his native county. In accordance with his wishes he was buried in his native county, where he was born and reared and honored, among the people he loved so well.

We bow with humble resignation to the summons that so suddenly called him away, and we invoke Divine blessings on the bereaved widow and sorrowing children of our dead colleague and friend.

ADDRESS OF MR. PAYNTER, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. SPEAKER: "But kings and mightiest potentates must die, for that is the end of human misery."

Death visits the hovel and palace alike. The abodes of the powerful, moral, cultivated, and intellectual people are made desolate like those of the weak, immoral, base, and ignorant. One of the best inclinations of the human heart is to speak kindly of the dead. If we could speak nothing but evil it would be better that silence should be forever maintained. To pay a just tribute to the memory of the dead is a sad pleasure.

I shall speak briefly but truthfully of my late colleague JOHN W. KENDALL, who first saw the light and was reared in that section of Kentucky where heroic manhood exists; where nature has bestowed wealth with a prodigal hand; a section of the country rich in mineral and agriculture, beautiful and picturesque. The people inhabiting it are honest, frugal, intelligent, and patriotic. Amid these surroundings he grew to manhood, inspiring him with a love of his section of the country and devotion to its people. He was ever proud of the fact that he was born in the mountainous section of Kentucky. He loved the people who had always been generous in the bestowal of their confidence upon him.

Nature had been kind in its gifts to him. He was a man of physical energy and mental force. He was not born to luxury and ease. His early experience taught him that he was cast upon a great battlefield, where no victory is won or success achieved except by heroic effort in the stern shocks of its battles. Ambitious, he sought the conflict; courageous, he fought heroically; intelligent, he directed his efforts wisely, thus winning victories and accomplishing success.

He did not have a collegiate education. He was educated in the common schools of his State and at the academy at Owingsville, Ky. He was a man of varied information. On the hustings he was forceful, pleasing, and captivating. As an advocate in criminal cases he won success and fame. He liked the criminal practice because it gave him a wider field for the display of his gifts as an advocate. He cast his fortunes with the South in the late civil war, and was a brave and gallant soldier.

He sought the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, who gratified his ambition by twice electing him county attorney of his native county, twice elected him member of the Kentucky legislature, once Commonwealth's attorney for the thirteenth judicial district of Kentucky, and by electing him a member of the

Fifty-second Congress. As county and Commonwealth attorney he discharged his duties ably and well. His administration of these offices merited and received the approval of the people.

As a member of the legislature he displayed marked ability, winning the confidence and respect of the people of the State. As a member of the Fifty-second Congress he entered this House in December, 1891, with no acquaintance among its membership except with part of the members from his own State. He died on the 7th day of March, 1892. He was constant in his attendance on the sessions of the House until his death. He seemed intent on understanding the various measures considered by the House and in mastering the details of legislation.

He was modest and unassuming in the discharge of his duties. He had no opportunity during his brief service in the House to acquaint his colleagues with the capacity for the service for which his people had selected him. Doubtless had he lived to the end of his term he would have met with the expectations of his most sanguine friends, and have been useful to his constituency and to his country.

The career of Mr. KENDALL in public affairs has not given him the wide fame that it has been the fortune of others to acquire; his distinction at the bar may not have been so great as others have won, but it can be truthfully said that he filled every position ably and well to which his country called him, and that he was true and loyal to his clients, rendering them able and satisfactory service. As a friend he was devoted and true. As a citizen he was honest and patriotic. He was a devoted husband, a kind and indulgent father.

I was a member of the committee which accompanied the body to Kentucky for interment. I then learned that the esteem in which he was held by his neighbors and friends was

tender and affectionate. His body now lies beneath the sod in the section of the country he loved so well, near the place where his youthful imagination was excited by the beautiful and picturesque, in the midst of friends who will keep his grave green and his memory in fondest recollection. "Rest is sweet after strife."

ADDRESS OF MR. CARUTH, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. SPEAKER: The badges of mourning worn by the living to the memory of the dead, the pall which covers the bier, the flowers which loving, mournful hands strew upon the coffin of those who have passed through time into eternity, bear testimony that death does not end all, but that memory lives to cherish the virtues and recall the deeds of the departed one.

There is that in our nature which revolts at the thought that our dead should sleep in forgotten places and lie in unmarked graves. Affection's loving hands rear over them the monumental marble and trace thereon the record of their lives, so that posterity may note the spot where they sleep and recall their names and deeds.

The general who has led an army to victory and preserved, perhaps, the liberty of the nation, the wise ruler who has so shaped his country's course that it has moved on to prosperity and wealth, the stateman who by wise counsel, in a trying hour, has benefited his government and gained distinction, lives not only in history, song, and story, but his memory is preserved in towering marble and monumental brass. Their memories are thus preserved, not only to honor the dead, but that their example may arouse the emulation and stimulate the ambition of those who come after them to deeds of valor, of wisdom, and of patriotism.

In a government like ours, "of the people, for the people, and by the people," how important it is to teach by such examples as these that the citizen lives not alone for the selfish, sordid ends of existence, but for the good of his country and the preservation of its liberties.

It is not only to show our respect for the memory of the dead who had been chosen the lawmakers for their particular sections and by association with us commanded our respect and won our regard that we cease for the time our labors and voice our opinion of their lives, but it is also to place on perpetual record the narrative of their careers, to tell the work they have accomplished, the deeds they have performed, in order that they may be examples to the ambitious sons of the Republic who seek to follow in their steps.

In eight lines of the Congressional Directory is told in these modest words the story of the life of JOHN W. KENDALL:

John W. Kendall, of West Liberty, was born in Morgan (now Elliott) County, Ky., June 26, 1834; attended the country schools and the Owingsville Academy; studied law with Judge W. H. Burns, of West Liberty, afterwards of Virginia; twice elected county attorney of Morgan; first lieutenant and adjutant of the Tenth Kentucky Confederate Cavalry, and served throughout the war; twice a member of the Kentucky legislature; six years commonwealth attorney for the thirteenth judicial district; elected to the Fifty-second Congress.

In these few lines, what a record of a busy, useful, and ambitious career! How full of the struggles and triumphs of life! His opportunities for early education were but limited. No college gave him its diploma; no university conferred upon him its degree and testified to his fitness to enter the field of professional labor he had chosen; but there was in him the determination to succeed, and at the close of his life it can be said he aspired to no position to which he did not eventually attain. That he was a good soldier his promotion in the cause he so valiantly and conscientiously espoused bears testimony. That he was a good lawyer is evidenced by his elevation to the

office of attorney of his county and afterwards commonwealth attorney of his judicial district.

That he was a good citizen, rich in the confidence of his neighbors, is shown by his election and reëlection as a member of the general assembly of Kentucky. That he was a wise counselor, beloved of the people, is testified by the regard in which he was held by the citizens of the sixteen counties of his district, in giving him the most important office their votes could confer and accrediting him, as their representative, in the highest lawmaking body of the nation.

We, his colleagues, who knew him before his coming here, watched him with interest; we knew that he was ambitious; we knew that in all the stations he had occupied in life he had been true and faithful so as to win the approval of his people, and we saw him enter on his Congressional career determined to acquire a full knowledge of the rules of procedure of the House so that he could so discharge the duties of a Representative that he could return to the people with a clear conscience and hear the plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." But how true it is, "Man proposes and God disposes." His career here was soon to end; he was accustomed to the free, pure air of his native mountains, and in the vitiated, confined atmosphere of this Chamber he could not live.

At that desk in December he took the oath of membership; in March, without warning, disease's heavy hand struck him down and death claimed him. His busy useful life was ended and earth's struggles were over. The blasts of March blighted the buds of promise—they withered and died. Many in this Chamber never met the genial, whole-souled, and clever gentleman or felt in friendship his hearty grasp, but those who did respected and honored him.

His mortal remains were borne to their last resting place amid the mountains of eastern Kentucky and laid at rest

among the people who knew and loved him all his life, and many a sincere tear wet the sod that covered his dust. In token of their regard that people by a unanimous nomination and almost a unimous vote sent here as his successor the son about whom his fondest hopes clustered.

His life tells its own story, a story of well-directed ambition and well-earned success. In future years around many an old-fashioned Kentucky fireside the father will gather his children around him and tell in feelling tones the history of the life struggles and success of JOHN W. KENDALL, who lived for his people and laid down his life in their cause.

ADDRESS OF MR. BUNN, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: We are performing a sacred duty when we pause amid our public services and lay aside for the time being our daily routine of business in order to pay our last tribute of respect to the memory of a good man and faithful public servant. This is a time-honored custom which should always be observed, not alone for the purpose of paying tribute to the memories of departed friends, but of utilizing their good examples of life in rendering better the lives of those who survive them.

Mr. Speaker, my acquaintance with the late Mr. KENDALL, in honor of whose memory these proceedings are now being held, began in the early part of the present Congress. We were both appointed members of the Committee on Claims, and my position as chairman of that committee soon brought me in close relations with him and afforded me an opportunity to learn and admire his admirable traits of character and to appreciate his invaluable services.

There is no committee of this House whose duties are so

well calculated to test the patience, the firmness, and integrity of a member as the Committee on Claims, yet under all circumstances, no matter whether the claim was for an insignificant amount or for millions of dollars, when referred to Mr. KENDALL, he was always found exhibiting the same degree of patience, care, and even-handed justice to one as to the other. I never knew a more honorable and conscientious man, and his straightforward, manly, and courteous course commanded the respect of all who knew him.

It should, therefore, be no matter of surprise that one possessing his noble qualities of head and heart should enjoy in so eminent a degree the affection and confidence of his constituents. Whilst he was firm in his political convictions, and occupied no doubtful grounds on public questions, yet his sense of fairness and justice was so well established that his popularity was not confined to the members of his own party.

Mr. KENDALL filled many positions of honor and trust in his native State, and the fact that he retained the confidence of those who knew him best is the very highest evidence that he was worthy of that confidence and affection which they felt for him, and which they will ever entertain for his honored name.

Those gentlemen, Mr. Speaker, who have had the opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with the private relations and character of our deceased friend, and who have longer known the history of his public career, are better prepared to speak in detail of his private and public virtues than I am. But they can not have a higher opinion of his exalted worth or greater respect for his sacred memory.

Kentucky, we all know, has produced a long list of distinguished and patriotic sons, whose names are proudly connected with the history of our country, yet none have been more patriotic or more faithful in the performance of duty than

JOHN W. KENDALL, whose memory we this day commemorate. He was in every sense a true patriot, and while he entertained an intense love for his own State, he was broad-minded and generous in his views, and encouraged every movement that would advance the prosperity of the whole country.

But his honorable and useful life is ended. To us who served with him in this Hall, and especially to those who served with him in the committee room, and knew him so well, his death was full of sadness. He was taken away in the midst of his usefulness, and his family, his State, and his country have sustained a great loss.

He now rests in the silent tomb on his native soil at the home of his beloved family, to whom he has left the rich inheritance of a high and honorable reputation, a bright example, and a spotless name.

The silver cord is loosened, the golden bowl is broken, the dust has returned to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it.

ADDRESS OF MR. CHARLES W. STONE, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: I do not now recall how nor when I first became acquainted with Mr. KENDALL. We were together on no committee and were not in unison politically, but he sat near me and the one intervening seat between us was often vacant and gradually I came to know and know fairly well the quiet, dignified, and rather reserved gentleman who had become my neighbor on the floor of this House, and with acquaintance came respect, esteem, and friendship.

He was not demonstrative, he sought no new acquaintances, he made no speeches, and took no prominent part in the deliberations of this body, but he was generally in his seat, at-

tentive to his duties, standing consistently by his party principles and by his votes faithfully voicing the sentiments of his constituents.

He impressed me with his candor, fairness, and honesty of purpose, his self-poise and amiability of disposition, his high sense of honor, his straightforward integrity of character.

Before coming here he had been a lawyer in active practice, traveling through the whole ten counties forming the circuit in which he lived, breathing the pure, bracing air of his native mountains, mingling freely with the plain people who knew and trusted him, but here the methods of legislation were to him new and not altogether congenial, and the very atmosphere seemed oppressive.

He had the appearance of ruddy health, but he lacked the animation and vivacity and aggressive energy of a well man.

He felt the constraint of new surroundings and changed relations, and he was not here long enough to attain that familiarity with our peculiar complex parliamentary methods necessary to the greatest efficiency as a member of this body. He was not without ambition and his purpose to take part in the discussion of questions before the House was fully formed, but he felt the limitations and constraint which the unwritten laws of this body cast about the new member. What he might have done in longer service no one can tell. What he would have accomplished for his people and the nation no one can predict. An all-wise Providence whose decrees are inscrutable denied him opportunity and lifted from him responsibility.

Why this was done we, his associates, who were coming to know and esteem him, his constituents who with implicit trust and confidence had placed their interests in his hands, his sorrowing family who clustered around him with all that love and devotion which a true husband and exemplary father commanded, can not understand. Why he should be taken in the

maturity and fullness of his powers and just on the threshold of his national career no one can explain.

To his friends and to his associates his death is a loss, sad, inexplicable, and unrelieved by any compensating consideration; but to him death came, as the wise man would wish it to come, in the fullness of his usefulness and strength, with no oppressive and burdensome prelude of enforced feebleness, powerlessness, and uselessness, no burden of prolonged pain and suffering.

To us the message of death was a rude shock; to him its hand was gentle as the caressing child. We who mourn him can not free ourselves from the sense of personal loss and sorrow, nor refuse to recognize the solemn and oft-repeated admonition of the uncertainty of life and the instability of all things human, but in itself death need be no somber specter, no inexorable foe, no relentless tyrant.

What is death? Oh, what is death?
'T is the snapping of the chain,
  'T is the breaking of the bowl,
'T is relief from every pain,
  'T is freedom to the soul,
'T is the setting of the sun,
  To rise again to-morrow,
A brighter course to run,
  Nor sink again to sorrow.
Such is death; yes, such is death.

What is death? Oh, what is death?
'T is slumber to the weary,
  'T is rest to the forlorn,
'T is shelter to the dreary,
  'T is peace amid the storm,
'T is entrance to our home,
  'T is passage to that God
Who bids His children come
  When their weary course is trod.
Such is death; yes, such is death.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCKINNEY, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mr. SPEAKER: My heart prompts me to speak a word in eulogy of our late associate in this House, Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL. I had not known him until the meeting of this Congress. He had chosen a seat next to my own, and a warm friendship soon sprang up between us. I found in him a gentleman whose acquaintance I was glad to cultivate. Genial in his character, pleasant in his associations, it was a pleasure to meet him and receive his hearty greetings.

His services in this House were limited, and he had not had an opportunity to impress himself upon his fellow-members; yet those who knew him best felt that he would make a valuable member of this body. He was a faithful representative of his people, constantly engaged in looking after their interests, as well as the interests of the whole people.

He had long served his people in other positions of trust and honor, as county attorney, as a member of the Legislature, and as Commonwealth's attorney, and by his faithful services in these positions, as their honored servant and representative, his people were inspired to confer upon him greater honors by sending him to the halls of the National Legislature, where he might make his influence felt in a broader field of usefulness. Had his life been spared he would have shown that their confidence had not been misplaced.

He was a modest man and unassuming, believing in that principle which has made our country great, that the people shall rule, and by his conduct exemplifying the precept of the Master, "The servant is not greater than his master."

He was a broad-minded man; there was no bigotry in his make-up, and he always exercised the broadest charity in judging his fellows. He was a Christian man, a member of the

Methodist Church, and had a deep and abiding trust in God and a broad hope of immortality.

While true to his chosen church and the faith it inculcated, yet he recognized as within the pale of God's love and mercy all who believed and trusted in him, of whatever church or faith. He had little warning of the end. He was in his seat on Saturday, seemingly in his usual health, cheerful and happy. On Sunday morning, as the rays of the sunlight illumined the eastern sky, he was stricken down.

He heard not the bells that day that called the faithful to worship, and when the sun sank beneath the western horizon and the shadows gathered over the city his soul went out, the shadows vanished before him, and the light of eternal day flashed its glory on his immortal vision. Kindly hands laid his body in his native soil, where he rests from his earthly labors, but his works shall still live in the memories of those who knew him. I can pronounce no greater eulogy on his character than to say he was an honest, manly man.

ADDRESS OF MR. WILSON, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. SPEAKER: Having represented the Tenth district of Kentucky in the Fifty-first Congress and the late Hon. J. W. KENDALL having been my successor as a Representative of that district, I feel it my duty to testify to his worth as a private citizen and to his honorable career as a servant of the people.

As a child of poverty he was not ashamed of his surroundings, and as one fighting for existence and supremacy he exhibited that courage and persistence characteristic of the mountaineer, which has been faithfully portrayed in prose and song by the writers of all ages.

Impulsive, he made no concealment of his convictions, and,

reliable, he could always be depended upon as a friend or a foe. He was never on the top rail watching on which side might be found the plums of official and political preferment. He never was found waiting for the band wagon, nor did he wait to learn how the people stood, but his career shows that he was a leader, always true to his convictions and not, as a straw by the wind, blown from side to side by the political winds which frequently sweep over the country, making and unmaking so many unworthy servants of the people.

His convictions led him to enter the Confederate army early in the struggle, and as a bold and daring rider he had the confidence of his comrades, and at the close of the war returned to his home to again, as it were, start on the journey of life.

As a lawyer he was true to his clients, and, having been elected a public prosecutor, he upheld the majesty of the law and was a terror to the lawbreaker.

As a member of the State Legislature he was a faithful and consistent representative of his people and his section.

For years he had an ambition to be a member of Congress, and more than once was defeated in his efforts to be the nominee of his party, and after his ambition in that direction had been gratified he said to me in this Hall that he was not only surprised at the duties required of him as a member of Congress, but was disappointed in his conceptions as to the opportunity afforded to do that which was desired.

He quickly saw the difference between a State Legislature and the House of Representatives of a great Government like ours. He fully understood the situation, and frankly said to me that if he lived he might be a candidate for reëlection, and with that he would retire from the arena of national politics. Only two days before his unexpected death, at his request I went with him to the Pension Office and Post-Office Department in the interest of his constituents.

At the Pension Office he was looking after the interest of some pensioner, and said to me that, although he was a Confederate soldier and was not ashamed of his record as such, yet he was glad that the war resulted as it did and that he was not opposed to pensions to Union soldiers. His domestic life was happy, and while here in this city he was unostentatious, modest, and temperate.

From his frequent conversations with me I was pleased to learn that although we differed politically he regarded me as his friend and had respect for my opinions.

I was shocked to hear of his death, so hale and hearty did he appear only a few hours before, and it was with exceeding regret that I was unable to accompany his remains to his home in West Liberty, Morgan County, Ky.

In conclusion, I can say that it was a just tribute to his memory when the people he represented elected as his successor his son, the Hon. JOSEPH M. KENDALL, and it is gratifying to observe that he has proved to be worthy of the confidence reposed in him by the people who had so often honored his father.

ADDRESS OF MR. SMITH, OF ILLINOIS.

Mr. SPEAKER: An honest, silent tear at the grave of a friend who has passed away is far more eloquent than all the eulogies which careful study and earnest thought have ever produced.

Life comes to us without our choosing, and that which we call death will, sooner or later, claim us whether we court its embraces or try to ward it off. To all who reach maturity is given a work to do, a mission, great or small, to perform.

Some sway the masses, lead their fellows, flash across the horizon of life like a brilliant meteor in a cloudless sky at

night, but he who during the time allotted to him here has performed his duty honestly, honorably, faithfully, and well has in reality surpassed them all. Usefulness does not consist so much in the noise we make, the attention we attract, or the pomp we display as it does in the real, honest work we perform and the good we accomplish.

To know how to live is the greatest mystery of life, and sometimes it may to mortals appear that he who has accomplished the most has apparently performed or done the least. Real life is not always wisely measured by mortal ken, but its actual merit is carefully registered by the invisible Power which never falters nor fails to note the smallest or most insignificant act.

He of a shrinking nature and a modest, retiring disposition may often perform the noblest works which mortals ever accomplish, and passing away may leave as a legacy to mankind a name which will stand as a beacon light to life's weary mariners as they battle with the waves of adversity and wrestle with life's buffeting tide.

Honesty of purpose, integrity in action, nobleness of deeds, purity of life, and a faithful performance of duty are the brightest jewels which can adorn the life of man, and he who, as the twilight of life is gathering about him, can feel and know that he has a conscience clear and approving in these respects will be able to peacefully fold his mantle about him and fearlessly await the change which, while it shatters the mortal, will unfetter the spirit that, as we fondly hope, is a part and parcel of that creative power which pervades all nature, animates all thought, and wavers not in the noting of of every act.

To see the better side of life and note the good your neighbor does while yet he treads the path of earth would be a grander act than scattering thorns about his feet and then when "death

has kissed his eyelids down" and his fetterless spirit had taken its flight to that mysterious shore where mortal footsteps ne'er have trod to laud in gems of thought his life work o'er the grave where rest at last the tired feet and pulseless hearts of all.

This afternoon we pause amidst the busy scenes of life to pay a fleeting tribute to the memory of a worthy man. Standing near the line where shadows kiss the sunshine of the great and unexplored beyond, we think of him who lately sat amongst us on this floor, and thought and felt and breathed as we do now, and seemed to have before him many years of life; but, all unknown to him, the gathering shadows quickly fell across his path, and then the march of time with him had ceased, the windows of the soul were closed, and, with but scarce a tremor of his manly frame, the prison walls which held his fettered soul were broken down, and JOHN W. KENDALL was in earth life known no more.

My associations with him were of the most pleasant character. From the time he entered Congress till his death we served on the same committee and were intimately connected in all our work. He was a man of bright intellect, sound judgment, charitable disposition, and had a heart as tender as a woman's. I have often recalled the fact during all the time we were together I never heard him speak a harsh word of any one. He either spoke in terms of respect, commendation, and praise, or did not speak at all. Such traits are well worthy the emulation of every one; their cultivation and practice would throw more sunshine into every life and scatter flowers where in their absence naught but thorns and thistles grows.

To say a word in memory of our friend is not to me a duty; 't is but a pleasure which I now perform. Unable longer for himself to speak, his friends at last can join and weave from memory's threads a chaplet for him now. In the fullness of his

years he has been gathered to his rest. Devoted to his friends, attentive to duty, earnest in his convictions, an able lawyer, an intelligent citizen, he leaves to his family and friends the richest heritage which earth or time can give, a name untarnished and still this brightest fact of all, he was an honest man.

ADDRESS OF MR. WEAVER, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: It was my good fortune to know Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL as member of this House from the State of Kentucky. He was a member of the Committee on Claims, of which committee I have the honor to be a member. My acquaintance with Mr. KENDALL was necessarily brief, but extremely pleasant, and I am frank to say that I esteemed him greatly.

He was a gentleman of the highest character, a brave soldier, an able member of his profession, and a careful, painstaking, and conscientious legislator, whose services on his committee and as a member of this House would have proved most valuable, owing to his experience in legislative bodies before coming to a wider field, the House of Representatives of the United States. From my personal knowledge of the man and from information gained from mutual friends, I am proud to say that his integrity was above suspicion, and never did he exercise his right to vote in this House or on any question before his committee but he performed his duty with rare intelligence and conscientiousness.

He was a man of quiet demeanor, not demonstrative, but very thoughtful, and when once interested on a subject of conversation was capable of great sociability and a most agreeable conversationalist. How well I remember my last visit with him a

short time only before his death. He served in the Confederate army, I served in the Union army, and we had marched over the same territory many a time in his State of Kentucky, and he told me many anecdotes of the war and spoke of many incidents that were known to both of us; and when I bade him adieu for the day promised myself much personal pleasure as a result of our acquaintance, but being called home almost immediately I was greatly shocked within a few days to see in the newspapers an account of his sudden death. In the death of Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL his country lost an able and honest Representative, his State a good citizen, and his family more than can ever be made good to them in this world.

ADDRESS OF MR. BELKNAP, OF MICHIGAN.

Mr. SPEAKER: I can not let this occasion pass without paying my humble tribute to the memory of JOHN W. KENDALL. Michigan unites with Kentucky in sympathy with the family of our deceased brother.

In the brief time allowed me I can not properly express my sentiments, my regards, my admiration of the man as a citizen of the country, a soldier of the Confederacy, and a servant of his people.

My acquaintance with him began in this Congress. We occupied seats near each other. I found him an unassuming, industrious member, almost the first man to occupy his seat each morning of the week.

Early and late, day after day, he was at his desk laboring for his constituents. The hours of the day were not long enough for him, but the hours of the night that should have been devoted to rest and sleep were given up to the many demands of his office.

As a soldier who fought in defense of the Union, I can not help but have an admiration for the men who fought in the ranks upon the other side. There has ever been and ever will be with me respect and regard for the men who marched and fought in the ranks of the Confederate armies. They were brave men, although they were wrong and were fighting in what the Union people of the country believed an unholy cause and as the years pass all people of the country, both North and South, are agreed was wrong.

From a study of his life I am convinced he was not a politician in any sense of the term. He was in his character too honest to be a politician. But he was independent in his life, doing as his own judgment and conscience dictated. Men who have the courage to think for themselves are rare, and it is said that our deceased brother was one of that rare kind.

It is said of him that when war's shrill cry alarmed the land he thought his duty called him to side with the South. He did not enlist as a soldier thinking it a holiday matter, a day's or a month's frolic, but that it meant serious work. He enlisted first in the Fifth Kentucky Infantry, Confederate troops. By his ability and industry he won the attention of that master of rough riding, John Morgan, and was made by him the adjutant of the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry. His service was in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia, participating in many battles and campaigns.

By superb horsemanship and daring he escaped death in the Confederate disaster at Cynthiana, Ky., when nearly every other man was either killed, wounded, or captured. He seemed in all the years of the war to bear a charmed life.

He was not one whom death did much dismay;
Life's terrors, all death's terrors to him far outweighed;
This life that Heaven had lent him for a day,
He stood ready to pay back when it was time to pay.

Men who have felt the sting of the bullet and heard the crash of the cannon's shell, or have witnessed the scenes of havoc and desolation, rarely appeal for war to settle their grievances.

Wars are usually made by civilians or politicians, bold and defiant in the forum, but when the storm comes they seek the shelter of their homes, or safely behind the skirts of their wives and mothers view their innocent fellow-citizens as they catch the peltings of the pitiless storm.

This is a magnificent country, beautiful in its form, in its diversity. I believe the sentiment of the country is rapidly changing, and finally we will have no designation of North and South. Whosoever dwells upon a foot of soil on which the flag of the United States floats is a citizen of a common country. You might as well attempt to move the Cumberland Mountains to Europe to-day as to move Kentucky out of the Union.

The love of one's country, and of one's birthplace, is natural and universal. The natives of the mountain regions of this country, while the remuneration for toil is not great, are most boastful and proud of their birthplace. It is a high compliment to those people, in a district composed of both "Blue-grass" and mountains, that a man like Mr. KENDALL can rise to a seat in the Federal Congres, whereas the natives of other sections of the country, where the soil is rich, migrate like bees from an overcrowded hive. But all are Americans, and proud of the whole country.

The present age may be justly described as the age of revolutions. The whole civilized world is agitated with political convulsions, and seems to be struggling after some uncertain, perhaps unattainable, good.

When the pride of exploded opinions and the old war cries of parties shall have been silenced in the grave of antebellum politicians, the new generation will recognize and maintain

that sovereignty of the Union which is essential to the highest welfare of all sections.

The characters of men are generally molded by the circumstances in which they are placed. They seldom put forth their strength without some powerfully exciting motive. But in a country like ours, where the most obscure individuals in society may, by their talents, virtues, and public services, rise to the most honorable distinctions and attain to the greatest offices which the people can give, it is indeed true that but few who run in the race for political honor can obtain the prize. But although many come short yet the exertions and progress which they make are not lost either on themselves or society. These are some of the benefits peculiar to a popular government—benefits which we have long enjoyed.

Our deceased friend had the basis of all high character, unspotted integrity and honor. If he had aspirations they were high, honorable, and noble. There was nothing low and selfish that came near the head or heart of Mr. KENDALL.

Firm in his purpose, he was perfectly patriotic and honest in the principles he espoused and in the measures he defended, aside from that regard for that species of distinction that conducted him to eminent stations where he has benefited the Republic.

In the allotment of Providence he was placed in a pleasant and beautiful country—a country where the mountain sides are clothed with forests, and where the valleys are sparkling with laughing springs and sparkling rivers.

Life is all a mist in whose shadows we meet our fortunes. He has emerged from the mists. Gently and silently he passes from our sight.

Let us think of him as still hearing the music of winds in the trees upon the mountain side; as still listening to the laughter of the mountain brooks, the warbling of the birds; his spirit

guarding from all harm the bereaved companion of his manhood and the fatherless children who are left behind.

He sleeps among the hills
Where the mountain roses
Drink the dews as day reposes.
The world is ever as we take it,
And life is ever as we make it.

The resolutions were then adopted and, in pursuance thereof, the House (at 3 o'clock and 55 minutes p. m.) adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

MARCH 8, 1892.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. T. O. Towles, its chief clerk, conveyed to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky, and transmitted the action of the House thereon.

Mr. BLACKBURN. I ask that the message which has come from the House of Representatives may be read.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
March 8, 1892.

Resolved, That the members of the House of Representatives have heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That a committee of seven members of the House be appointed by the Speaker, to act with such Senators as may be selected, to attend the funeral of the deceased, and that the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House shall take order for superintending the funeral and for escorting the remains of the deceased to his home; and the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to communicate a copy of these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect, the House do now adjourn.

Mr. BLACKBURN. Mr. President, it is not my purpose at this hour to indulge in any remarks upon the life, character, or public services of my colleague who has just died. At a proper time in the early future I shall, in obedience to a long-observed custom of the Senate, ask to have a day set apart for the observance of those ceremonies which shall be appropriate. At this time I simply ask leave to offer for consideration and adoption the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer, to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives, to attend the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously, and the Vice-President appointed as the committee on the part of the Senate under the second resolution, Mr. Pasco, Mr. Hansbrough, Mr. Chilton, Mr. Warren, and Mr. Gibson, of Maryland.

Mr. BLACKBURN. Mr. President, I offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That, as an additional mark of respect, the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to unanimously, and (at 4 o'clock and 27 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Wednesday, March 9, 1892, at 12 o'clock m.

EULOGIES.

MARCH 3, 1893.

Mr. LINDSAY. Mr. President, I desire to call up the House resolutions in regard to the death of the Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL, of Kentucky.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore.* The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
February 4, 1893.

Resolved, That the business of the House of Representatives be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House of Representatives, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. LINDSAY. I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore.* The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN W. KENDALL, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, in order that fitting tribute be paid to his memory.

ADDRESS OF MR. LINDSAY, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. PRESIDENT: In the hill country of Kentucky, spoken of in that State as the mountains of Kentucky, we have a civilization unique in its character, which I think more fairly represents the civilization of the American pioneers of a hundred years ago than can probably be found anywhere in the broad Republic. After the Indian wars had been fought out on the western borders of Virginia and North Carolina, and after the Revolutionary struggle had been prosecuted to a successful conclusion, when the people from the East commenced to crowd across the Blue Ridge to occupy the rich lands which lie in the valley between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies, those people, who had been all the time in advance of civilization, feeling that they were being encroached upon by these neighbors who came across from the East, took up their march farther westward; and instead of selecting their homes in the fertile country of middle Kentucky or of prosecuting their journey farther westward to the rich lands of the Ohio, made their homes in the mountain regions, far away from the lines of travel, and in this isolation preserved the customs and traditions they had brought across the mountains with them.

JOHN W. KENDALL was a product of this civilization. Born and reared in eastern Kentucky, he was a type of the people of whom I speak. Robust of constitution, with a strong mind, with a reasonable ambition to excel, he took advantage of the meager opportunities afforded him for education, and when he had reached the years of manhood had succeeded in accomplishing all that could be accomplished, his opportunities being considered. He was from the outset a leading man in his neighborhood.

He turned his attention to the law, but had only followed the practice a little way when the civil war came on. Being a leader in his vicinity, he led his companions into the Confederate army and served with distinction to the end of the war. Returning to his home in this mountain country he took up the practice of law and took it up with success.

Very little new blood has been infused into this people by immigration from the outer world, and they are to-day the representatives of like customs, of like ideas, of like traditions, with those practiced and cherished by their fathers one hundred and twenty-five years ago. His education in the law was probably not as elaborate as it should have been. He did not have opportunity of consulting authorities; he did not rely upon precedents.

Such was not the custom of his section of country. He had read the lectures of Blackstone; he had studied the Commentaries of Kent; was familiar with Story's Treatise upon Equity Jurisprudence; was deeply read in Chitty's work upon Pleadings, and thus armed for the conflict, he entered upon the practice—not to quote precedents; not to look into reports—but to go to the reason of his case and to present it to the court with that singular power which always is found in men who have thus mastered the principles of the law, and do not rely upon the precedents to be found in the libraries of modern days.

As I have said, he practiced with success and became a leading lawyer in a community full of lawyers of this original character. He was made the Commonwealth's attorney in the district in which he lived. He was a prominent man, either in office or out of it. He served in the legislature in his native State, and finally his ambition was crowned by being made a member of the other branch of this Congress.

At a mature age, with the experience of thirty years of active

life, with the wisdom which came from observation, it is more than likely he would have taken a prominent position in the Halls of Congress; but just as it was expected he would develop into the rounded man he was prepared to make, death came and relieved him of his duties and called him from his labors.

I did not have an intimate personal acquaintance with him, but I am familiar with the estimate in which he was held by those who knew him best. He had the confidence of the community in which he lived; he preserved that confidence until the end; and when death came, when he was called from his labors, he passed to the other side with the affection of the people who knew him best, and the confidence and esteem of all men with whom he had been brought in contact.

ADDRESS OF MR. CULLOM, OF ILLINOIS.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Again we pause and lay aside our work for the living, which just now strongly presses upon us, to utter a word of regret and sadness in memory of the dead.

It was not my good fortune to be intimately acquainted with JOHN W. KENDALL, late a member of the House of Representatives of the present Congress from the Commonwealth of Kentucky. I knew him well enough, however, to join his colleagues and associates in the declaration that he was an able, honest man, conscientious in the discharge of every duty imposed upon him as a citizen, as a law officer, a legislator in his State and in the National Congress. To whatever station he was called he performed its functions with singular fidelity, and never failed to rise to the measure of public expectation.

As has been stated, he became a member of Congress by

passing through a school of training not unfamiliar to the majority of the public men of this country—county attorney, State legislator, Commonwealth attorney, and finally became a member of Congress. How familiar to many men now here is this route to a seat in one or the other branches of Congress. As in all pursuits men press forward, performing their duty as they see it, taking one step and then another, some in business, some in one profession, some in another, and some in politics, all prompted by a like ambition and sense of duty. Some accumulate fortunes, some gain distinction and renown as lawyers, physicians, ministers, and scholars, some as benefactors of the race, as humanitarians, and others gain distinction as politicians and statesmen.

JOHN W. KENDALL did not remain long enough in Congress to become prominent, but his people, knowing and loving him, chose him as their Representative because they recognized his ability and integrity and knew that he would be faithful to the trust reposed in him.

After all, Mr. President, he who does his duty and does it well all through the years of his life is the true man. And who can doubt the loving witness which those who knew Mr. KENDALL best bear, that in all the stations he did this.

Born among the rugged mountains of Kentucky, among a people he loved so well, as he ripened into mature age his character seemed to be formed by the characteristics of his environments. He subordinated the partisan that the patriot might predominate, and in his love of country knew no invisible State lines. He entered the National House with the determination to represent his constituency, but at the same time to legislate for his entire country. Inscrutable Providence in his wisdom deprived the country of his services ere his sun had reached the full glory of its zenith and while he gave promise of many years of active life.

His earthly career is closed ; his mortal remains lie among the mountains where first he saw the light of day, and a devoted family, a loving constituency, and the people of the Commonwealth of Kentucky mourn his loss. He has left to them a priceless heritage—an unblemished name, a stainless record.

ADDRESS OF MR. PASCO, OF FLORIDA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The late Representative from Kentucky to whose memory we pay tribute to-day served his people only for a short period here at the national capital. He came to Washington for the first time in this capacity at the beginning of the present Congress and entered upon his duties on Monday, December 7, 1891.

Just three months from that time his term was abruptly ended by a summons to the unseen land at the hands of a messenger who accepts no refusal. He left his quiet, happy home in a remote town among the mountains of his native State early in December for this wide field of usefulness, full of energy, zeal, and health, with a conscientious desire to do his full duty to the people who had honored him, with ambitious longings to serve his State with distinction. He little realized how laborious the life was upon which he was about to enter; he little understood how many obstacles stood in the way to success and fame.

Like many others he soon found himself burdened with new and unexpected labors which his constituents expected him to perform for them. The time which he had planned to devote to the great questions which come before Congress for discussion and action was encumbered with an ever-increasing correspondence, the distribution of documents, visits to the Departments to look after postal and pension matters, and a con-

stant round of small details which seemed unavoidable. Besides these there were duties more directly belonging to his position. He was assigned to one of the most laborious committees of the House, and performed his full share of work, and his associates tell us that it was done creditably and faithfully.

Those who had seats near him in the House say that he was generally in his place giving attention to the business in hand, evidently endeavoring to accustom himself to the methods of legislation and looking forward to an active participation in the debates and legislative work when he felt himself sufficiently acquainted with the parliamentary practice of that body. The change of climate and mode of life bore heavily upon him. His work, though much of it was distasteful to him, was performed with diligence, but his energies were sapped, his health was undermined, and when disease attacked him he became an easy victim. On Saturday he was in his accustomed seat apparently as well as usual, but the next morning he was stricken down, medical skill failed, the attentions of a devoted wife were of no avail, his spirit passed from earth and returned to the God who gave it.

In this short period of service there was no opportunity for Mr. KENDALL to make any great impression upon the House or the country, and his circle of acquaintances was small, for he had given his first attention, after coming here, to perform the work which was nearest his hands and learn his duties rather than to bring himself into personal contact with his associates. Those who were nearest to him in this body and in the House of Representatives have not attempted to represent Mr. KENDALL as a man of national reputation. Whatever his capacity may have been there was never an opportunity for him to display or develop great talents. Few of those to whom ample opportunity is afforded achieve greatness.

In our earlier days, before the experience of life, many of us may have imagined that Congress was the temple of fame, but if we look over the long succession of names of those who have preceded us we can not fail to be impressed with the fact that even those public men who were conspicuous during their terms of service are soon forgotten by the world. National reputations soon fade, and new generations of statesmen succeed one another to play in turn their parts upon the great stage of human action.

Services such as we are holding are to be commended whether those we honor walk in the higher paths of fame or the lowlier paths of usefulness. It is right and proper to gather up what is commendable and praiseworthy and honorable in the lives of our brothers who fall at our sides as we together discharge the great duties intrusted to us by our people and our States. These tributes, if they serve no other purpose, are treasured as chapters of the family history, to incite successive generations to emulate the virtues of their progenitors. There is no nobler book of heraldry than the record of an ancestor who achieved success by his own efforts and served his country faithfully and conscientiously.

If we turn from Mr. KENDALL'S brief national record to his life in Kentucky, we shall find that in the section where he was born and reared and lived for more than fifty-seven years, he was a man of no small accomplishments, and that he was loved and honored and respected, and deservedly so. In the early days of the late war, when the people of his State were divided in their views of duty, his sympathies and associations caused him to espouse the Confederate cause.

He soon entered the cavalry service, won the confidence and esteem of his comrades, and fought till the war closed. But when he laid down his arms and again accepted the obligations of citizenship, he laid aside all feeling of ill will toward those

against whom he had marched and fought, and when he came to Congress he was ever ready to help the old soldiers who had been opposed to him, and he assisted many of the broken veterans of the Union Army in securing recognition of their claims against the United States.

Others have made mention of the honors which the people of his county and district bestowed upon him in successive years. It is not necessary for me to repeat the interesting recital. Everything indicates that they were worthily bestowed, and that the great confidence which his neighbors and friends felt in him in his early life knew no abatement. Their affection and regard grew and ripened as his years increased and his manly qualities developed.

I was a member of the committee appointed by the Senate to accompany the remains of Representative Kendall to his former home, and I wish to make a brief reference to our journey mainly for the purpose of bringing out some incidents which showed the esteem in which he was held by those who knew him best.

West Liberty, where the family home of the Kendall's is situated, is a little town upon the Licking River, the county seat of Morgan county. It is a day's ride from Morehead, the nearest accessible point on the railroad at the time of our visit, and without telegraphic communication. Our road ran through a hilly and mountainous section, abounding in wild and picturesque scenery, a beautiful country when decked with verdure and adorned with sunshine. But our journey was made at an unfavorable time. The cold was intense, and the snow was falling continuously.

The country was sparsely settled, but the messenger who had the day before carried from the railroad the telegram bearing to the daughters of the deceased at West Liberty the sad news of their father's death, had announced the coming of

the funeral procession, and short as was the notice many had gathered at the little hamlets and villages along our route to show their love for their Representative and their sorrow at his death. We stopped at a little house by the wayside to rest our horses and warm ourselves, and were treated with the hospitality which Kentuckians always extend even to unexpected guests. And while the good wife was exerting herself for our comfort, our host and the assembled neighbors were telling us about the manly qualities of our departed associate and the confidence the people had in him.

The shades of night had just gathered over the little town when we reached our destination. The sad news was only a day in advance of us, and it was manifest that a deep sorrow had fallen not alone upon the family, but upon the whole people. But three months before their townsman had left them full of bright hopes and high aspirations. They had rejoiced at his promotion and felt a just pride in his advancement. But it was all over. The last of earth had come. In accordance with a wish expressed in his lifetime, all that remained of him was to be laid at rest with the generations who had gone before.

We gathered at the homestead in the early morning and joined in a brief service conducted by the family pastor. Sweet voices united their melody in an appropriate hymn, and the man of God commended the widow and children to the care of their Heavenly Father.

As the neighbors gathered and departed and talked with us about the deceased, we were impressed with the belief that they loved and honored him, and that his death was regarded as a personal loss, as well as a general misfortune.

Arrangements had been made before our arrival for a more public service later in the day, and word had gone out through all the country round to the members of the church with which

he had united and the Masonic lodge to which he had belonged to come in at an appointed hour, but we had to get back to the railroad by night and could not remain. The people were already assembling as we left and along our road we met many groups of mounted men riding towards the town to participate in doing honor to the memory of their friend and brother and and companion.

The events of our visit to West Liberty often occur to me, and I have thought that in judging the character and success of Mr. KENDALL he should be viewed from the Kentucky standpoint, and that the barely commenced Congressional life need scarcely be considered. His career there was full of success. He was brave, honorable, sagacious in counsel, and true to his friends; a kind husband, an indulgent father, a good neighbor. He won the confidence of those with whom he came in contact in a remarkable degree.

These are the elements of a noble manhood and a well-rounded life, and the record which the deceased has left is a rich legacy to his family and descendants, and a pleasing recollection for his friends and associates to cherish.

ADDRESS OF MR. BLACKBURN, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. PRESIDENT: We have reached the conclusion of the last sad ceremonial which Congress decrees as due to its dead membership. In the rapidly wasting hours of this Congress and in the pressure of most important legislation the Senate pauses to do honor to the memory of a man who, though scarcely having entered upon his service as a member of this National Council, brought with him a record which entitles him to this distinguished mark of consideration.

It was my privilege to know Mr. KENDALL long and intimately. More than twenty years ago I served with him for

two terms as a member of the house of representatives of the Kentucky legislature. His services there were distinguished by reason of the persistency as well as the ability with which he urged upon the legislature an improvement upon the educational system of his section and his State and the material development of its then hidden resources.

My colleague [Mr. LINDSAY] has correctly described him as a type of that surviving civilization which finds its home at the present day in the mountain fastnesses of our community. Honest, sturdy, self-reliant, persistent in his efforts to establish his views, of the correctness of which he cherished no doubt, he was withal an exceptionally popular man in the section in which he lived. Two evidences were given of this, both incontestible and conclusive.

It was in that portion of Kentucky, when the war came on in 1861, that the fires of sectional passion and hatred burned the fiercest. He espoused, as the Senate has been told, the cause of the South in that civil strife.

After having completed his service of four years as a soldier without stain, he returned to his native home, to find society stirred, factional differences unsettled, and for many years thereafter this disordered state continued to exist. But he was not made the object, he was not made the victim of any of the prejudices cherished against him because of his military service. Upon the contrary, shortly after the conclusion of the war he was given place after place involving the most delicate duties, his election to these several offices proving beyond question the confidence, the respect, and the affection which were cherished for him.

Whether he would ever have developed into a Congressional leader it is not, Mr. President, for us to undertake to determine; but if we are to judge by the record he had already made surely his friends were warranted in anticipating a more than ordinarily brilliant future for him when he came to Congress.

As county attorney, elected and reëlected; as State lawmaker, elected and reëlected; as Commonwealth's attorney, charged with the duty of vindicating the outraged majesty of the law, he had performed every duty faithfully and acceptably.

There was another evidence given of the affection cherished for him by his people. When he fell at the post of duty here, upon the very threshold of his Congressional career, in a district filled with scores of able and ambitions men, several of whom had contested the high honors of a seat in the Federal councils with him but a few months before, that people attested their loyalty and their devotion to him by taking his son, then scarce more in age than a beardless boy, and by unanimous acclaim commissioned him to come to Congress and finish the term which had been allotted to his lamented father.

These facts, Mr. President, speak louder than any tribute which we can pay in behalf of the dead whom we now lament; but, sir, I shall not undertake to claim that more was due him than has been accorded by the Senators who have preceded me.

As an advocate he was known throughout that region of Kentucky because of the force and vigor which he employed, whether in the prosecution of lawbreakers or in defense of those charged with crime whose interests were committed to his keeping. Above all, he left no duty undischarged which he had ever assumed.

In the light of this record we have a right to believe that, could his life have been spared, he would have accomplished in the council chambers of his country what he had never failed to secure in every position which he had assumed. But three months had passed from his entrance into the House of Representatives until the funeral cortege bore his remains back to his native mountain home, their final resting place.

Death's messenger came without a herald; the shaft struck as though it had been a blow falling from a cloudless sky; and yet he was not unprepared for it, if the record of a well-spent

life, the faithful discharge of every duty, the securing, the commanding, and the holding of the confidence and affection of his people—if these suffice to make preparation for that awful change to which he was so rudely summoned.

What fate awaited him upon the other side we may not know. Beyond the portals of the tomb it is not given to man to see. Go, bring the wisest of the earth, and by his side upon the edge of the open grave place the driveling, babbling idiot; the one can see as deeply into that narrow home or as far beyond it as the other. All the cycles of ages which lie behind us have shed no light upon that dark portal; there is no human vision which can penetrate it, unless when aided by the light of revealed religion or taking counsel of the love which we bear the dead.

What waited him beyond I do not know; but this I do know, that if in that other life it has been his fortune to be assigned to congenial and kindred spirits, he is associating now with the generous and the gentle, the true-hearted and the brave.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore.* The question is on the resolutions proposed by the Senator from Kentucky [Mr. Lindsay].

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

Mr. BLACKBURN. Mr. President, I submit the resolution I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore.* The resolution will be read.

The Secretary read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore.* The question is on agreeing to the resolution submitted by the Senator from Kentucky.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock and 30 minutes a. m., Friday, March 3) the Senate adjourned until Friday, March 3, 1893, at 11 o'clock a. m.

O

HON. EDWARD F. McDONALD.

52D CONGRESS, 1st Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { Doc. [illegible]

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

EDWARD F. McDONALD,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM NEW JERSEY

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES [illegible]

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1893.

52D CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 101.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

EDWARD F. McDONALD,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM NEW JERSEY,

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1893.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon Hon. Edward F. McDonald, late a Representative from the State of New Jersey, 8,000 copies, of which 2,000 copies shall be delivered to the Senators and Representatives of the State of New Jersey, and of those remaining 2,000 copies shall be for the use of the Senate and 4,000 copies for the use of the House; and the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of said Edward F. McDonald to accompany said eulogies. That of the quota of the House the Public Printer shall set apart 50 copies, which he shall have bound in full morocco with gilt edges, the same to be delivered, when completed, to the family of the deceased.

Agreed to in the House of Representatives, February 18, 1893.

Agreed to in the Senate, February 24, 1893.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

DECEMBER 5, 1892.

Mr. ENGLISH, of New Jersey: Mr. Speaker, I rise to perform the painful duty of announcing the death of the Hon. EDWARD F. MCDONALD, lately a Representative in this House from the State of New Jersey.

I shall not at the present time say anything concerning the merits of the dead, but at an early date I shall ask this House to fix a day on which his friends may express in proper terms their sense of his merit and their grief at his loss.

I offer the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk, for which I ask immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That this House has heard with deep sorrow of the death of the Hon. EDWARD F. MCDONALD, late a Representative from the State of New Jersey.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolution be transmitted to the family of the dead member.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to communicate a copy of these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect for the memory of the dead this House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 37 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow at 12 o'clock noon.

EULOGIES.

FEBRUARY 11, 1893.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will read the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That Saturday, the 11th of February, 1893, beginning at 3 p. m., be set apart for the purpose of paying tribute to the memory of the Hon. EDWARD F. MCDONALD, lately a Representative from the Seventh district of New Jersey.

Mr. GEISSENHAINER. I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That after the conclusion of the memorial proceedings concerning the memory of the late EDWARD F. MCDONALD, now begun as the special order of the day, the House as a further mark of respect to the memory of the dead member will stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolution to the Senate, and that he also transmit a copy to the family of the dead.

ADDRESS OF MR. ENGLISH, OF NEW JERSEY.

Mr. SPEAKER: An unexpected attack of illness has so prostrated my physical powers and disordered my thoughts that I shall beg the indulgent patience of the House while I endeavor in a few words to do justice to the memory of our late fellow-member and my own old-time friend.

EDWARD FRANCIS MCDONALD, recently a member of this House from the Seventh Congressional district of New Jersey, died at his residence in the town of Harrison on the 5th of November last, after a brief illness, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

Born in Ireland, he came to this country as a child, and grew up with us as one of us, and, having but faint memories of his native land, became so identified with his adopted country, was filled with the spirit of her institutions—so permeated by a love for her freedom, her Constitution, and her laws, so versed in her history and traditions, that it may be said of him without an abuse of terms that he became a typical American.

He showed his love for his adopted country by imperiling his life in the defense of the Union, at an early age. When barely 17 years old he enlisted in the war between the United States and the seceding States of the South; served with McClellan in all of the battles of the Peninsula and elsewhere with such zeal and devotion to the cause of duty that his immature constitution gave away before the fatigue and strain necessarily involved. Shattered by exposure and toil he was forced, sorely against his will, to a hospital, where under careful treatment he gradually but partially recovered and was granted an honorable discharge from the service.

Returning to his home, broken in health, he endeavored to recover bit by bit the break in his shattered constitution by falling back into the calm pursuits of private life. There he soon attracted attention as he grew towards manhood, as he acted as a man amongst those around him; and whether he lived in the city which I have the honor to represent or in the adjacent town of Harrison, to which he had at length removed, his frankness, his courage, his honesty, and his genial courtesy soon gained for him the respect and confidence and the admiration of all.

Elected to the legislature of his State, he refused further political distinction, and he set himself steadily to the task of maintaining his young and growing family. Then his career began, because his fellow-citizens, appreciating his work and its merits, struck with his manliness and worth, the direct and commanding eloquence of which he was master, called him into its political service. He was chosen at a very critical period of the country's history to the directorship of the board of chosen freeholders, and his skill soon brought order out of confusion and placed the monetary affairs of that municipality upon a firm and sound basis. Reëlected, he declined further political distinction and went back to maintain himself and his by industry and fair play, only retaining the treasurership of the town of Harrison, whose finances he had managed successfully and skillfully for a number of years.

But a man like McDonald was not to remain long without position, and he was called again into the public service, and called in a marked manner.

There was a peculiar manliness about him, for I knew him well for years, and I speak of him as I found him. There was a manliness and directness of purpose that won him friends in the social circle, as his knowledge of public affairs and his well-balanced intellect gained him friends of a more enduring kind.

But there was one peculiarity about McDONALD which it were well that other men should imitate. When once he conceived that a course was right, when his judgment approved it, he persevered in it regardless of obstacles and careless of consequences. Thus it was that when Mr. Cleveland was nominated for the Presidency my late colleague misunderstood some of his language and so misconstrued his view. He was at that time on the electoral ticket, a compliment rarely paid to a man of his age. He promptly withdrew his name; and as he could not go over to the Republicans, with whose policy he had no sympathy, he supported a third candidate.

This of itself would have been the death blow to the political aspirations of an ordinary man within a political party; but it had no effect on the fortunes of McDONALD. His Democratic fellow-citizens, while they deplored his attitude, had such confidence in his righteousness and intent that when that episode was over they showered on him their honors.

He was elected to the State senate and to a seat in this House of Representatives, to which he would have been doubtless reëlected had not death interposed.

Of the peculiar characteristics of the man I have spoken, but feebly, because I am in that condition that it is with difficulty that I stand on my feet—the peculiar characteristics of the man were well known to me. We lived in adjacent counties, we were joined together for many years in political action, and stood together in the fight for the emancipation and self-government of a race to which we both proudly trace our descent, and there grew up between us a firm though not demonstrative friendship, and to me his loss is severe.

I remember, Mr. Speaker, as though it were but yesterday, standing at this desk, then his, now mine, a day or two after ceremonies of this kind has been performed in the House, and we had both remarked upon the unusual length of an address

of eulogy, a very good one in its way, but extraordinarily long, that had been delivered. I recollect saying to him, standing just here where I now stand, in that light way with which men in health ordinarily speak of death: "MAC., in the course of nature, at my advanced age, it is possible—even probable—that I shall die before the expiration of this Congress. In that case, if you see fit to say anything about me, I hope you will not make it of an unconscionable length."

Putting his hand on my shoulder, with that bluff cordiality and caressing motion which was his way, he said: "If I have occasion to do that, I shall make it brief: but, my dear old friend, it will be strong."

Light and careless words! How little we know of the future. I have to do to-day for him that which he was to have done for me. I am here, but he is gone. I stand peering into the dim darkness beyond by the margin of that deep river which he has crossed. The old and gnarled oak that has braved the blasts of seventy-three winters still stands erect, while the stately maple in the pride of its mid age, that gave such promise of continued leafage and vigorous growth, lies prone upon the earth, felled by the ax of the woodman Death. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF MR. GEISSENHAINER, OF NEW JERSEY.

Mr. SPEAKER: When the gavel fell upon the last hour of the first session of the Fifty-second Congress, it came, as all other earthly things, with no premonition of the future.

Happy it is that the veil is drawn upon coming events. If the storms and disappointments of life could be foreseen before entering upon the voyage, and the choice were permitted, few would have the courage to begin the journey.

Well for ourselves and for the world that the hardships and

gloom are hidden. Each one in life must do his part, and who can deny that the part, however humble and small, is not necessary to make the whole structure complete, and that it may not fill some most important gap over which an event vitally essential for the progress and well-being of his comrades is destined to pass.

The builder of the bridge may never cross upon it, and yet there may be thousands to whom the bridge will prove a means of hope and liberty and life.

It has happened that with the last finishing blow has come the ending of the one who has delivered the same.

In every phase of life are some who must prepare the way over which future generations are to successfully tread. If all were inert no path would be made, and the world remain unexplored and chaotic. So with the brother who claims our mournful remembrance this day. To him there came no prolonged warning, and only a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand indicated the unexpected storm which, coming out of a clear sky, overwhelmed him.

It was not anticipated by his colleagues that his taking off would be noted as the first that had occurred in his delegation during a long number of years; in fact, memory fails to recall the eternal departure of any previous Congressional representative of his State during his official term.

Our brother, upon the adjournment of his first Congressional session, sought his home and entered immediately upon the campaign with all the energy of his vigorous nature. By day, by night, he knew and sought no rest when the work he had undertaken demanded his attention.

Though the short term of his Congressional life had not given him full opportunity to become acquainted with his duties, yet he was thoroughly conversant with the requirements of party service. Unswervingly he yielded himself to his task and

made no pause until nature called upon him to forbear. When within but a short distance of the goal which he had honestly and conscientiously striven to attain, the will of Providence decreed that he should fall by the wayside.

It is a fact beyond dispute that had his strength been lengthened to the limit of the course he would have most triumphantly grasped the palm he had so fully merited.

Three days before the end he was summoned to the congress in the spirit land.

Brother McDonald was a fond husband and father. For him there was no greater pleasure than when, freed from his Congressional hours, he could return to his home and the family he so dearly loved.

He was of affectionate, open-hearted temperament, and when he had determined upon his course no allurements of any nature, no pressure of any kind, could swerve him from his sense of duty.

By those who knew him he was well beloved—here in the capital city the few, at home the many. His people, paying to him the only tribute in their gift, decided that he should have no successor. In this House his vacant chair still remains vacant.

In the last gubernatorial State convention Mr. McDonald was the choice of all assembled to preside over its deliberations. Here his impartial rulings, his genial good nature, coupled with an earnest firmness, held in harmonious control a body rife for factional struggle.

Edward Francis McDonald was born in Ireland in 1844, and emigrated to this country in 1850. In September, 1861, at the age of 17, he enlisted in Company I, Seventh Regiment New Jersey Volunteers, and served under Gens. McClellan and Hooker in the Peninsular campaign and Seven Days fight.

Stricken with typhoid fever, he returned home after fifteen

months of gallant service, and was honorably discharged on December 30, 1862. He afterward engaged in his trade of machinist and toolmaker and continued thereat until the end of 1874.

After having served in the New Jersey house of assembly he devoted himself to the business of real estate and insurance.

In 1877 he was elected director at large of the board of chosen freeholders of Hudson County and served until 1881. Mr. McDONALD was elected to the State senate from Hudson County in 1889, and in 1890 received the franchises of his district for Congress and subsequently a renomination.

And so his record ends, where but for the snapping of the thread it would have just begun.

Thus his mission was completed here and Providence has proclaimed that the labors given him to perform have been fulfilled.

On many an old tombstone may be found the inscription, "Pause, traveler." We have come to-day to pause reverently at the bier of our brother and to express our sympathy for his widow, the little ones so precious to him, for the tender infant upon whom his gaze never rested, and to attest that death alone does not sever the silent tie of friendship.

ADDRESS OF MR. BERGEN, OF NEW JERSEY.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is with some misgivings I address myself to this occasion. When my colleague in Congress dies I agree that it is both my duty and my privilege to say such friendly words of his life as may occur to me, and that differences in political sentiments or aims do not detract from the obligation. I do not know that McDONALD and myself thought the same about any one public measure. He was a bitter partisan and

carried his feelings in such matters to the utmost. Yet they never interfered with our personal friendly intercourse.

The most anxious of his admirers therefore need have no fear that utterances at this time which do him justice detract from his memory. I could not if I would, and would not if I could, withdraw one mite of this praise which to-day is his due. At the opposite pole it gives me pleasure to bear testimony to the belief that he acted up to his convictions always.

He was an Irish boy. Born in his island home, he came in early childhood to this country with his parents; and, linked to the destinies of this land, he early learned the privileges of her citizenship and its obligations. Ireland was his mother, but America his foster parent. He knew more by actual experience of America than Ireland. He read more of Ireland than America.

> Like him who stops in bated breath
> Suspicion e'en to guard against,

he felt that his residence and interests here might sometime throw a veil between him and his native country. He was studious, therefore, of her history, and would have her memory green. No descendant of a patriot who fought in her battle of Benburb for Irish independence and lands and home had more delight in her antiquities, her heraldry, and her religion. Her stories made his hot blood hotter. Her struggles made him pant for her release. Her past was the record of his forefathers, and her future will be that of his kinsfolk. America should hold his descendants, but America united and free meant emancipation to Ireland.

When the rebellion broke out he was a boy of seventeen. But the spirit of enterprise and desire for thrift and growth which had brought his father from their foreign home to this distant land were inherited by the son, and soon made him a soldier, and placed him in the ranks of marching forces. He

joined company I of the Seventh Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers, and fought with it through its bloody conflicts—amongst others in the Peninsular campaign and the Seven Days' fight. Knowing no fear, he has a record for bravery and valor. Others fell beside him, but he moved on with the advancing column always.

Sickness and a broken constitution then take him out of the army, and he returns to the avocations of peace. He learns a trade, pursues it through its drudgery till he sees a bright sky beyond; accumulates property, comes to the front, rises, gains position, and becomes prominent. Political aspirations seize upon him, and he holds the minor offices of his locality and represents his district and county in the State assembly and State senate. Later, mastering opposition, he thwarts jealous intrigue and hate and faction, cements friendships, secures combinations, and comes to Congress the accepted Representative of a most intelligent constituency.

He is in his first term, and has served but one session in this Chamber, has been nominated for a second term, and election is three days off. He is in the height of his campaign, buoyant and hopeful, not alone for himself, but also for his party. All things seem bright before him. It is at this point we are bid to pause. The halcyon has been; the end is now. November 5, suddenly, almost without warning, he is stricken down and dies.

The mellow light of the grave is never welcome. It steals in upon us sometimes unawares and touches him who is ruddiest, most vigorous, most elastic in his step, most pressing in his business, most pressed, and in an instant all is over.

So it was with McDonald. He was only 48. He had no thought of death. He thought the future was before him and the past only an earnest of what that should be. He was not a professional man in the sense that he had studied

law or medicine or divinity, but he had studied the science of politics for over twenty years, and practiced it, and was an adept in its ways and skilled in its methods. He knew how to argue it and how to use it.

The fountains from which he had drunk were Jefferson and Jackson and Calhoun and Douglas. He was a Democrat pure and simple and in sympathy with all the doings of his party and of this House, except its inaction. Results were to his mind necessary to stewardship, and they were the only evidence of Republicanism I ever saw in his nature. He was probably born a Republican, but reared a Democrat. If he made mistakes they were of the head and not of the heart. He was loyal to his adopted country and loved her. The fire of his soul enthused for her development and growth. This he showed through his whole life, but latest in his impassioned speeches on the stump. It is too much to believe, though radically differing from him, that he was not persuaded of the soundness of his statements.

I do not know that he reached the ultimate goal of his ambition; probably not. Few or none do so young and when urging on. He probably was desirous of impressing himself upon this House. Politics from his standpoint wrought revolution and exacted gain.

In its extremities he lived and hoped to live. It would give no peace to his ashes to represent otherwise. He saw hopeful changes in law and government which he thought would accrue to the advantage of his party. He was too anxious to secure them speedily, and, straining himself beyond measure, prematurely died. At least so it seems, for never before did so much of promise open up to him. Death disappointed him and his friends.

This is no time to draw lessons of religious faiths and hopes. The doctrines of the recluse, of the fanatic, and the skeptic

obtain alike on this floor. The best testimony we can here bear our brother is that he was neither of these. Born in a faith, he lived it, and dying cherished that hope it assured to him.

Time takes them home that we love, fair names and famous,
To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet bosom of death;
But the flower of their souls he shall take not away to shame us,
Nor the lips lack song forever that now lack breath.
For with us shall the music and perfume that die not dwell,
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we farewell.

ADDRESS OF MR. CADMUS, OF NEW JERSEY.

Mr. SPEAKER: When my late beloved colleague, EDWARD F. MCDONALD, was called from this sphere of usefulness I believe that this House lost a member who, had he lived but a few years more, would have been one of its most useful and conspicuous members, as well as being one of the most distinguished that the State of New Jersey has ever sent to Congress.

Cut down in the very prime of his most vigorous manhood, and in the thick of a political fight, the result of which would have inevitably returned him to this House for another term, his death is particularly sad and pathetic.

The people of our whole State, Mr. Speaker, had been watching with interest the Congressional career of Mr. MCDONALD, for they well knew that when the opportunity presented itself he would have achieved the same distinction here that he effected in every other branch of life through which he passed.

His great ability was unquestioned by even those who were his political opponents. Everybody regarded him as a man possessed of a broad and comprehensive scope of thought. Besides, he was possessed of an eloquent tongue and those graces of manner for which Irishmen are famed. He was also

a student, and every year saw great improvement in his equipment for public service.

The people of New Jersey naturally regarded such a man with pride; they felt that in this House he would be able to bring new honor to our State. Anything like mediocrity was foreign to his nature, and with his progressive spirit and remarkable force of character I venture to say that his fellow-citizens would not have been disappointed in him had it been God's will to prolong his life.

Like all men possessing true merit, Mr. McDonald was modest about his achievements. He was diffident about forcing himself into a position which he was not thoroughly satisfied that he had a right to assume. For this reason he refused all opportunities for the display of his abilities during the time that he served in Congress.

Time and again have I known members who were familiar with his gifts of mind to urge him to take part in the debates of this House, but he always declined, believing that a member beginning his first term should wait until he had first familiarized himself with the routine of the House. He knew that had he lived his reëlection was assured, and he believed that during his second term was the time for him to participate in the proceedings in a manner to which his abilities entitled him. Therefore he was content to wait.

I can not recall a more striking illustration of the possibilities of this country than that which the life of Edward F. McDonald affords. He clearly demonstrated what ability, honesty, and integrity of purpose could be accomplished by one with the most humble of origins. Born in Ireland on September 1, 1844, he came to this country when only 6 years of age, and with his parents took up a residence in Newark, N. J. After attending the public schools he began to learn the trade of a mechanic, and continued at that until he was about 20

years of age. At the first call for troops he enlisted in Company I, Seventh New Jersey Volunteers.

Even at this early age he showed that he was a natural commander of men, and after a brief period of service he was made sergeant of his company. On account of ill health he was compelled for a time to quit the service on the field and go to a hospital, where he was discharged in December, 1862. He then rejoined his company and served under McClellan and Hooker in the Peninsular campaign and during the Seven Days' fight.

During this memorable struggle young McDonald displayed great feats of valor. He was wounded in one of the last engagements in which he took part. At the close of the war he returned to his home and continued at the trade of a machinist until the early seventies; after this he engaged in the real-estate business, which he continued up to the time of his death. In 1874 he was elected from Hudson County, N. J., as a member of the State legislature. After that he was elected director at large of the freeholders of his county and was twice reëlected. He was next elected to the State senate in November, 1889, and in 1890 was elected to represent his district in this body, and had he lived would have been reëlected in less than a week from the time of his death.

As will be observed from what I have stated, Mr. McDonald's career was steadily and gradually progressive, and his development of mind was in keeping with his advance in life. Considering that he was still a young man at the time of his death, it is natural to suppose that had he lived that none of the prizes in public life to which a foreign-born citizen is entitled would have been beyond his grasp. Mr. McDonald possessed that fertility of mind for which talented Irishmen are characterized, and his learning was wide-ranged. There was no company in which he might be placed that he could not make himself an attraction.

A person not knowing who Mr. McDonald was, and who had heard him converse with persons representing various callings, might have mistaken him for a physician, a philosopher, a literary man, or one who had devoted his life to the drama or to art.

His nature was full of poetry, and his manner was particularly magnetic. He was full of the milk of human kindness, and was never so happy as when making others happy.

Such in brief, Mr. Speaker, was Edward F. McDonald, and in paying my last tribute to his memory I sincerely regret that I find my words inadequate to paint him as he deserves to be portrayed.

Address of Mr. Campbell, of New York.

Mr. Speaker: It is a truthful saying and founded on fact, that "amidst life we are in death."

A few months ago Edward F. McDonald left this city for his home in Harrison, N. J., apparently in full vigor—in perfect health. To-day he is no more. He was stricken with that dread disease, pneumonia, during the early days of the late campaign and succumbed to that grim monster, Death, but a few days before the recent election.

Born in Ireland in 1844, he came in the days of his infancy to this country with his parents and acquired a good education in our public schools.

When the nation called her sons to duty, Edward F. McDonald was among the first to respond, and enlisted as a private in the Seventh New Jersey Volunteers, and as a soldier endeared himself to his officers and comrades on the battlefield and around the camp fire by his modest demeanor and his bravery.

He had held many positions of honor and trust from the people of his adopted State, and filled each and all with credit to himself, and reflected honor upon his people, who in return sent him to represent them in the Fifty-second Congress. He was a candidate for reëlection when death claimed him.

As a member of this House he was energetic, painstaking, and capable, and faithfully discharged his duties.

It was my great pleasure to form his acquaintance during the Presidential campaign of 1880, which acquaintance ripened into a warm and sincere friendship lasting to the end. It is therefore, Mr. Speaker, with feelings of deep emotion that I bear witness to the many splendid traits in his character—warm, generous, impulsive, and sincere—sacrificing himself at all times for his convictions. He was brave, determined, and courageous; and stood ever ready to succor the oppressed, or right a wrong. I can see him now, with head erect, splendid physique, flashing eyes blazing with that latent fire within him, lashing with eloquent tongue those who were trying to defy the will of the people or oppress the weak.

As an extempore speaker on the platforms before the people he had few equals amongst the many distinguished speakers of his State.

Being human, he had his faults, but none can insinuate that hypocrisy could find a lodgment in his noble character. Indeed, Mr. Speaker, I can say of him without an attempt at eulogy, he was without fear and above reproach.

In conclusion allow me to say that around the hearthstone and fireside, and at the camp fires where his old comrades are wont to gather, and in political councils the name of EDWARD F. McDONALD will stand as prominently as any of them, and the example shown by him will be used as an illustration to guide the youthful aspirants to honor and fame.

ADDRESS OF MR. NEWBERRY, OF ILLINOIS.

Mr. SPEAKER: The life and services of our deceased member, EDWARD F. MCDONALD, of New Jersey, better represent the peculiar civilization of this country and better illustrate its peculiar advantages to the citizen than perhaps any event that has transpired in similar cases on this floor in many years. Here is an illustration of the fulfillment of the hopes and ambitions of a workingman born and reared among the working people, eating from the table set by honest toil, of food and raiment earned by the sweat of the brow and the fulfillment of the highest ambitions of a young, striving, and energetic American boy.

My acquaintance with Mr. MCDONALD was not of long standing, but began with my services with him upon the Committee on Military Affairs, of which he was a useful member. His labors on that committee involved the exercise of great discretion and the smothering of sympathies the outgrowth of his own military service, but he demonstrated his capacity to look above and beyond the mere feelings and acted from a higher standard than that of human sympathy alone. In his efforts to do exact justice as between his Government and the man, he drew a line and occupied it that few have the capacity to maintain, and I think I may say for his associates on that committee that his decisions were never influenced by his acquaintance with the man or the circumstances surrounding the case except where even the strictest martinet might not have fully agreed with him.

During his service on that committee I had the pleasure of visiting with him the battlefield of Gettysburg in a semiofficial capacity. Although but a boy during his service in the

army, it was apparent that his mind had run upon military affairs and that he had grown in understanding and comprehension of the great causes as well as the magnificent results of that contest, and during several days' close communication with him in riding and walking over that great field he honored me with his confidence and recited to me much of his early history.

As a mechanic in his early life he had developed a physique almost perfect, and it was apparent that in his leisure hours he had not failed to cultivate his brain and store up everything within his reach of the history and purpose of the Government under which he lived. His conversation was broad and comprehensive. His philosophy would have done honor to our greatest scholars, and his understanding of the needs and necessities of the common people was equal to that of any man with whom I had conversed.

Unlike many men of his class he had cultivated no animosity against what is so improperly termed in this country the aristocratic or capitalistic class. He credited many of the wrongs which have crept into society, and which he fully appreciated, as the result of a generous but misguided desire to do right, and hoped with the most sincere wish that all men, whether laborers, mechanics, scholars, statesmen, or capitalists, would find a common level for the common good in the progress and growth and establishment of a great and beneficent government on this western hemisphere.

Mr. McDonald appreciated and was proud of his own attainments, fully conscious of all he lacked. He credited our form of government with all that he had attained, and made such comparisons between the class from which he had sprung with those of a like class in the monarchial countries of Europe that would satisfy all the discontented element of that country that whatever might be their reasons for discontent here,

greater opportunities were yet offered to all the citizens of this Republic than could exist under any other circumstances elsewhere.

Mr. McDonald had a vivid recollection of his birthplace and of his early landing in America, and while never forgetting the home of his childhood, was thoroughly imbued with Americanism, crediting America with everything that was conducive to the most advanced ideas of modern progression or the development of the greatest and best manhood. His love for his adopted State of New Jersey, of his home and wife and children, and his anxiety to be with them and aid in the development of the young minds of his growing family was a beautiful characteristic of his nature.

He felt a pride in his early associations as well as his later, and made every effort to so adjust his mind and acts as to faithfully represent both.

He entered politics more as a means of his own development and for the purpose of benefiting his class than for any personal ambition. He had an easy facility of expression that must have rendered him a power for good among the class from which he sprung, and he made one of those happy links between the classes in this country that give promise of the continuance of good feeling and sympathy among all the elements that make up this great and progressive country. He had reached a goal for which he had striven. He had passed through all the grades of the civil service, acting in a highly honored capacity in the legislature of his State, his county, and his city, and had made exhibition of the possibilities which the poorest may indulge in with hope and ambition to attain. It is such men as these that give hope and life to the disheartened elements that indulge in despair over the failure of governments to properly protect the interests of humble citizens in their rights.

As has been recited by his colleagues, Mr. McDONALD was born in Ireland, from among whose people this Republic has received enough of brawn and brain to have promised like vigor and progress to all the effete nations of the earth, had they displayed the wisdom to have accepted them on an equality with their own people. He early sought our public schools and passed to the workshop and the machinist's bench, graduating thence into the heart and confidence of a great and discriminating constituency, whose opportunity to know and judge of his attainments, because of daily personal contact and association, were far beyond that of the average constituency whose representatives sit on this floor.

Mr. McDONALD'S life, service, and death is not the first and will not be the last, but is another example to American youth of lowly origin and limited opportunities, teaching and demonstrating the fact that no accident of birth or station is a bar to advancement under our laws and customs, but that ability, with industry, honesty, and fair economy, has a clear road and fairly contested race to the highest goal ambition may locate.

In this instance, Mr. Speaker, this House has lost what it can illy spare—a member well informed of the needs and demands of the people—one who could give counsel to it when lacking in knowledge or slow in execution, and who had the courage and ability to check extravagant demands and guide them to wise action and intelligent conclusion.

Mr. Speaker, the Military Committee of the Fifty-second Congress has delegated me to make kindly mention of their admiration of his service and ability and their deep sorrow for his death.

ADDRESS OF MR. CUMMINGS, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: There is a poignant grief over the death of a father or a mother, of a sister or a brother; the plaintive wailing of a mother over the loss of her first-born is heartrending; when a near and dear friend passes away the very atmosphere seems surcharged with gloom; but of all the emotions awakened by death none is more touching than those called up by the death of a comrade. They bring the battlefield again before you. The same sulphurous canopy is above you. The hum of the bullet, the whiz of the round shot, the shriek of the shell, the clash of sabers, and the shouts of the combatants again fill your ears.

The tiresome march, the weary wading of streams, the ruddy camp fire, the bubbling coffee, and the rude fare reappear. You hear again old army songs and stories, and are lulled to sleep by the piping of frogs, the music of crickets and katydids, or by the soft patter of the rain upon your shelter tent. Again you are upon picket, musket in hand, watchful and wary, on the muddy shore of the Rappahannock or beneath the soughing pines of the Wilderness. When a comrade dies life itself seems to turn backward. You live once more in the stormy scenes of thirty years ago.

Sir, EDWARD F. MCDONALD was my comrade. We were comrades in war and comrades in politics. A descendant of men who cried "Faugh a Ballagh" at Fontenoy, no braver soldier ever fixed bayonet. He was a member of a New Jersey brigade not less renowned than the Irish brigade that drove the English army from the soil of France. He was of the Army of the Potomac; he fought under the eyes of George

B. McClellan and Joe Hooker; he came from the township that gave gallant Phil Kearny to the Union. There can be no greater honor for an American citizen.

My comrade entered the ranks when less than 17. His muscles and his intellect were hardened by his experience in the army. Patriotic, fervent, brave, and energetic, he brought the experience there acquired into after life. And life with him was a continuous struggle. He had neither advantages of birth nor education. From the army of the Union he went into the greater and grander army of American mechanics. Learning the trade of a machinist, he quickly became a skilled mechanic.

Anon he entered the field of politics. It was here that his army training came into play. He heard again the music of the fife and drum in new campaigns. There were more weary rivers to cross and more escarpments to carry. There were more tiresome marches, and more batteries to silence.

How bravely my comrade came to the front his record shows. It is one of unimpeachable honor. Schooled in the ranks of the followers of Thomas Jefferson, eager, energetic, and enthusiastic, he quickly won a commission in a new brigade—that of the glorious old New Jersey Democracy. In assaulting the intrenchments of his political opponents no one was more brave and untiring; no one sustained an assault in turn more obstinately. A bitter opponent of the centralizing tendencies of the Republicans, he was an ardent State rights Democrat. A man of strong convictions, he was unyielding when asked to sacrifice them. He preferred to stem the current rather than float on it. He maintained his independence despite all personal considerations.

His Irish blood had full play, although tempered at times with American prudence. He was a born fighter—a faithful friend and an unrelenting foe. Combative in disposition and

fierce in conflict, he was magnanimous and kind. His heart frequently controlled his head.

There was, however, one tenderness in his nature illustrative of his true manhood. He hated his foes, he loved his friends, but he adored his family. Enmities and friendships were neglected at their call. His home was his center of the universe. There, in quiet happiness, he laid aside all cares and tribulations. Friends may regret him, comrades may mourn him, but to his family his loss is irreparable. He was a model husband and father.

This much, Mr. Speaker, have I felt myself impelled to say about my dead comrade. Comrades were we in the war for the Union, and comrades were we upon the floor of this House in maintaining the reëstablished fellowship of the American people as the result of that war.

His life's fight has ended; he has crossed his last river; he has heard his last tattoo. He did his duty in this world like a true soldier. I believe that when the last grand reveille is sounded and the last great roll is called in the world above, EDWARD F. MCDONALD will be there and promptly answer to his name.

ADDRESS OF MR. COVERT, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: I have been impressed, and very deeply impressed, with the sincerity of expression which has been so marked a feature of these memorial exercises.

No merely *pro forma* utterances have come from the floor of this Chamber to day. The words spoken have been in the nature of sincere tribute to a most sincere man. Not as mere matter of form do I desire to add my own expression of respect and regret to what has been so feelingly and so fittingly uttered by those who have preceded me.

I knew EDWARD F. MCDONALD well and intimately living; I mourn him most sincerely dead. He was a man of singular directness and distinctive force. Not his was the halting policy of the time-server, not his were the uncertain methods of the mere doctrinaire. His conclusions were reached after mature and intelligent deliberation, and in an eminent degree he had the courage of his convictions. Despite opposition and adverse criticism, he dared to give free expression to his opinions and to adhere to them and abide by them in the face of all the world.

His colleagues have spoken of his earlier career and of the substantial service faithfully rendered to the community in which he lived and to the State which he in part represented on this floor.

His record here is known to us all. Modesty has been described as the attendant handmaiden of ability. This quality of modesty restrained our late associate from public utterance on this floor during his short term of service. He was quite content that those older in position should voice here the policies he had so patiently helped to frame. Within the limits of his own district and of his own State, however, his voice was often and most effectively heard in behalf of the principles in which he believed and for the cause of which he was so sturdy a defender.

> Not by the page, word-painted,
> Shall life be banned or sainted.

Not so much by polished public utterance as by patient, conscientious performance of duty shall we determine the proper measure of praise to be accorded to the living or the dead. It is to the infinite credit of EDWARD F. MCDONALD that during the whole of his active lifetime, in whatever field of effort he was employed, every obligation was fully discharged and every duty well and faithfully performed.

Our late associate felt a commendable pride in the fact that he was a graduate from the ranks of labor. The implements of the mechanic were badges of honorable distinction to him always. He laid them aside only to seize the musket when the call came to loyal men to preserve the integrity and life of the Republic.

He had been a good workman, he was a good and gallant soldier. On the battlefield, as in the workshop, his faithfulness to duty won for him honorable advancement. In a country like ours, under the institutions of free America, a man like EDWARD F. MCDONALD was sure to forge to the front, not from any self-seeking, but because his fellow-men made imperative insistance upon his promotion.

In no other country on earth, perhaps, could conditions prevail such as those presented here. In no land save ours, perhaps, could this toiler in the workshop so rise above the conditions which surrounded him and so successfully escape the environments that hedged him in. No governmental institutions anywhere give such rich rewards to the subject; and no subjects anywhere make fuller or more loyal return.

> Go, ask your despot whether
> His armed bands could bring such hands
> And hearts as ours together.

The life of EDWARD F. MCDONALD, so sharply and so suddenly ended, teaches its own lessons.

It italicizes the fact that with us, for the achievement of the very highest objective points, it is not necessary that men shall be born to the purple. It emphasizes again the fact that a sturdy manhood, a simple honesty, a loyal devotion to principle are the qualities leading upward and onward to honorable distinction.

Mr. Speaker, the House of Representatives of the United States, pausing for a space near the closing days of its pres-

ent session, honors itself in doing honor to the memory of this brave, sturdy, and sincere man—to the memory of one who was in the best and truest sense a representative man of the people.

REMARKS BY HON. JAMES BUCHANAN, OF NEW JERSEY.

Mr. SPEAKER: EDWARD F. MCDONALD was a man of force. He had a vigorous youth and a sturdy manhood. An orphan lad, he landed upon our shores, carrying with him nothing of fortune but a pair of strong hands, a clear head, and a determined will. Here he found those conditions of growth, of development, of influence and power which he so sadly missed in the land of his birth. Right royally did he improve those enlarged opportunities. While the boy wrought with his hands for his daily bread he improved each moment of leisure in storing his mind with useful knowledge. However severe might be his daily task, he did not relax the discipline, by study and reflection, of his mental powers.

As he grew in physical stature and strength his mind enlarged and its faculties were trained and strengthened. He had hardly reached the strength and stature of an early manhood when the storm of civil war burst over the land. The call to arms came to him as a call to duty. In his early home he had learned to love liberty and to hate slavery. To him the Stars and Stripes symbolized a higher and a better form of civilization and of government, and he entered the army of the Union. The regiment he enlisted in had the fortune to be a component part of a brigade known widely as the "Fighting Brigade." Well did it earn its title, and among those whose bravery and courage gave it distinction none were braver or truer than Edward F. McDonald.

The war over and the grand old flag again triumphant, he turned to the less exciting but none the less honorable walks of peace. He was poor, and with his hands toiled as a mechanic for bread for himself and his family. The same force of character and determination of will pressed him to the front among his fellows. First they sent him to a seat in the lower house of the State legislature, then came other honors, and then his election as a representative from his district in the National Congress. Hardly had he entered upon his enlarged sphere of his activity and usefulness when, after but a few days' illness, that magnificent physical strength became weakness, and life went out in death. A cold, caught in active campaign work, developed with unusual rapidity into pneumonia and but a day or two before his name was again to be voted upon for a reëlection to his high trust he was borne by saddened friends to his last resting place.

As I have said, he was a man of force and power. You could not be in his presence without instinctively feeling this. As these proceedings go on my eyes light upon an item in one of his county papers which speaks of the courage and determination with which he faced an angry, tumultuous throng and quelled the riot.

I remember another incident. A State convention was being held. The spirit of faction was running high, and intense and bitter feeling pervaded the body. The chairman was weak and lost control. Mr. McDonald was urged to the front. He stepped forward, grasped the gavel, and at once the convention felt it had a master. With rapidity and precision the motions were put, the business carried through, the ticket selected, and almost ere it was aware the convention had finished its business, was adjourned, and was pressing toward the trains.

He was trusted by his friends. They knew him to be true

to them, and they stood by him. No man could accuse him of forgetting past kindnesses. No one entertained, for a moment, a doubt of his faithfulness. His loyalty was not momentary but was enduring. This subjected him at times to difficulty, but it always led to ultimate success. The people like a man whom they can depend upon. Such a man was he.

He hated shams and hypocrisy. He spoke out his thought, not always perhaps, prudently, but always fearlessly and sincerely. He did not know how to dissemble. For him to believe a thing was to proclaim it. A conviction to him was a solid and enduring truth, to be proclaimed and taught. It was not my fortune to agree always with his convictions, but it was my privilege always to admire his sincerity.

He bid fair to reach a large measure of usefulness, but at the threshold of his enlarged opportunities he was cut down. The ways of Providence are not our ways, and the wisdom of events often remains hidden from mortal view. We can not fathom the purposes of the Infinite One. We can only surrender our feeble comprehension to a fulness of faith in the declaration that "He doeth all things well," and in that faith place these memorials of our love for our fallen comrade and our esteem for his many virtues upon the records of our country's representative body.

The SPEAKER *pro tempore* (Mr. Crosby). The question is on the resolutions submitted by the gentleman from New Jersey [Mr. Geissenhainer].

The resolutions were agreed to; and under the operation thereof (at 4 o'clock and 6 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until Monday, February 13, 1893, at 11 o'clock a. m.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

DECEMBER 7, 1892.

Mr. MCPHERSON. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. EDWARD F. MCDONALD, late a Representative from the State of New Jersey.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate this resolution to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

Mr. MCPHERSON. Mr. President, a single word. It has been a practice which has recently grown up in the Senate that such resolutions should take this course. At some future time another series of resolutions will probably reach us, when I shall endeavor to pay fitting tribute to the memory of my deceased colleague in the other House.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from New Jersey.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously; and (at 1 o'clock and 16 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until tomorrow, Thursday, December 8, 1892, at 12 o'clock, meridian.

EULOGIES.

FEBRUARY 15, 1893.

Mr. MCPHERSON. Mr. President, with the permission of the Senator from Iowa [Mr. Allison] who has charge of the sundry civil appropriation bill now pending, I desire to invite the attention of the Senate to the consideration of resolutions from the House of Representatives in respect to the death of my late colleague, Hon. EDWARD F. MCDONALD, which I ask to lay before the Senate.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity be given for tributes to the memory of the Hon. EDWARD F. MCDONALD, late a Representative from the State of New Jersey.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent public and private virtues, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. MCPHERSON. I send to the desk resolutions which I desire to have read and considered.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. EDWARD F. MCDONALD, late a Representative from the State of New Jersey.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tributes may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the Secretary of the Senate to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That at the conclusion of these ceremonies the Senate stand adjourned.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCPHERSON, OF NEW JERSEY.

Mr. PRESIDENT: So frequently has the messenger of death invaded this and the other Chamber during the present Congress that we are deeply impressed with the thought that the paths of glory lead but to the grave. Again are we asked to pause in our legislative proceedings and pay a proper tribute of respect to the memory of a deceased brother.

Soon after the convening of Congress in December last I acquainted the Senate with the death of EDWARD FRANCIS MCDONALD, Representative from the Seventh Congressional district of New Jersey, who died on November 5, 1892, at his home in Harrison, N. J., in the forty-ninth year of his age. Mr. MCDONALD was born in Ireland, September 21, 1844, and while still young came to the United States with his parents and settled in New Jersey. On arriving at the proper age he received the common-school education of that time, and while yet under 16 years of age was apprenticed to a machinist, having developed great adaptability for mechanics.

On the termination of his apprenticeship, he set up in the same business for himself, following it with various interruptions till 1875. At the outbreak of the civil war in 1861, Mr. MCDONALD, though barely 17 years of age, joined the Seventh Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers, and was amongst the first to go to the front from that State. He served with credit under McClellan and Hooker in all the battles of the Peninsula and elsewhere, until disabled by a serious illness, and was honorably discharged.

After a long time spent in restoring his shattered constitution in the hospital and at his own home, he finally recovered and resumed his business pursuits. While he was interested

in the local politics of his country from the time he became a citizen, Mr. McDonald's political career may be truly said to have begun in 1874, when the electors of his district sent him to the State legislature as an assemblyman, in which capacity he served with much credit one term.

In 1877 he was selected as director at large of the board of chosen freeholders of his county, and served four years, being reëlected in 1879. During this time Mr. McDonald was also chosen by his fellow-townsmen for the position of town treasurer, which place he filled so much to the satisfaction of the people that he was elected to that office again and again, until, after ten years of continuous service therein, he declined further reëlection.

When the Presidential campaign of 1884 came on, the Democratic party (to which party he had always theretofore given his allegiance and support) called upon him to serve as one of their Presidential electors, a position rarely given to so young a man. To the surprise and regret of his party associates he promptly declined to serve in the position to which he had been nominated, believing as he did that the true interests of his State and the nation would be best conserved by the election of the late Benjamin F. Butler to the Presidency.

Independence in thought and action in respect of all matters, social or political, was one of his most prominent characteristics, and he followed the dictates of his own reason and judgment without any apparent thought of what the effect might be upon his chances for political preferment. Remaining in private life for several years, he again presented himself in 1889 as a candidate for public office, that of State senator, and was returned as elected; but on the convening of the legislature his election was contested, and for partisan reasons and purposes Mr. McDonald was unseated. However, at the meeting of the succeeding legislature this injustice was

corrected, his seat was restored to him, and he retained it until he resigned to take his seat in the House of Representatives, to which he had in the mean time been elected. At the beginning of the Fifty-second Congress, and while still a member of that body and also a candidate for reëlection to the same, his death occurred. He has departed. His term had not expired, but his name no longer is heard in the roll call of the House.

The State he loved and served with signal devotion has sent here no successor to occupy the seat he so worthily filled. Such, in brief, was Mr. McDonald's political career. Starting with a township office, he rose step by step to that of Congressman. An alien, and not favored by fortune, he conquered the accidents of birth, and, scaling every barrier, rose by successive steps to the highest station within the gift of the people of his district. The confidence and trust reposed in him by his constituents is best shown by the way in which they supported his candidacy to any office to which he aspired.

Frank, open-hearted, and generous to a fault, a friend as much in adversity as in prosperity, he possessed all the noble and sturdy qualities peculiar to the race from which he was descended, combined with a rare business ability drawn from his American education and surroundings. While a Roman Catholic in his religious belief, Mr. McDonald was most liberal in his contributions to all charitable objects, irrespective of any church; besides, in an unostentatious way, being the cause of happiness to many poor families.

Possessed of magnificent health and robust in build, he could stand work that would have been death to a less powerful man. Most particularly was this apparent in his political labors. The first gun fired in the campaign found him at his post; and whether working for his own political advance-

ment or the general party success, he was untiring in his efforts until the end of the campaign was reached.

In the late election he was a candidate for reëlection to the House of Representatives, but pneumonia carried him off almost at the very moment when success was about to crown his efforts, leaving a widow and several children to mourn the loss of a kind and loving husband and father, and regretted by a large circle of friends.

New Jersey greatly mourns the loss of her able and faithful servant in the wider field of duty to which he had been so recently called; and the Congress of the nation will have reason to feel and mourn the loss of one of its valued members who loved his country with an ardent devotion, and who sacrificed his life in the endeavor to promote the success of those principles which in his inmost heart and mind (and with all his strength) he conceived to be her true and best interests.

ADDRESS OF MR. BLODGETT, OF NEW JERSEY.

Mr. PRESIDENT: After a brief illness EDWARD F. MCDONALD, a Representative from the Seventh Congressional district of the State of New Jersey, died at his home in Harrison, N. J., on the 5th of November, 1892. In the prime of life, just when his sterling qualities were making him conspicuous among his fellow-men, "God's finger touched him and he slept."

Mr. MCDONALD was born in Ireland and came to this country when quite young. After finishing his studies in the public schools he learned the trade of a machinist, and followed that business until 1875. I first became acquainted with him about 1876, when he was following his daily avocation as a mechanic.

At that time the characteristics which were more prominently displayed in after life were visible in young MCDONALD.

He was a straightforward, honest, upright man. The people of his city, recognizing the worth of the young man, elected him as a member of the State legislature. He made a record in the general assembly as a careful, conservative, and able legislator, and it was in this position that he became so well and favorably known throughout his district. On his retirement from the legislature he was called upon to perform more important duties—duties that more particularly concerned the interests of his own city.

It was at a time when marked extravagance and a reckless expenditure of public moneys characterized the government of Hudson County, and the people of that county turned to Mr. McDONALD to save them from the corrupt administration of the county authorities and elected him director at large of the board of chosen freeholders of that county under a special law which invested the director with a veto power absolute in all matters pertaining to appropriations made by that board. So faithfully and well did he perform the duties of that office that he was reëlected from year to year until there no longer existed the necessity for the exercise of so great a power. He was elected in 1889 a member of the State senate from the county of Hudson. At that election the grossest frauds upon the elective franchise were perpetrated by men high in official station.

During the investigation that followed Mr. McDONALD bore himself with conspicuous fairness and frankness. No taint of suspicion attached to his name. Indeed, the result of the investigation so endeared him to the people of his county that he was nominated and triumphantly elected a member of the national House of Representatives, while his term of three years in the State senate was but half completed. The same industry and ability were displayed in the short time he represented his people in Congress, and he was just entering upon

a more brilliant career when he was called upon to pay the debt of nature.

In the death of Mr. McDONALD his family lost a devoted husband and a loving father, whose presence made home supremely happy; his neighbors a kind and courteous friend, whose warm heart and cordial hand always gave them sincere welcome; his district and State an able and industrious Representative, who was true to every trust.

He has gone from the cares and trials of this life to the crowning glories of eternity, but his memory will long live in the hearts of the people he represented so faithfully and well.

Mr. President, I move the adoption of the resolutions submitted by my colleague.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously; and (at 5 o'clock p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Thursday, February 16, 1893, at 11 o'clock a. m.

O

Hon. Francis B. Spinola.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. [illegible]

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

FRANCIS B. SPINOLA,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM NEW YORK,

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

THIRTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1893.

Hon. James A. Garfield

52D CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 102.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

FRANCIS B. SPINOLA,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM NEW YORK,

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1893.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the Hon. Francis B. Spinola, late a Representative from the State of New York, 8,000 copies, which shall include 50 copies to be bound in full morocco, to be delivered to the family of the deceased, and of those remaining, 2,600 copies shall be for the use of the Senate and 5,350 copies for the use of the House of Representatives; and the Secretary of the Treasury is directed to have engraved and printed a portrait of the said Francis B. Spinola to accompany said eulogies.

Agreed to in the House of Representatives July 29, 1892.

Agreed to in the Senate December 15, 1892.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

JANUARY 27, 1892.

Mr. COCKRAN, of New York. Mr. Speaker, it is with sincere sorrow that I announce the death of Hon. FRANCIS B. SPINOLA, a Representative from New York in the Fiftieth and Fifty-first Congresses and also a Representative-elect from that State, and my immediate predecessor. Later in the session I shall ask the House to take appropriate action in regard to his death.

I ask the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. FRANCIS B. SPINOLA, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to communicate a copy of these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

The question being taken, the resolutions submitted by Mr. Cockran were unanimously adopted; and in accordance therewith (at 4 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

EULOGIES

ADDRESS OF MR. COCKRAN, OF NEW YORK.

MARCH 26, 1892.

Mr. SPEAKER: I rise to move the adoption of a resolution expressing the feeling of profound sorrow with which this House has learned of the death of FRANCIS B. SPINOLA, late a member from New York.

The span of Gen. SPINOLA'S life, lasting as it did, some seventy years, covered a period of the deepest interest in the history of the world. Born during that period of torpor into which the world seemed to have sank at the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars, he reached man's estate about the time when the great inventions of the railway and telegraph began to multiply the activities of the human race and to broaden the boundaries of civilization.

He was always deeply interested in the development of our national institutions. At an early period of his career he took an active part in the political contests of his State. He was several times chosen by the people of his neighborhood an alderman of the city of Brooklyn, and subsequently he became a member of the senate of the State of New York.

When the country became plunged in the throes of civil war and the life of the nation was staked on an issue of arms he drew his sword in defense of the Federal Union.

When peace was restored he again became active in the public life of his State. He was several times elected to the State legislature from the city of New York, where he had fixed his residence after his retirement from the army, and in 1886 he was chosen a Representative in Congress and continued to serve as a member of the House to the end of his life.

During his long career he was always a vigorous fighter, but neither friend nor foe ever questioned his loyalty. He had many political opponents; he had no personal enemies.

With the doctrine of secession he would tolerate neither discussion nor compromise, but he regarded the civil war as ended when the last Confederate soldier had surrendered his arms. As his political opponents were his personal friends in private life, so the men whom he faced on the field of battle he regarded as his fellow-citizens and brothers after the restoration of peace.

Firm in his friendships, generous to his opponents, loyal to his party, faithful to the Union, diligent in the discharge of his public duties, his long career in the service of his country is fittingly crowned by the unanimity with which his memory is honored this afternoon by the Representatives of the Nation.

ADDRESS OF MR. CURTIS, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: In rising to support the resolutions of my friend from the Tenth district of New York [Mr. Cockran], in which he pays a deserved tribute to his predecessor in this House, Gen. SPINOLA, I shall confine myself to a general statement of his public services, making particular mention of two or three notable incidents in his career while in the civil service of his State and as an officer in the army battling for the preservation of the Federal Union. To others I leave the conge-

nial duty of commenting on the qualities he displayed and the services he performed while a member of this House.

FRANCIS B. SPINOLA was born in the county of Suffolk, State of New York, on the 19th day of March, 1821. His ancestry was of different races. His father was an Italian, and I have been told that he could have rightfully been a member of the societies of St. Patrick, St. Andrew, St. George, and St. Nicholas. Whether or not this be true, his mother was the daughter of an officer who served through the revolutionary war, and she gave to her son the wit, the sturdiness, the persistency, the loyalty, and the versatility of temperament characteristic of all these races. He received an academic education and entered upon business pursuits before attaining his majority. At 22 years of age he was elected an alderman and served five years in the common council of the city of Brooklyn; later he was elected to the board of supervisors of King's County, serving three years.

In 1853 he was elected to the New York assembly, continuing four terms, serving on important committees. In 1857 he was elected to the State senate; was reëlected and served four years. He was a member of the Democratic national convention which met in Charleston, S. C., and later in Baltimore, Md., in 1860. He was an earnest supporter of Douglas and contributed much by his persistent efforts and skillful management in securing his nomination to the Presidency. Gen. SPINOLA was the last survivor of the New York delegation to that convention. He joined, with many other members of his party in New York, irrespective of differences which had existed among them in the convention, in urging a union ticket to consist of representatives of each of the three candidates opposed to Lincoln.

The success of the Republican candidate was grievously disappointing to him, and he indicated in his positive and

uncompromising way his thorough dissatisfaction. He neglected no opportunity to declare his hostility to the incoming administration and his unyielding opposition to any and all political measures it might propose.

When the flag was struck at Sumter and the President issued his proclamation of April 15, 1861, calling for 75,000 men to uphold the Constitution, maintain the laws, and preserve the Federal Union, the legislature of New York was about completing its labors for final adjournment. Governor Morgan sent a message to the legislature advising the immediate enactment of measures to enable the State of New York to fill her quota under this call.

The bill for enrolling volunteers was introduced into the assembly, briefly discussed, and passed by an overwhelming majority the same afternoon. Great interest was felt in the action of the senate, which met in evening session, to consider the military bill. Soon after the bill had been reported from the committee having it in charge Senator FRANCIS B. SPINOLA took the floor; expectation ran high. It was not only what should be the response of New York to the President's requisition for more than one-sixth of the men called for, but the character of that response as indicated by this first act of the legislature, which would express the sentiment of the people of the Empire State respecting a vigorous prosecution of the war for the Union.

Senator SPINOLA was a strong man, a leader and organizer in his party, known to be stubbornly opposed to the Federal Administration. His refusal to support this measure would indicate opposition to a vigorous prosecution of the war or a divided sentiment among the masses of the great cities, whose voices at that time had not been heard. He could speak for them perhaps better than any man who occupied a seat on that floor. He commenced by denouncing the Republican party for

its errors, and to praise his own for its prudence, wisdom, and devotion to the welfare of the country, and said:

> War in any shape is a calamity, but more so when it assumes the shape of arraying brother against brother; but this is not the time for bandying words. War is upon us. The American flag for the first time has been torn down, and it remains for us to say whether it shall be allowed to trail or again wave in triumph. The Republicans by failing to agree upon a fair compromise, have brought this war upon us; but now that it is here, the Democrats are ready to fight the battles and fight as long as necessary. I believe that unless the request that has come from Washington is promptly responded to the President and his Cabinet will not occupy their positions in Washington on the Fourth of July. From this time onward you will not hear me say anything about party, but hereafter it will be my country.

And taking the Stars and Stripes from his desk, waved it in the senate chamber, declaring:

> This is my flag, which I will follow and defend.

The merchants, the bankers, the professional men in the great cities, and the masses of the people throughout the State had come forward and declared their determination to support the administration in its efforts to preserve the Federal Union. These words of Senator SPINOLA, more than the utterances of any other man in the senate, gave assurance that the masses in the great cities were devoted to the Union and ready to enlist for its defense. With a wisdom and foresight possessed by few he urged the raising of large levies and the making of prompt, vigorous preparations for active hostilities. The legislature adjourned the following day, and he returned to Brooklyn and gave his influence and exertions to the raising of troops for the Union Army.

Later he was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers by the President "for meritorious conduct in recruiting and organizing a brigade of four regiments and accompanying them to the field," an appointment unlike any other made during the war. In 1861 it was not uncommon for men to be appointed to high positions in the Army because of political consid-

eration or sectional interests. The effect of many of these appointments on the success of military operations was scarcely less disastrous than the effort would be futile of teaching mathematics by introducing geometry as the first text-book instead of numbers and the four ground rules of arithmetic.

Yet, in the case of Gen. SPINOLA, he entered upon the duties of a position, to the proper and efficient discharge of which preliminary training and experience had been regarded as absolutely necessary to success, with such natural aptitude for acquiring the science and skill of military art, that he was able to draw from his associates and superiors such high commendation as the following extracts from the official reports of the operations of the Third Army Corps on the 23d of July, 1863, will show. Gen. Henry Prince, commanding the Second Division of the Third Army Corps, reports:

At this juncture I received permission from corps headquarters to employ my division where I saw best. I then directed Brig. Gen. SPINOLA to march his brigade (The Excelsior) by the flank along the hollow, then in our view, winding to the front and center of the high ridge on which we stood, keeping on the lowest ground within it, and, on debouching from it by the left flank, to advance in line by his proper front up the hill he would find himself at the base of, and take it. This hill was the key of the ground occupied by the enemy's skirmishers.

The line of the Second Brigade (The Excelsior) made its appearance at the base of the hill between 5 and 6 p. m., and began to ascend before its right was clear of the hollow or ravine, which did not give it so fair a start as might otherwise have been; but nothing can transcend the gallantry with which it rose to the crest and drove the enemy from it. In the moment of this success a second crest of the same hill, 200 yards beyond the first and confounded with it until this time, came into view, behind which the enemy rose from his prone posture as thick as men can stand, opening a furious fire of musketry. At the same time a six-gun battery, still further beyond, opened with shell.

The severest part of the charge of the Excelsior Brigade was before it after taking the first crest, but without hesitation, with the determination of the Union soldier, and the fury of the hurricane, it took the second crest and exposed the enemy (scampering away from it) to fire while descending the one side of a deep, cleared hollow and climbing up the other.

The simple narrative of this infantry exploit, unaided by any other arm

of the service, is the most just commendation that can be made of those who performed it. It is impossible to mention their names. Brig. Gen. F. B. SPINOLA, United States Volunteers, while leading his brigade towards the second of the crests taken by it, fell, wounded in two places, severely, but not seriously.

Gen. J. H. Hobart Ward, commanding First Division, Third Army Corps, reports:

Gen. SPINOLA, commanding Second Brigade, Second Division, formed his troops in a ravine in front of the enemy's position, and charging them in magnificent style, drove them from the field in confusion, the major-general, commanding the corps, witnessing the whole operation. In this charge Gen. SPINOLA was twice wounded.

Maj. Gen. William H. French, commanding the Third Army Corps, reports:

The Excelsior Brigade was selected to carry out my orders, and moved rapidly to execute them. Descending the precipitous slopes of Wapping Heights, they were directed upon the valley which separated the series of knolls in our front, behind the principal of which the enemy, perceiving the object of the movement, concentrated. The brigade was at once deployed at the base of the knoll, and advanced upon the enemy. Halting for a moment upon the crest of the hill, the line rushed upon the enemy with the bayonet, giving cheer after cheer and driving him back in confusion out of the gap. Nothing could be more brilliant than the conduct of the officers and men in this affair, evincing fighting qualities of the highest order. Brig. Gen. SPINOLA, who led and commanded the brigade, was twice wounded.

This man of civil pursuits, without military education or experience in the field, at 42 years of age, entered upon the duties pertaining to high military rank, and so acquitted himself in active hostilities as to win the commendation of educated and experienced soldiers, thereby furnishing strong evidence that he had that genius for command which is not the province of schools to create, nor experience to establish, when the natural elements are wholly wanting. Gen. SPINOLA through life was in touch with all the elements of our democratic society. At all times a partisan in discussing questions of public concern, he, in the hour of supreme national peril, rose to the highest plane of patriotism and performed the

duties allotted to him with unselfish devotion. When the calm succeeded the storm he again took his place at the head of his partisan column and contended for the adoption of his political principles in the conduct of public affairs.

Self-educated, self-established in business pursuits, he entered the profession of the law, not with a view of practicing at the bar, but as the means of attaining greater efficiency in the performance of duties pertaining to public life. He filled the positions of alderman, supervisor, assemblyman, State senator, harbor-master, brigadier-general of volunteers, twice again in the New York assembly, and three times elected to Congress, covering most of the time from his majority to the day of his death. All but two of these—brigadier-general of volunteers and harbor-master—he attained by the suffrages of his neighbors, a proof of his popularity and ability. He had a striking individuality, which could be neither imitated nor disguised. He never lagged in the support of friends or principles, nor wearied in his contests with those from whom he differed.

ADDRESS OF MR. CUMMINGS, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: The old warrior was just threescore and ten. After living the time allotted to man he gave up the ghost. His stubborn spirit at last yielded to the inevitable. He died as he had lived, front to the foe. He faced death at the final hour as he had faced it on the field of battle—undaunted and without fear. His career had been long and conspicuous. He was familiar with the highways and boulevards of life. Its byways were not unknown to him, and he had trodden its most sinuous paths. Yet he had carried high his crest. His faculties were alert and resolute.

Asking no favors, he was always in battle array. Ambus-

cades could not unnerve him. Indeed, surprise was almost unknown to him. The inevitable alone could overpower him. He was ever on the attack. His defense was aggression. He invariably met an assault with an assault.

There was very little of the cavalier about him. He was a Roundhead Moss-trooper, ever on the foray. A rough rider, he was unyielding in discussion and merciless in retort. Adamantine in spirit, he was soldered into his opinions. It required more than logic to loosen him. He could be melted only by working the blowpipe of human sympathy. For, although positive in character and action, he was not misanthropic. There was a quaint phosphoric light in his intellectuality. It had the play if not the scope of an aurora. It enlivened his social relations and endeared him to his friends.

New acquaintances were warmed by the glow of his geniality. There was fire in his eyes, life in his gestures, and earnestness in his speech. His face indexed his character. Determination had done its work upon his features. It was the face of a warrior; yet the expression was tempered with good humor. The floor of the House seemed native to him. Long experience elsewhere had made him familiar with the paths of legislation. No trapper ever paced a mountain trail more confidently. Never did he falter for a word. A quick thinker when on his feet, his tongue kept pace with his brain.

Woe to those who interrupted him, for he handled the rapier and the claymore with equal facility. Once, and only once, standing in the shadow of the mace of the sergeant-at-arms, did he yield to the overbearing disposition of the Speaker. It was in the last hours of the Fifty-first Congress. Furious at his headlong assault, the Speaker mounted the steps, brushed aside the temporary occupant of the chair, brought down the gavel, and peremptorily ordered his ruthless assailant to take his seat. Sullenly and with a look of

defiance he obeyed. The assault had been made because the old warrior had been refused recognition to call up a bill providing for the erection of a monument over the bones of the martyrs of the British prison ships. There was Revolutionary blood in the old man's veins. In early life he had seen the wrecked timbers of one of these floating hells, and had heard details of the cruelties from the lips of the soldiers of the Revolution.

Patriotic to the core, Gen. SPINOLA was a true Democrat. He stood upon the Constitution, and upheld the rights of the States. An ardent advocate of home rule, he was the implacable foe of centralization. He was devoted to the interests of the many rather than to the interest of the few, but he never allowed the interests of the many to trespass upon the rights of the few. He championed the rights of labor, and resisted the encroachments of monopolies. Never robbing others of their rights, he was jealous of his own privileges and prerogatives. He was of the people and for the people. He asked no more for his constituents than he was willing to give to others. He was as broad as his country. While deprecating extravagance in public expenditures, he advocated liberal appropriations for the development of its resources and for internal improvements. He did not believe in tying the arteries of trade with a protective tariff. He believed that commerce was the life of all nations, and that it took charge of the interests, the movements, and the intercourse of all mankind. Its restriction drained the lifeblood of the great city which he in part represented. It impoverished the people and enriched the trusts.

Sir, no more thorough political partisan than my late colleague ever breathed. He loved his party as he loved his country, and he loved his country as he loved his life. In his party he believed he saw the only party of the people. He

loved its leaders as he loved his tried friends. Its enemies were his enemies. Entire devotion to the party organization was his rule of political life. The Mugwump he regarded as an unclean bird—a harpy that reveled in the feast uninvited, and defiled every dish that it touched.

To act in public affairs seemed to be a passion with him. For more than a quarter of a century he represented either New York or Brooklyn in legislative assemblies.

Indeed he may be said to have belonged to public life for a much longer period, for he was an active worker in political organizations which had an essential influence upon public affairs since his boyhood. He had neared his manhood when Gen. Jackson went out of office. When the Albany Regency was at its zenith his was a prominent figure in the primary elections. The regency was a voluntary association of distinguished Democrats whose determination in party affairs was generally accepted without question. It embraced such names as William L. Marcy, Martin Van Buren, Azariah C. Flagg, and Edwin Crosswell. It was considered by far the most influential political body in the United States. It never assumed to dictate, nor did it claim the slightest political authority. Its strength lay in the sagacity of its suggestions.

Young SPINOLA, although at first a Whig, was undoubtedly conversant with its power and influence. It left its impress upon his political career. In after days his contests were waged in strict accordance with its desires. When it waned and Tammany came to the front, he joined that organization. He was conspicuous in its mass meetings and at its councils. His heart was enwrapped in Tammany. Never from the day he entered it to the day of his death, did he swerve from his fealty. It is easy from this to work out the sum of his political faith and action. It is comprised in the words Democracy and discipline. No other crown did he ask; no other exaltation did he desire.

Mr. Speaker, I knew FRANCIS B. SPINOLA for thirty years. He once told me that he was of Italian lineage. Italy is a land that has been tempest-tossed by war and passion even as its great founder is said to have been tossed by land and sea. Since the fifth century its history has been divided into eight periods. Each has been one of tumult. It is the land of the pomegranate and the vine, of beautiful skies, of love, of poetry, of painting and of sculpture. It was there that the lights of ancient literature went out, and there that the renaissance began before the last rays had faded from the horizon. It was an Italian who gave the Old World a new world; It was an Italian who brought countless worlds within our view.

I know not from what particular family our friend sprang, but there were traces of Rienzi, Masaniello, Savonarola, and of the Montagues and Capulets in his composition. Even Machiavelli had left his mark. One characteristic, however, was preëminent. The Italian loves Italy as the land of his birth. SPINOLA loved America with an Italian devotion. Her flag was as precious to him as the *fleur de lis* to a Bourbon or the cloak of the prophet to a Mohammedan. He drank from a perennial spring of patriotism. It was the spirit of his fathers in the Revolution.

Mr. Speaker, thrice since the dawn of the new year have I addressed the House on occasions of this kind. Circumstances have required it. It is by no means a duty to be coveted. Yet no one should shrink from it. It does seem to me that when a member is dropped from the roll of the living, something definite should be said to show what manner of man he was. With this object in view, I have paid this tribute to my dead friend.

As a companion he was sociable and entertaining. As a soldier he was vigilant, intrepid, and amenable to discipline. As a legislator he was watchful, industrious, and energetic.

As a man he was far above the average. His friendships were warm, and his enmities bitter. His domestic relations were extremely pleasant. He not only gloried in being a Democrat, but in being a Tammany Democrat. At all times and under all circumstances he was its champion, armed to defend it. He believed the organization necessary to the success of his party, and the success of his party essential to the public welfare.

What others and what I have said, in my opinion make up the man as he lived, and it is by no means a moderate distinction.

ADDRESS OF MR. WHEELER, OF ALABAMA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Our revered and honored brother who has passed away was one of the members of this body whose lives extended back toward the beginning of the history of our country as one of the nations of the earth. Though not an old man, he was one of the few who touched elbows with the heroes of the Revolution; and his associations during his long and eventful life were with the men who made New York the great metropolis of the world. In everything pertaining to that city Gen. SPINOLA took a most commendable pride. We all remember his eloquent speech in this House when he recounted the boyish awe and admiration with which he regarded the brave men who fought from Lexington and Concord, in 1775, to the final victory at Yorktown in 1781—men to whose patriotism and courage we owe the Government under which we live.

Although very young at the time, he was one of the procession that marched with uncovered heads, bearing upon their shoulders the remains of the victims of the British prison ships from their temporary resting-place to their final entombment

at Fort Greene, in Brooklyn. These ceremonies most vividly revived the historical associations connected with the occasion when the representatives of the thirteen States met in New York and conveyed these remains from the graves on the coast where they had been hastily buried by the British.

As the gentleman who has just taken his seat spoke of the interest that Gen. SPINOLA took in these patriots, it would not be improper for me to recall some of the facts concerning these martyred prisoners of Wallabout Bay. I read, Mr. Speaker, from a work published by the Tammany Society in 1808. This is a precious volume, only 115 copies having been published. In describing the prison ships, it says:

> Suffice it to state merely that during the Revolution the British had stationed at the Wallabout, Long Island, nearly opposite the city of New York, a number of prison ships, on board of which it was the fate of those Americans who had become prisoners of war to be placed. The principal of these was the Jersey, the remains of whose hulk are still to be seen on the Long Island shore—

And that was the ship the gentleman from New York mentioned had been seen by Gen. SPINOLA—

> the John, the Scorpion, the Strombolo, and the Hunter. From these floating dungeons, the hearts of whose keepers must indeed have delighted in the "luxury of woe," the bodies of our countrymen, having gone through the preparatory stages of suffering and death, were taken on shore at the Wallabout and thrown scarcely beneath the surface.

It is impossible to learn with accuracy from any records the number of men whose lives were destroyed by the brutal and inhuman treatment which was inflicted upon the prisoners in these vessels. The report which I have before me says:

> It is ascertained, however, with as much precision as the nature of the case will admit, that upwards of eleven thousand died on board the Jersey alone.

With the 70,000,000 people we have in the United States to-day, with the stupendous war of 1861-'65 fresh in our minds, during which the Federal Government placed 2,859,132 men under arms within the short period of four years, we are apt

not to appreciate the full meaning of the death, on one ship alone, of 11,000 prisoners, taken from the small army which was contending for our liberties. The report of the Secretary of War, May 10, 1790, shows that the number of troops, including Continental soldiers and the militia, enlisted during the war of the Revolution averaged but 43,000—at some periods a few more and at other periods less.

From other sources I find that the number actually killed in battle during the Revolution was but 2,200. We therefore see that the number of men, many of whom were actually murdered on the Jersey, was one-fourth the strength of the army, and exceeded by fivefold the number killed in action in all the battles of the war. The heroic spirit of our departed friend was not the first to appreciate the nobility of these martyrs, but that honor belongs to the ancient and honorable society of which he was a prominent member. Nearly ninety years ago the Tammany Society prepared a memorial to Congress, which was presented to that body on February 10, 1803, by the very distinguished Samuel L. Mitchell, then a Representative and afterwards a Senator from the State of New York.

After stating that John Jackson, esq., had tendered an eligible piece of land as a place of solemn depository for these victims, the memorial says:

> If the ancient Grecian republics—if Athens, the noblest of them all—raised columns, temples, and pyramids to commemorate those who fell in the fields of Marathon and Platæ in defense of their country, can America be backward, and yet just, in paying her tribute of respect to the memories of citizens who, equally patriotic and meritorious, perish less splendidly in the presence of unheeded want and cruel pestilence.

The memorial to Congress, which is too long for me to read in its entirety, then proceeds:

> Without trespassing further on the time of your honorable House, we would briefly suggest that after preparing a decent tomb, where the precious relics of these victims for the nation may rest undisturbed and sacred until the Great Spirit has decreed the resuscitation of the dead and the

final consummation of all things, we would wish to see erected some monument that may endure the rage of time; neither lofty, nor sumptuous, nor magnificent, but which may, nevertheless, inform future ages, "Here lies the remains of an immense multitude of men who, preferring death to the sacrifice of their honor and the fidelity they owed to their country, perished in the prison ships at New York."

It appears that Congress did not make an appropriation, and as far as I can learn there was no bill introduced, and no action at that time taken further than the presentation of the memorial, an extract from which I have read. In the mean time, however, John Jackson executed a deed conveying the land to the Tammany Society; and in 1808 Mr. Jackson, as chairman, and Benjamin Romaine, the grand sachem of the Tammany Society, perfected arrangements for removing the bodies from the shore to the place selected, which, as the account says, Mr. Jackson had adorned by "planting trees of of an appropriate description."

When the preparations were completed there was witnessed one of the greatest exhibitions of patriotic feeling ever exhibited in this country. On page 81, in giving an account of the proceedings on that occasion, we find these words:

The detachment of artillery filed off and took post on a hill adjacent to the place of interment. The colors being planted and the company of marines having taken their station, Benjamin Romaine, grand sachem of the Tammany Society, accompanied by the Master Builders and the Tammany committee, performed the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the vault. The eye of every spectator was anxiously turned upon the scene. The most profound silence prevailed. It was a moment big with patriotic and exalted and enthusiastic feeling. It seemed that the recollections and sensibilities of America were concentrated, and that the debt of gratitude to the memory of 11,000 of our brave but unfortunate defenders, which it belonged to the nation to discharge, was about to be canceled.

The following is the inscription upon the stone:

In the name of the spirits of the Departed Free. Sacred to the memory of that portion of American seamen, soldiers, and citizens who perished on board the Prison Ships of the British at the Wallabout during the Revolution.

There was also engraved on the corner stone these words:

This is the corner stone of the vault erected by the Tammany Society or Columbian Order, which contains their remains. The ground for which was bestowed by John Jackson, Nassau Island, season of blossoms. Year of the discovery the 316th, of the institution the 19th, and of American independence the 32d, April 6, 1808.

Mr. Joseph D. Fay, a member of the Tammany Society, and a distinguished lawyer of the city of New York, was appointed the orator of the day.

In describing the suffering of these men, he says:

But the sufferings of those unfortunate Americans whom the dreadful chances of war had destined for the prison ships were far greater than any which have been told. In that deadly season of the year when the dog star rages with relentless fury, when a pure air is specially essential to life, and even the bosom of indolent ease pants to catch it from the "turret and the hill," the British locked their prisoners, after long marches, in the dungeons of a ship infected with contagion and reeking with the filth of crowded captives, dead and dying. In vain did the terrified prisoner remonstrated and beg for pity; he was hurled alive without mercy into this nauseous grave, and no reasoning, no praying could obtain from his stern tyrants the smallest alleviation of his fate. Yet there was one condition upon which he might be spared the tortures of this slow but certain death, and that was enlistment in the service of the enemy.

It was this hallowed resting-place of our martyrs which was visited by our friend in his boyish days. It was here he imbibed those patriotic inspirations which became part of his life and so remained until his death.

And I read these, Mr. Speaker, because I remember the night when Gen. SPINOLA made a speech in this Hall asking that an appropriation should be made to commemorate these martyrs by a suitable monument. He described the cruelty of the British officer Fraser, in South Carolina, to his prisoners, and read a description of their sufferings with a fervor which could only have come from that great-hearted and chivalrous man.

He read the insulting offer of the British officer, inviting his prisoners to join with the enemies of their country and

their noble response, and then quoted the language of the officer, who said:

"Go then," said this officer to these martyrs of the prison ships, "go to your dungeons in the prison ships, where you shall perish and rot. But first let me tell you that the rations which have been hitherto allowed to your wives and children shall from this moment cease forever, and you shall die assured that they are starving in the public streets and that you are the authors of their fate."

A sentence so terribly awful appalled the firm soul of every listening hero. A solemn silence followed the declaration. They cast their wondering eyes one upon the other, and valor for a moment was suspended between love of family and love of country. Love of country at length rose superior to every other consideration and, moved by one impulse, this glorious band of patriots thundered in the astonished ears of their persecutors: "The prison ships and death or Washington and our country."

In closing his oration the Tammany orator said:

On this day we lay the corner stone of their tomb. Their ashes hitherto have been blown about like "summer's dust in the whirlwind," but the marble column shall rest on this spot and tell to future ages the story that they had to choose death or slavery, and that they nobly elected the former. Perhaps their spirits are this moment on the wings of the wind, hovering over our heads and smiling on the pious tributes we now humbly pay to their memories. In this sepulcher shall their white bones be gathered. It shall overlook the scene of their probation, and be at once a monument to American gratitude and of English barbarity. The curious mariner shall point at it in silent admiration as he passes at a distance, and posterity shall call it the tomb of the patriots.

The devotion of Gen. SPINOLA to the memory of these patriots justifies, I think, my recalling these scenes and ceremonies.

Could it have been possible for any one to have read of these patriotic proceedings or to have heard them recounted by any one who witnessed them, without having the fires of patriotism kindled in his heart? They found a ready response in the heart of young SPINOLA, and the inspiration which then took possession of him remained warm and bright until the day of his death.

It was very natural that these impressions, made upon his mind in early youth, should have crowded upon him with renewed

strength in his later years and stimulated him in his efforts to induce Congress to honor these patriots by erecting a monument to commemorate their heroic endurance and to mark their graves. The highest type of manhood, nobility, and chivalrous generosity himself, he could not but admire such qualities in these heroes of the past.

As I first learned to know and esteem Gen. SPINOLA when he entered this Hall, I shall leave to others who knew him throughout his long and noble life to tell of his great services to the Empire State, to whose honor and interests that entire life was devoted. Whether as a statesman or a soldier his services were in the highest degree honorable and eminent. As a State senator of New York, and as one of the ablest Representatives of that State in this Hall, he was ever ready with his great ability and irresistible fervor to defend the traditions, the honor, and the interests of the imperial Commonwealth he loved so well. Every member of this House was impressed with Gen. SPINOLA'S positive characteristics. He possessed the courage of his convictions to a degree seldom found among men. His strong and well-balanced mind fathomed every question, and after divining what his judgment approved as the right course no power on earth could swerve or shake his determination.

As a general on the field of battle no officer of the Army of the Potomac achieved greater distinction than Gen. SPINOLA for bravery and determined courage. In battle after battle, though often wounded, yet always undaunted, he led his troops with an intrepidity which won for him the applause of his army and his country. From the beginning of the war until its close his fortune, his services, and his life were all freely offered to the cause he had espoused; they were all, without a reservation, laid upon the altar of his country.

Inspired by the unparalleled devotion of the patriots of the

Revolution, his whole soul yearned to emulate the example set by them for the imitation of the true men of future generations, and to keep alive that spirit of devotion to country which made it possible for our forefathers to achieve our independence. Would that these patriots could look from their sacred graves and behold the spirit which animated them so beautifully and forcibly exemplified in the character and career of the one whose virtues we have assembled here to commemorate.

ADDRESS OF MR. GEISSENHAINER, OF NEW JERSEY.

Mr. SPEAKER: Again the undiscovered country calls us to its frontiers, bids us offer an affectionate farewell, and to draw the pall upon the bier of another brother who has gone to become a participant in its hidden mysteries; mysteries in which the promised glories are to be revealed, the cherished hopes to be fulfilled, and the weary traveler to find an eternal rest; mysteries which bring reward to life well spent and place the faithful nearer to his God; mysteries which fulfill the evidence of things unseen and realize the substance of things hoped for.

This undiscovered country can not be entered without the summons of that grim messenger whose duty it is to recruit the army of the shadow world. His summons is one of peace to those prepared to receive and enter the happy life beyond, where no places can be desolated and no firesides made vacant. His summons, often rather a kindly invitation, is made to young and old alike; to the new-born infant and to the one whose mete of years is full. To all he comes; his imperative command exempts no strength or degree of life. National halls oppose no barrier to his approach. To the last Congress he appeared fifteen times, reserving our late brother to close the list.

Throughout this capital city are noted many places wherefrom our public servants have been bidden. Within the sound of this very Chamber is marked the spot whence one who had occupied the most exalted station in the people's gift was suddenly called away.

Again this House is assembled to offer the homage of reverent memory to one who gathered with us here. His bier is now before us and we have come to lay upon it with gentle hands, as the last tribute permitted us to offer, flowers of tender regard and jewels of affectionate friendship. We too would come to deposit our humble testimonial, not hoping that it will increase but simply mingle with the sweet odors already breathing there.

During the several years we were sheltered beneath the same roof it was permitted us to enjoy more than a casual acquaintance with the venerable brother and thus to know him as he was and understand his nature.

He had long served the people of his State in legislative halls, and comprehended them and their requirements. This knowledge enabled him to serve them here in his latter years, where no desire of theirs remained unsatisfied. Beneath a brusqueness was hidden the earnestness and devotion which characterized his labors.

Gen. SPINOLA had served his country and exposed himself to the dangers of the battlefield. He bore with much discomfort the wounds received at Wapping Heights, where he successfully made a brilliant charge against an outnumbering force that was protected by a stone wall and supported by artillery. It was, probably, owing to the wounds received in this gallant affray that Gen. SPINOLA'S life was shortened. From his military experience he seems to have acquired that untiring persistency with which he ever advocated the cause of the veteran.

The great ambition of his Congressional life was to secure

the erection of a monument to the heroes of the hulk-ships martyrs, whose bones after bleaching long upon the sands were placed by private hands within a vault near Wallabout Bay; a generous but unfitting tomb for remains of men as brave and true as they had been.

In this connection many will remember Gen. SPINOLA'S untiring exertions. At all times, in season and out of season, he left no means untried to accomplish what patriotism had thus far failed to perform.

No martyr monument was to be a laurel for the General, but his efforts to secure its erection will be ever borne in mind. The last words he uttered in this Chamber were in its behalf. And yet a monument stands to his memory, in the erection of which a pension was obtained for a once prominent political opponent and an unjustly sullied reputation vindicated.

Gen. SPINOLA had served two terms in this House and was entering upon a third. Here, being gifted with a keen sense of humor, he often by his apt sayings and quick repartees restored the sunshine and drove away the lowering clouds. With unswerving allegiance to his party household he warmly resented unkind allusions and manifested the value of a friendship that stands unshaken amid the raging storms. Yet no one took offense, and his peculiarities in speech, manner, and in attire served only the more to endear him to his colleagues of both sides. Of genial, kindly, social disposition, he made and had no personal enemies. To the coterie that gathered about him during the evenings everyone was welcome. To rekindle the camp fires and fight anew the battles was a favorite subject whenever the distinguished war governor of Pennsylvania came in their midst. They recalled the end of others and looked upon fleeting time with no fearing eyes. There came a time when the tales were almost told.

Gradually the veteran drew near the age around which the

river winds. His days began to wane and were as flowers that close at set of sun. Upon the river bank he lingered waiting to cross to the beauteous groves beyond, and at length there came to him in a ripe old age the realization of the last words of Gen. Stonewall Jackson: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

ADDRESS OF MR. CAMPBELL, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: I rise to participate in these sad services, realizing the great responsibility and aware of the lack of ability on my part to do justice to the memory, virtues, and statesmanship of our deceased friend and brother, Gen. FRANCIS SPINOLA. However, I ask you to bear with me and make allowance for my imperfections, and to accept the assurance that but for the love I have for his memory, I would not venture upon such a task. He is dead, and all that is left of him is the small particle of clay which lies cold and silent in the tomb. It is hard to think we will never hear his ringing voice again in this Hall. He is not dead—his spirit lives—it is abroad. A man dies, but his memory lives. His life, character, and virtues will always be cherished by and live in the hearts of his friends until they become no more.

Men of his character and fame never die. How few there are who loved him in life that do not mourn him in death, realizing all that was great and kind in his character—a citizen and a soldier of the purest manhood, his every undertaking was a triumph. In faith, in feeling, in practice, in all the ardent aspirations of his soul, FRANCIS B. SPINOLA was a Demcrat of the purest Jeffersonian type. It was impossible indeed from the very nature of his moral and intellectual organization that it should be otherwise.

Sprung from the people, with the most delicate appreciation of their inherent rights, with the liveliest solicitude for their individual happiness and social prosperity, with an abounding confidence in their capacity to control their own affairs, and detesting from the innermost depths of his being everything savoring of unfairness, inequality, or oppression, his highest ideal of political organization was a government of the people, by the people, and for the people—a government instituted for the benefit of the governed, and not for the aggrandizement of the governing class, a government so administered as to secure equal and exact justice to all with exclusive privileges to none. Of his religious views he rarely spoke, and then only with his most intimate friends. He preferred to exhibit the principles of his creed in his practice instead of proclaiming his sentiments from the house top. They were too sacred for the coarse ribaldry of the vulgar scoffer.

But those who lived nearest to his heart and were permitted to look in upon the secret chamber of his inner life found there not only the pleasing longing after immortality which filled the soul of the ancient philosopher, but the most serious and childlike faith in the full realization of that Heaven-sent hope through the priceless promises of the gospel.

FRANCIS B. SPINOLA was born at Stony Brook, Long Island, March 19, 1821; was educated at the Quaker Hill Academy in Dutchess County, New York; was five times elected an alderman, three times elected supervisor of the county of Kings, served six years as member of the assembly of the State of New York, and four years as a senator; was appointed brigadier-general October, 1862, for meritorious conduct in recruiting and organizing a brigade of four regiments and accompanying them to the field; was honorably discharged from the service, August, 1865, after having been twice wounded; was a delegate to the

Democratic national convention which met in the city of Charleston in the spring of 1860.

Gen. SPINOLA'S death leaves Mr. Hugh McLaughlin, his colleague, the last survivor of the great body of distinguished Democrats that represented the Empire State in that convention. Gen. SPINOLA was elected a member of the Fiftieth and Fifty-first Congresses, and also reëlected to the Fifty-second. Married in early life, he was blessed with a companion who went with him in all his trials and rejoiced in all his triumphs. She was in full sympathy with all his intellectual exertions. A sympathetic nation joins in her sorrow for her illustrious dead.

Gen. SPINOLA loved his country with the fervor which should characterize a patriot whose ancestors had fought in the Revolution; his grandfather had drawn the sword of a captain in that glorious struggle. What his father fought for and established he maintained. His voice and pen were both dedicated to the institutions of his country. The perpetuation of constitutional government was the aspiration of his youth, the aim of his most vigorous manhood, and the solicitude of his declining years. The mad passions of sectional hate never burned in his bosom, the unmanly utterance of sectional prejudice never polluted his tongue.

Our flag was emblematic to him of one country and one people. The brightness of each star and the whiteness of each stripe told him of a great Government where every State had a right to administer its domestic concerns in its own way, yet where all the States were cemented together in the bond of constitutional union for the general welfare and the common good. He ever contended for the observance of the Constitution. He was always found in the ranks, or rather in the lead of those who struggled to maintain the rights of men. He took high rank in whatever field of intellectual labor he entered. Whether we view him as a student or statesman

he was the same—strong in intellect, eloquent in speech, warm in his friendship.

Mr. Speaker, when another century shall have passed away, when the State of his birth shall have attained 10,000,000 population and the city of his adoption shall have become the metropolis of the world, as it is now the metropolis of the continent, when the glorious Republic shall have a quarter of a billion of people and the student of history looks back to the first century of national existence, whenever his mind lingers to revel in the delights of literature or of deeds of men, FRANCIS B. SPINOLA will be recognized as among those who loved his country and his race.

And, Mr. Speaker, I hope and pray that his soul is at peace with God, and while his body lies in its own beloved Greenwood, his friends will keep him green in their hearts.

ADDRESS OF MR. BELDEN, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is with feelings of sadness in common with my colleagues that I join in their tributes to our deceased friend, FRANCIS B. SPINOLA. We cherish his many virtues and qualities, which time only can efface from the minds of those who knew him so well in this life. Nothing but the love I have for his memory would induce me to speak now. My acquaintance with FRANCIS B. SPINOLA began more than thirty years ago, and from the time I first met him until his death we were friends. I remember him at the close of the session of the senate of New York when he spoke so earnestly on the bill to appropriate $10,000,000 for the defense of the Union. Those who witnessed that closing session will never forget the enthusiasm of both branches of the legislature, of both parties, at the firing of the first gun on Fort Sumter.

Gen. SPINOLA loved his country with intense enthusiasm. He was ready to maintain and risk his life for the Union which his ancestors had fought for in the Revolution.

His grandfather was a captain in Washington's army, and remained such during the entire war.

FRANCIS B. SPINOLA was born at Stony Brook, Long Island, in March, 1821. He remained there until he was 10 years of age, and was then sent to the Quaker Hill Academy at Poughkeepsie, where he remained for five years; he then came to New York, as many farmer's sons have done, to enter on a new career. His life, from the time he came to the great city, was a busy one. He was elected five times as an alderman, three times to the assembly, and three times as a senator to the legislature of the State of New York.

In the war of the rebellion he commanded a brigade of volunteers, and at Suffolk, Va., in 1863, when he was wounded; and the wounds there received were really the cause of his death.

At the close of the war he returned to the city he loved and engaged in mercantile pursuits. Afterward, entering again into political life, he was honored by his party with an election in the Fiftieth, Fifty-first, and Fifty-second Congresses.

He was a delegate to the Charleston Democratic convention of 1860, and one of the few survivors at the time of his decease of that memorable assemblage, which ended in the disruption of the Democratic party and which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln and the downfall of slavery.

Gen. SPINOLA was a friend and associate of Stephen A. Douglas, Governor Seymour, Chief-Justice Sanford E. Church, Dean Richmond, and other eminent men who have passed over to the silent majority.

It is a consolation to his friends to know that in his illness and last hours he was surrounded by his loving family, soothed and sustained, while his soul was passing to his Maker.

ADDRESS OF MR. HOOKER OF MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. SPEAKER: I had the pleasure first to meet our deceased brother, in honor of whom these obsequies are held in the House to-day, in the Fiftieth Congress, to which he was elected a member, as I was myself. With great propriety the then distinguished Speaker of the House [Mr. Carlisle], in assigning Gen. SPINOLA to a suitable sphere of duties on the committees of the House, placed him on the Military Committee. I had the honor to serve on that same committee, and thus it chanced that we were thrown intimately together during the period of that Congress.

I say that he was appropriately placed upon that committee, because during the war he led the life of a military man. He had exhibited great devotion to the side upon which he enlisted. His whole heart and soul and mind and life were devoted to the cause. And yet he was one of those liberal men who wore the blue during that contest between the States who understood that when that war terminated it terminated by a capitulation between the contending forces; and he not only bore no ill-will to the men against whom he fought and who fought against him, but he recognized that the surrender of Lee to Grant was upon given, express terms, and that the surrender of Johnston in North Carolina to Sherman was the same, except that it was upon terms more favorably expressed.

Those terms were that the men who wore the gray in that conflict should lay down their arms, retire to their homes, and yield obedience to the laws of the Government; and in return the distinguished leaders of the Union Army stipulated that they should receive the protection of the laws of the Government. Gen. SPINOLA well understood that those were the

terms of the capitulation, and therefore, when the war was over, he gave the right hand of fellowship to the men who had been in conflict against him.

It was my fortune to be one of those contending on the other side, whom he did the honor to call his friends; and, Mr. Speaker, although I only returned to the city on yesterday, after an absence of some days, I do not feel that it would be proper for me to permit this occasion to pass without paying my humble tribute, in addition to that which his distinguished colleagues have appropriately paid in more elaborate addresses. I deem it my duty, therefore, to say something in reference to what I knew of our departed brother, and to bear my testimony, in common with those who have expressed it in more formulated style, to the manner in which he demeaned himself as a legislator in these halls.

His advent here was marked by a recognition of the distinguished services which he had rendered in former legislative bodies of which he was a member. As has been well said by his colleagues, he had been distinguished for his services, and, as was fittingly said by the gentleman from New York who last spoke [Mr. Belden], he had been long known and distinguished in both houses of the legislature of the great Empire State for the same character of ability which he manifested here. Gen. SPINOLA was an earnest man; he was an honest man; he was a zealous man; he was an outspoken man; he was a man who came to the front whenever the party to which he was attached was imperiled, and yet a man who, when his country was imperiled, could forget his party and rise to the dignity of the higher duty which devolved upon him as a patriot. His career has been spoken of by a friend of his, who gave me a simple memorandum containing a statement of its chief features, and I may be permitted therefore to read from that memorandum a brief epitome of the life of Gen. SPINOLA.

He was born at Stony Brook, Long Island, on March 19, 1821; was educated at Quaker Hill Academy in Dutchess County, New York; was five times elected an alderman, three times a supervisor; served six years as a member of the assembly of the State of New York, and four years as a senator; was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers, October 25, 1862, for meritorious conduct in recruiting and organizing a brigade of four regiments and accompanying them to the field. He was honorably discharged from the service in August, 1865, after having been twice wounded during his military service. He was a delegate to the Democratic convention which met at Charleston in the spring of 1860; was elected to the Fiftieth Congress; was reëlected to the Fifty-first Congress, and was also reëlected to this, the Fifty-second Congress.

This is a brief statement of the public positions which he held; and when he came here he took rank in this high arena of debate with the oldest and the most experienced members. He brought to bear that element of character in a legislator and a debater which I consider more important than the power of oratory. The old orator of Latin days said that oratory consisted of "action," "action," "action." If I might be so bold as to venture upon a correction of the definition of the word from so high a source, I should say that true oratory consists in earnestness, earnestness, earnestness. And it was this element which emphatically tinged every feature of the character of Gen. SPINOLA. He was an efficient member of the committee to which he belonged, a faithful representative of the constituency which he had the honor so ably to represent here. Though oftentimes feeble in health, he was always found at his post of duty when in the city, constantly in his seat as a Representative here, constantly in attendance upon the meetings of his committee; and no man fulfilled the duties of

a Representative with a truer sense of the responsibility to his constituency than did Gen. SPINOLA.

It has been referred to by my eloquent friend from Alabama [Mr. Wheeler] who spoke in commemoration of my friend, Gen. SPINOLA, that there was one subject to which he seemed particularly devoted, one topic upon which he never tired of speaking, one cause that to him was dearer than all others. It was the cause of the dead. Most men who speak, speak for the applause of the living. Most men who speak are doing so because they have a constituency who are to respond to their addresses. He spoke for those who had been buried for a century, who had died in the prison ships of the British Government off the island upon which he lived. He spoke in able and earnest terms. He gave a history of the manner in which those men had lost their lives.

He stated in his speech and in the report of which he was the author, a report made from the Military Committee, to which he belonged, that the loss of life on the British prison ships in the war of the Revolution was absolutely greater than the loss in all the battles both by sea and land in that seven years war. It was a memorable thing, and he felt that the country owed a debt of gratitude to those who had suffered and died in this cause. He pointed in the speech which he made to the fact that we were making suitable provision for those who had survived the war between the States, by granting them pensions; that we give pensions to the widows and children of those who perished in that war. Then he said, here are 11,000 men whose bones lie bleaching on the shores of Long Island, near the bay where the prison ships of the British were anchored during the war of the Revolution. Some generous-hearted people in Brooklyn had gathered those bones together and given then decent interment.

He gave a history of the case, and appealed to the Congress

of the United States, while they were paying pensions to the living, to the survivors of the Revolution and the war of 1812 and of the war between the States, that a common sentiment of justice, of humanity, of love for those who had perished in those prison ships in the war which gave birth to the Republic ought to animate the Congress of the United States to make a simple donation of $50,000, which was all he asked.

I remember, as he arose from his seat just in front of the Speaker, that he addressed the House with so much earnestness upon this subject that his appeal was so powerful that every man in the Hall listened to him. And I believe that had he survived and been a member of this Congress the stern energy, the devoted patriotism which characterized him, would have eventually crowned his efforts with success. I can not pay his memory a higher tribute than by reading from the Record of the Fiftieth Congress what he had to say when that bill was under consideration. I hope, therefore, that the members of the House will bear with me while I turn to the Record to recall the words in which he expressed himself. I read from pages 6559–60 of the Congressional Record of July 10, 1888:

Mr. SPINOLA. Mr. Speaker, history establishes the fact that there were more lives sacrificed in the prison ships in which the British confined the prisoners of the American Revolution than were lost in all the battles of that war. Eleven thousand and five hundred were sacrificed, men who had their liberty at command on any day when they would consent to abandon the cause of the colonies and enter the British Army. There was no one day during their long confinement and suffering but the provost guard approached them and offered them their freedom if they would embrace the British cause; and, to the credit of twenty thousand American patriots who suffered on board those prison ships, there never was but a single one who betrayed his country and left his associates and joined the British service. [Applause.] Now, sir, I will ask attention for a minute or two while I read from the history of the Wallabout prison ships and the martyrs who died there.

I will cite one case where the British had captured a company of American soldiers in South Carolina, and the Hessian captain who commanded the enemy offered those men their freedom if they would go into the British service. Said he, after they had refused his offer:

"Go, then, to your dungeons in the prison ships where you shall perish and rot. But first let me tell you that rations which have been hitherto allowed to your wives and children shall from this moment cease forever, and you shall die assured that they are starving in the public streets, and that you are the authors of their fate."

That was the declaration of that British officer to the company of American patriots that had been captured in South Carolina. A sentence so terribly awful appalled the firm soul of every listening hero.

"A solemn silence followed the declaration. They cast their wondering eyes one upon the other, and valor for a moment hung suspended between love of family and love of country. Love of country at length rose superior to every other consideration, and, moved by one impulse, this glorious band of patriots thundered in the astonished ears of their persecutors: 'The prison ships and death, or Washington and our country!'"

[Applause and cries of "Vote!" "Vote!"]

* * * * * * *

The bones of the patriotic soldiers who died in the prison ships were put in the temporary tomb, which was erected by Benjamin Romaine, the grand sachem, who had been instrumental in gathering them together and who owned the ground on which the tomb was erected. In 1842 the city of Brooklyn asked to have the bones turned over to it for appropriate sepulture. In reply to that application Mr. Romaine wrote:

"I have guarded these sacred remains, with a reverence which perhaps at this day all may not appreciate or feel, for more than thirty years. They are now in their right place, near the Wallabout and adjoining the navy yard. They are my property. I have expended more than $900 in and about their protection and preservation. I commend them to the protection of the General Government. I bequeath them to my country."

Thus it will be seen he gave them to the United States; he gave them to his country.

"This concern is sacred to me. It lies near my heart. I suffered with those whose bones I venerate. I fought beside them. I bled with them."

This man belonged to the army himself; he went through the whole seven years' service under Washington. He has given the remains of these men to the American Republic. If they had not died the martyr's death that they did we would have had, in my humble judgment, no American Republic to-night. Those men died to create the Union. We respect and venerate those who in later years have died to protect and preserve the Union; why should we not remember those by means of whose sufferings the Republic itself was established?

This monument, where it is proposed to erect it, will overlook the very spot on which these men died. It will overlook the battlefield of Long Island; it will overlook the place where the gallant Maryland regiment suffered death when the Brisish drove them into the water. It will overlook New York Bay, the East River, and the Sound. There is no more fitting place on earth for such a monument to be erected than that proposed by the bill under consideration. I appeal to the generosity and

patriotism of the American people. I ask gentlemen here to-night, in the name of justice and right, to join in perpetuating the memory of these men who died as martyrs for their country.

There is nothing so indelibly fixed on my mind as that which was painted there the first time I saw the tomb of these men. It was over sixty years ago, when I was a small boy. For fifty years the society which gathered these bones raised the flag over them on the 4th of July. That ceremony ceased to be observed because the city of Brooklyn took possession of these remains, and they are in its charge now. I believe that the American people, if this question were submitted to them, would vote almost unanimously for any sum which might be named for this purpose. We are paying to-day $160,000 a year for the maintenance of the cemeteries in which sleep our Union dead. That is right. We are paying $40,000 or $50,000 to provide monuments or grave stones for those who have died in the service of the country. We are spending $60,000 or $80,000 a year for the construction and maintenance of roads by which these cemeteries can be approached.

All this is right. Sir, on the passage of this bill, if the thing were possible, I would have the name of George Washington called. He would vote "ay." So would his compatriot, Lafayette. [Applause.] Everybody will vote for this measure except that British officer in the corner yonder [pointing to the picture on one side of the Hall] and the Hessians who stand behind him. They will not vote with us. I do not believe there is a Hessian on the floor of this House; therefore I expect a unanimous vote in favor of the passage of this bill. [Applause.]

I hope, sir, that these patriot martyrs shall not, now that Gen. SPINOLA is dead, want an advocate for this common act of justice on the part of the American people. His mantle in this Congress, to which he was elected, has, by the choice of the people of the Tenth Congressional district of New York, fallen upon one of the most distinguished lawyers of that city, renowned not only for his power at the bar, but as an orator. While he thus steps into the shoes and falls heir to the mantle of Gen. SPINOLA, I hope he will be inspired with a desire to carry out the effort of that gentleman during his lifetime to secure this simple act of justice to the martyrs who died in the British prison ships, and that the news may be carried to him in that other world, where he has gone to receive his reward, that if he did not succeed himself, his people have chosen a successor here who will still urge upon

the American Congress to do that act of duty in the endeavor to procure which Gen. SPINOLA spent the closing years of his life.

It was my pleasure frequently to enjoy his most cordial welcome and enlarged hospitality in this city. It was also my pleasure on one occasion to accompany him from this city, and to accept the hospitality of that political society to which he was proud to belong. There, in his company, I shared the hospitality of Tammany Hall; and whether here, in his commodious quarters, presided over with so much grace and elegance by his accomplished and devoted wife, or whether in that hall where he had so often sat with his comrades who agreed with him on political questions, he dispensed hospitality with that rare grace and earnestness of manner which belonged to few men. Those qualities of earnestness, Mr. Speaker, and those qualities of genial hospitality attached men to him with "hooks of steel;" and when once they became known to Gen. SPINOLA, they never failed to love him.

Now, he has passed away; but we, who knew him in these Halls, follow him with our love. He has gone to that "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns." He has gone; and in our verdict, we pronounce that he possessed the character of an earnest, honest, and patriotic man. We now commit him humbly to the judgment of Him whose all-seeing eye watches the sparrow as it falls and counts the unnumbered sands upon the seashore and weigheth the hills as in a scale and the mountains in balances and measureth the waters of the earth in the hollow of His hand.

ADDRESS OF MR. COOPER, OF INDIANA.

Mr. SPEAKER: What we do and say here to-day is for the living, not for the dead. FRANCIS B. SPINOLA has passed away from earth. His account is balanced, and the books are closed. No word of ours can help or harm him now. If from a sense of bereavement or sorrow, or if by way of atonement for past indifference to merit, we make some demonstration over the graves of our friends this fact may reflect credit upon us; it may satisfy our consciences and allay our grief, but it can not affect the departed.

If the bitterness engendered in a life of toil and struggle should still be manifest; if the voice of opposition and the spirit of envy which assail and follow the living should find utterance against the dead, it would expose the weakness of our nature and the wickedness of the human heart; it would reflect upon the living but it could not harm the dead. In life a man's character belongs to him; in a certain sense it is his property; he is its builder; he must protect and defend it. When the work is finished and the workman is called away, that which is left belongs to the world; it is the property of the race.

It is for this reason that it seems to me not only proper but profitable to devote some time to the consideration of the lives of such of our colleagues as have fallen around us here, to put upon record our estimate of their character and to furnish to the world an inventory of its new acquisition.

Mr. Speaker, my acquaintance with Gen. SPINOLA began with the Fifty-first Congress, and my opportunities for studying his character were limited to our two years of service here. During that time there were few men on this floor who were accorded more marked attention or respectful consideration. He was in many respects a remarkable man.

In the first place, he was a strong individuality; he was not a machine-made man. By some chance or other he had escaped the inexorable processes of our latter-day training which prunes every faculty and reduces every aspiration to a formula. He had some lines of character which neither fashion nor friction nor the so-called culture of modern society could polish away. He was unique and therefore interesting. Though representing a metropolitan district he had all the appearance and demeanor of a pioneer, and had he lived in one of our Western communities we should have called him "uncle" and made him governor of the State.

Mr. Speaker, it is unfortunate for our country and the times in which we live that the tendency is to dwarf the individual. At the doorway of our schools the children stand in line; having entered they are graded and classified, and the necessity for discipline and methods in dealing with numbers leaves little room for the orderly exercise or development of individual traits. Instead of dealing with the child as a plant which should be suffered to develop on all sides in obedience to the law of its nature and from the forces supplied from within, it is set in a row and trimmed so that the lines may be even and the general effect symmetrical.

This synthetic process has also obtained in other departments of life. Men must stand in line at the shop, at the ticket office at the theater, at the railway station, and even at the doors of our popular churches. The village blacksmith now stands among a wilderness of wheels, where he is known by number and not by name, and merely superintends a machine which is in itself almost automatic. Our Priscilla is taken from her spindle and her distaff, and she stands in line to watch the play of steam-driven fingers.

Mr. Speaker, just what should be done to arrest this process by which, like pebbles in the bed of a brook, we are all to be

rounded and evened up, just how in the midst of a multitude each one shall still be suffered to pursue his individual path, this is neither the time nor place to discuss. I have called attention to this condition in order to give emphasis to the character of him whose loss we mourn here to-day.

The lesson of his life is that, notwithstanding the evident tendency of the times is to group and label, to grade and classify mankind, it is possible for a man to realize the value of his own individuality, and that to develop and preserve the forces which are peculiar to each is to respond to the call of God within us and to execute his infinite purpose concerning us.

Gen. SPINOLA was a man of great courage. It was perhaps owing to the predominance of this characteristic trait that he was able to survive all the enervating influences of our modern so-called culture, and that he could not be brought either by compromise or compulsion to worship at its altar. I repeat he was a man of marked individuality; he bore no stamp or factory brand. He could create; he could not imitate. He could lead, but he did not know how to follow.

There was a little passage at arms here on this floor during the first session of the Fifty-first Congress between him and one of his colleagues from New York [Mr. Lansing], in which the latter paid to him, perhaps unwittingly, the greatest and most fitting compliment which, to my mind, could be framed into language. In discussing the question of prison labor Gen. SPINOLA had called attention to the evil consequences of bringing convict labor into competition with free and honest artisans, and in the course of these remarks he had referred to the position and demands of some labor organizations in his State. Responding, Mr. Lansing said:

> It was said of my friend and colleague from New York that when he was a soldier, if he saw a whole corps of rebels he did not think they were more than a corporal's guard, but now he seems to see in every labor organization of ten a whole election district.

And this may be taken as a key to his character. He was brave when his duty was clear, but he was afraid to do wrong. He could fight and lead in the front of battle; the loud-mouthed cannon and the saber's flash, the onset and shock of battle had no terrors for him, but as a conscientious and faithful servant of the people, when called to act where there was doubt or danger, he became fearful lest he might not clearly understand and fully record their wishes.

Mr. Speaker, the deceased was a kind and friendly man. As a humble Representative from a distant State I came here a stranger to this place, and from the first he gave me the most cordial and generous treatment. Now that he is gone, I gladly bear testimony to my impressions concerning him, and can truthfully say that to me he seemed strong, and brave, and true. His career on earth is ended, but the impression he leaves behind is clear and distinct, and it will become brighter as it is studied, and more precious in that day when the world learns that her richest treasures are the names of her brave and manly men.

Mr. CUMMINGS. I ask for the reading of the resolutions sent to the desk at the beginning of the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of the Hon. FRANCIS B. SPINOLA, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. CUMMINGS. Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The SPEAKER *pro tempore* (Mr. Wilson of Missouri in the chair). In accordance with the second resolution just passed, the House stands adjourned until Monday, March 28, at 12 o'clock m.

Accordingly (at 3 o'clock and 46 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

EULOGIES.

FEBRUARY 25, 1893.

Mr. HILL. I now ask that the resolutions from the House of Representatives relative to the death of the late FRANCIS B. SPINOLA may be laid before the Senate.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives; which will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of the Hon. FRANCIS B. SPINOLA, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. HILL. I offer the resolutions, which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. FRANCIS B. SPINOLA, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tribute be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That in the death of Gen. SPINOLA, the country has lost a gallant soldier, an able and faithful Representative in Congress, and an esteemed and patriotic citizen.

ADDRESS OF MR. HILL, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The resolutions passed by the other House during the last session of the present Congress duly informed us of the death of FRANCIS B. SPINOLA, of New York, an honored Representative of that body. The delay in taking action thereon in the Senate has been occasioned solely by a misapprehension as to whose province it was to call up the resolutions and institute further action. The death of Gen. SPINOLA occurred before I took my seat in this Chamber, and he having been of my own political faith my colleague kindly and courteously waited for me to take the initiative in the proceedings to appropriately pay tribute to the memory of the deceased.

The elaborate eulogies upon the character and public services of this distinguished citizen in the other House, which have already been placed upon the records of Congress, render my task a brief one. His immediate associates, with whom he had served in Congress so long and acceptably, have in their able and interesting addresses described the incidents of his early life, the details of his successful business career, his political achievements, the laurels which he won as a soldier, his abilities as a debater, and his many excellent qualities of mind and heart. Not caring to repeat what they have so fully delineated, I content myself with a bare reference to the positions which he filled and honored, the triumphs which he secured, and the general characteristics of the man.

Permit me to remark that few men in Congress have been

more frequently or highly honored. He enjoyed a long, varied, and brilliant public career, evidencing the full confidence of his fellow-citizens, and the general satisfaction with which he discharged every public trust. He was alderman, supervisor, several times an assemblyman in New York, State senator, brigadier-general of volunteers, and three times elected to Congress. His rise was not sudden. He did not jump from obscurity into exalted position, unprepared for the discharge of great duties. No freak of fortune or of politics brought him to the front; but he was a plodder, a worker, a faithful, industrious, and energetic citizen, and largely the architect of his own deserved success.

He was a partisan in the best sense of the term. He believed in his side. He regarded party organization as essential to permanent political success, and he never despised the ladder which had repeatedly elevated him to power. He was also a patriot and a soldier. He was a fighter by nature and taste; he loved strife. He was quick to resent a wrong, and always ready to forgive. He was impulsive, clear-headed, brave, and generous.

He was not only true to his country—he was true to his party and to his friends. He believed in personal friendships in public life, and he hated his "enemies, persecutors, and slanderers."

Competent military men and critics believe that had the right opportunity occurred, he would have shown himself to be one of the great soldiers of the times. The records of his gallantry are found in the archives of the nation, and in the general orders and reports of his superior officers.

He was audacious, courageous, and firm, and was apparently "born to command." He loved his soldiers, and they in turn loved him.

His record in Congress was most creditable. He was a

ready debater, quick at repartee, full of sarcasm, and had a keen appreciation of the humorous. It is safe to say that in Congress he was able, alert, patriotic, and zealous in the performance of his high and responsible duties. His friends believed in him—loved, honored and respected him.

I knew him as a leading citizen of New York, as a prominent and trusted business man. I knew him an eminent member of the legislature. I knew him to be a true friend.

Columns of eulogy are not needed to show our appreciation of his public and private services, or to evidence the loss we have sustained in his departure. He has fought the good fight and gone to his reward. A good man has fallen, and the people mourn. More brilliant, more able, more renowned men have adorned seats in the Congress of the nation; but none more patriotic, none more sincere, none more trustworthy than FRANCIS B. SPINOLA.

ADDRESS OF MR. HISCOCK, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Gen. SPINOLA was a marked character in the State of New York where he was born and lived all his life, the State he represented in the other branch of Congress at the time of his death. Entering public life at the age of 22 years he was continuously, until the time of his death, about fifty years later, before the people of his State, representing a constituency, either in the city of his residence, at the State capital in Albany, or in the Congress of the United States.

It is rarely that a member of a political party maintains the hold he did upon his party organization and the people of the community amongst whom he lived for so long a period of time. That is especially true of public men in the State of New York. He never aspired to be the absolute leader of his

party. Those men fell or were displaced by others; but Gen. SPINOLA in all the changes which took place, held a prominent position and possessed the confidence of his friends and constituents.

Sir, while this was true of him, he was a man of strong convictions, and positive opinions, and expressed them in language that was neither uncertain nor equivocal.

Gen. SPINOLA maintained his mental vigor to the last, and doubtless the hold which he retained upon his party was due largely to that fact. Never since I had the honor to know him has there been a time when he was not a trusted counselor in the political organizations of his party. His life was mainly devoted to politics and to political matters, yet he was not a careful builder of political fortunes, and the position which he held so long was not due especially to his adroitness or manipulations, but his success was rather the result of his bold, audacious championship, and the absolute confidence in his integrity entertained by his friends and concurred in by his opponents.

He was the survivor of a generation of leaders of the Democratic party in New York—great men—who held a marked place in national and State councils; and I sometimes think that with their death and with the death of men like Gen. SPINOLA, the last survivor whom I now recall of that class of men in the State of New York, the country has lost largely, because there has been a loss of their methods and that high integrity in political management which they dictated.

Gen. SPINOLA scarcely attained a great national reputation; and that is true of very many able and influential citizens of New York in public life then, who content themselves with the honors and positions which are bestowed by their friends and their party in their own State rather than seek national reputation or position. He, however, was possessed of such ability

that had he, earlier in life, sought a position in the national Congress or in connection with the National Government, he could have sustained himself as ably there as he did in the legislature of his own State or in the other positions with which he was honored at home.

Mr. President, I move the adoption of the resolutions submitted by my colleague.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Mr. HISCOCK. I offer, Mr. President, the resolution which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolution will be read.

The resolution was read, as follows:

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on the adoption of the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to; and thereupon (at 5 o'clock and 23 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, February 27, 1893, at 11 o'clock a. m.

HON. ELI THOMAS STACKHOUSE.

52d Congress, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. } No. [illegible]

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

ELI THOMAS STACKHOUSE

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM SOUTH CAROLINA

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
1893.

THOMAS SPEAKE, ESQ.

52D CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 103.

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1893.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon ELI THOMAS STACKHOUSE, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina, 8,000 copies, of which 2,000 copies shall be delivered to the Senators and Representatives of the State of South Carolina, and of those remaining 2,000 shall be for the use of the Senate and 4,000 for the use of the House of Representatives; and the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said ELI THOMAS STACKHOUSE to accompany said eulogies. That of the quota of the House of Representatives the Public Printer shall set apart 50 copies, which he shall have bound in full morocco with gilt edges, the same to be delivered, when completed, to the family of the deceased.

Agreed to in the House of Representatives February 18, 1893.

Agreed to in the Senate February 24, 1893.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

JUNE 14, 1892.

Mr. TILLMAN, of South Carolina. Mr. SPEAKER, it becomes my sad duty to announce to the House the death, from heart disease, at his lodgings in this city, of my colleague, Hon. ELI THOMAS STACKHOUSE, lately a Representative from the State of South Carolina, who breathed his last at 1:30 o'clock this morning. His death was very sudden and unexpected both to himself and to his friends. Only yesterday afternoon he answered to a roll call in this House, was in his usual cheerful spirits, and seemed to be hopeful of the future and busy with thoughts and plans for the benefit of his family, his constituents, and his country; but later in the day he complained of the relaxation caused by the heat, and the atmosphere of this ill-ventilated Hall, and left for his quarters. He rallied during the evening, read the newspapers, or had some political articles read to him, and told his son, the only member of his family who was with him, that he need not sit up with him; but about midnight the son awoke and found his father breathing laboriously. He immediately went to him and tried to arouse him, but in vain. The heavy hand of the fell destroyer had touched him.

This sudden and unexpected death, sir, is only another striking illustration of the truth of the touching prayer just offered

by our eloquent Chaplain that in the midst of life we are in death.

This is not the proper time, sir, to enlarge on the virtues, the merits, and the services of our brother member; but, of course, the South Carolina delegation will, at some proper time in the near future, ask the House to suspend its business for the purpose of presenting appropriate eulogies on the life and character of the deceased.

I ask leave at this time to offer for consideration the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. ELI THOMAS STACKHOUSE, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That a committee, consisting of seven members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to take order for superintending the funeral and to escort the remains of the deceased to their place of burial, and that the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for properly carrying out the provisions of this resolution.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Senate, and that, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The SPEAKER. Before declaring the result of the vote on the last of the resolutions just adopted, the Chair will announce the appointment of the following committee:

Mr. Tillman, of South Carolina; Mr. Lanham, of Texas; Mr. Cate, of Arkansas; Mr. Lewis, of Mississippi; Mr. Shell, of South Carolina; Mr. Jolley, of South Dakota; Mr. Waugh, of Indiana.

The result of the vote on the resolutions was then announced as above recorded; and accordingly (at 11 o'clock and 18 minutes a. m.) the House adjourned.

EULOGIES.

JANUARY 28, 1893.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the special order fixed for this hour.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That Saturday, the 28th day of January, 1893, beginning at 3 p. m., be set apart for the purpose of paying tribute to the memory of Hon. ELI T. STACKHOUSE, lately a Representative from the Sixth district of South Carolina.

Mr. MCLAURIN. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of the Hon. ELI T. STACKHOUSE, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCLAURIN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: The meed of unstinted praise is alone the heritage of the dead. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" is the revered adage of the ages. While living the veil of charity is thrown over the frailties of man, but the grave, with its solemn

mysteries, speaks in commanding tones, say nothing but good of the dead. Life would be more tolerable and joyful if the living could hear the wails of the sympathetic, the fulsome praise of the eloquent, and read the flattering inscriptions upon their own tombstones. But such can not be, for the history of man's injustice is embodied in the history of "man's inhumanity to man." Mausoleums commemorate the truth that the dust of the dead only is perfect.

Monumental praise is but the tribute paid by the living to the dead, by mortality to immortality. It is well that it is so. Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands of the living to mourn, and to carry it beyond the grave would be sacrilegious persecution of the dead. It is then less embarrassing to eulogize the dead than the living, for the kindly veil that death draws leaves visible only the bright spots in the lives of the departed. But it is embarrassing for youth to eulogize old age. To do justice to the old hero who has attained his three score and ten, an intimate knowledge of the times in which he has lived and his peculiar characteristics, formed and shaded by his environments, is essentially necessary; for such are connecting links between generations, and their lives comprise volumes of experience and achievements. I regret that my knowledge of the deceased was limited on account of our respective ages, and sensibly feel my inability to do full justice to his life and character.

Col. E. T. STACKHOUSE, my immediate predecessor in this House from the Sixth district of South Carolina, was born in Marion County on the 27th day of March, 1824, and was therefore at the time of his death in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He was educated in the country schools, and never enjoyed the advantages of a collegiate course. Before he had completed the course he had marked out for himself he married Miss Anna Fore, the daughter of a neighbor. A long and happy married

life and seven children blessed this union. Mrs. Stackhouse died only a few months before he did.

The chosen occupation of Col. STACKHOUSE was farming, and of this calling he was ever proud, and persistently adhered to it through life. He was always in advance of the agricultural thought of the times, and was a bold and successful experimenter. Without much money, but with an abundant stock of energy and good common sense, he adopted early in life the intensive system of farming, and was rewarded with remarkable success. In this respect he was a pioneer and exemplar to his county. The Little Rock community, where he always lived, to-day owes much of its prosperity and reputation as a farming section to his influence and example. In fact, the entire State recognized his worth and progressiveness. He was elected by his county to the legislature, became the first president of the State Alliance, and afterwards a member of this body.

Never before in the history of the State had such honorable recognition been accorded a simple farmer. In 1861 Col. STACKHOUSE entered the Confederate army from Marion County as captain of a company which was incorporated in the Eighth South Carolina Regiment. In April, 1861, the regiment, under Col. Cash, entered service in Charleston, where it remained until after the surrender of Fort Sumter. It was then transferred to Virginia, where it became a part of the historic army of Northern Virginia, with which it remained until after the surrender at Appomattox. From captain he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel and then colonel, which latter position he held at the surrender.

Although advanced in middle life when South Carolina seceded, yet in reponse to his patriotic impulses he was one of the first to volunteer and one of the last to retire from service. He fought not for glory but from a sense of duty, and the con-

sciousness that the cause of his State was a righteous one. When the crisis came in which the Southern Confederacy collapsed and its cause was chronicled as one of the lost causes, he was the same patriot he had been during the times of war. Few men who had attained the age of Col. STACKHOUSE when the war ended were ever able to so completely adjust themselves to the new order of things.

Men of my age can hardly appreciate what fortitude it took at middle life, after a crushing defeat, with the added desolation and misery left by Sherman's army in its "March to the Sea," for one to gather up the scattered threads of a broken existence and begin anew the battle of life. My only remembrance is as of a horrid nightmare, the white, tearful face of a widowed mother and her little brood, where all had been plenty, dependent for food upon what was thrown away by the victorious army and picked up by faithful slaves.

Amid these trying scenes of reconstruction Col. STACKHOUSE exhibited the same traits which in war made his commanding officer speak of him as the "steadiest colonel in the brigade."

Pledging anew his loyalty to the Union and the Constitution, save as a memory he adjured the old South, with its traditions, and addressed himself to the work of building up a new South. He settled upon his plantation, gathered up the fragments of his lost property, and engaged with heroic energy in agricultural pursuits. When others were croaking and gliding into bankruptcy, he demonstrated the possibility of making cotton at a profit with hired labor. He was soon called from his retirement to represent his county in the State legislature. As a member of that body he made his mark for solid sense and sound judgment, although modest and unostentatious. There he zealously advocated all measures looking to the agricultural interests of the State. His constituency then accorded him

the "Well done, good and faithful servant" with as much sincerity as his late constituency did when he had finished his course as a member of this House.

Col. STACKHOUSE was an ideal citizen, modest, unassuming, and imperturbable, yet firm, bold, and agressive in his convictions. Conservative, cautious, and slow, yet advanced, patriotic, and pertinacious in his actions, his was a versatile stamp of citizenship. Old theories were not adhered to for their antiquity, nor were prevailing ideas adopted because they were entertained by the multitude. He was ever ready to accommodate himself to changed conditions in agriculture, politics, or anything else, and to adopt progressive ideas and methods. He followed what his convictions taught him was right in spite of criticism or opposition. He thought for himself, and was no truculent follower of majorities, but sought to be a molder of public opinion and leader of men.

Devotion and faithfulness characterized his relations as a father, husband, and friend. In his family circle he was the household god. To his friends he was the soul of honor. To his country and State, his loyalty was ardent and invincible. To the people who honored and loved him, he was as true as steel, and to his God he was always the humble and obedient servant. Strong common sense, an almost infallible judgment, and a profound knowledge of human nature were his conspicuous intellectual qualities.

Candor, sincerity, and conscientiousness were his predominating graces. Indomitable energy, scrupulous honesty, and fidelity to his friends were the mainsprings of his success in his industrial and political life. A combination of all these qualities made him an American Cincinnatus. He was a humane man and master. During the existence of slavery he taught those held in bondage by him to read and write. There was a statute in South Carolina prohibiting this, but he

felt that his obligation to his God was higher and more sacred than anything else. To do this required moral courage and a Christianity that embraced in its charity the whole brotherhood of man. It was his custom to assemble his slaves at the gin-house every Sunday afternoon to teach them the way of life.

In attestation of the appreciation by the colored people of his humanity several hundred attended his funeral and testified in every way to the esteem in which he was held. His neighbors loved him for his kindness and unselfishness. His charity in dispensing favors and giving aid and sympathy to the unfortunate, needy, and distressed was proverbial. Col. STACKHOUSE was a self-made man, the architect of his own fortunes. He was from the great middle class, the farmer class, and could boast of no illustrious ancestry, but depended upon his own intrinsic merit, his own inherent manhood, energy, and unconquerable will.

Born and bred in old South Carolina, yet he was a true representative of new South Carolina, typical Carolinian of the new faith and new school born of the civil revolution of 1861–'65, which wrought wonderful changes in the social, political, and industrial condition of the State. Had that revolution never occurred, I hazard little in saying that the deceased would never have represented South Carolina in this body. The condition of affairs in the State before that revolution was peculiar, resulting from the ideas of the Old World transplanted in the new and the attempt to ingraft them in the society and polity of the colony.

In the course of time an aristocracy based on a slaveocracy dominated old South Carolina and completely controlled her social, political, and industrial destinies. This necessarily created two classes as distinct as the Patrician and Plebeian orders of Rome. The large slave-owners became the rulers

and office-holders, and the masses of the people were regarded as unfit to govern. It was an intolerant, defiant, and uncompromising tyranny, suppressing free speech, free thought, and independence of action. There was no irrepressible conflict then, because, from force of habit, education, and a disinclination to assert their sovereignty, the middle class succumbed.

Nullification and secession were the legitimate fruits of this condition of things. This is a true picture of old South Carolina, of which Hayne, Calhoun, and Rhett were true representatives. The abolition of slavery was the destruction of this system. The rich and powerful of the old became the poor and weak of the new. The workingman of the old régime became the enterprising and successful citizen of the new. The shackles of caste were removed and the artificial distinction of classes abrogated. The farmer and workingman claimed their God-given rights and boldly and defiantly entered the political arena. This changed condition did bring about an irrepressible conflict between the reconstructed orders of society.

During Federal reconstruction there was a truce between the old political leaders and those developed by the new order of things. In 1876, by the united and patriotic efforts of both, harmonized for a time by the common instinct of self-preservation, the infamous carpetbag government, pinned to our backs by Federal bayonets, was overthrown, and the State rescued from the alien and the spoiler. As soon as this revolution was accomplished the old *ante bellum* leaders sought to reëstablish their autocratic sway. Political devices of various kinds were adopted to delude the people and drive them into their old-time supineness. Negro domination was perpetually held up as the inevitable result of agitation. For a time the spirit of reform and the latent desire and determination of the people to rule was kept in check.

But at last, like some mighty giant just aroused to a consciousness of his power by repeated injuries, the people aroused from their lethargy, and, trusting in their own might, determined to be sovereign. The election of B. R. Tillman as governor in 1890, accomplished by the general uprising of the people under the leadership of Tillman, STACKHOUSE, and others, was the culmination of this great social and political revolution and one of the legitimate results of the reconstructive and evolutionary effects of the war of 1861. The economic conditions prevailing elsewhere of course also played their part. This irrepresible conflict has, however, we hope, about ended. In this brief picture of new South Carolina Col. STACKHOUSE occupies a conspicuous place in the work of reform and rehabilitation. As one of the people, risen from their ranks, their champion, he deserves their everlasting gratitude and remembrance.

Full justice could not be done to his life work and memory without referring to the stupendous social and political revolutions in which he was a prominent actor. The eulogist of Miltiades and Leonidas could not do justice to their illustrious lives without at least a passing reference to Marathon and Thermopylæ.

ADDRESS OF MR. LANHAM, OF TEXAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: It was a sharp and sudden summons which removed from our midst the venerable form of Col. STACKHOUSE. "At such an hour as we thought not," its service was had upon him. It is doubtful if even he were premonished of its abrupt approach. We all remember with what surprise we received the tidings of his death. On the preceding day he was at his post of duty in the House, when none of us imagined it was for the last time.

Believing, as we do, that he was "ready" in all the work of spiritual preparation for the "coming" of the summons, it may be that its suddenness was, after all, designed by Providence in kindness and blessing. No protracted pain; no extended suffering; no languishing for weary days and sleepless nights, awaiting "the inevitable hour" and article; none of the lassitude and emaciation; the slow and gradual but certain processes of physical disintegration; the lingering wasting away; the usual scenes and conditions which attend the last sickness of the body and precede the final departure of the spirit—none of these things superadded to the affliction of his death.

Were it given to men to know in advance the very hour and circumstance of the fulfillment of their appointment to die, no matter whether in the near or remote future, the gloom of its constant shadow would make them miserable. "Blindness to the future, kindly given," renders life tolerable. Lift the veil that excludes the vision of the things to be, and personal history and daily existence would be encumbered with unremitting anxiety and ceaseless apprehension. It is well that "we know not now" what must be "known hereafter."

Mr. Speaker, it seems not inappropriate that I should say a word on this sad occasion in commemoration of the good man who thus passed away. Being a native of South Carolina, I feel a great interest in all that concerns that State and its people. My knowledge of Col. STACKHOUSE antedates his service in this body. I first saw him in the Confederate army. We belonged to the same command. He was a brave man and a gallant officer. He did his duty as it was given to him to see his duty.

The sublimest word of our language was the criterion of his conduct. All valorous and chivalric men who had a place in the picture of the war will appreciate a just tribute to a soldier's courage, independent of the banner he upheld. The

time will never come to our ex-soldiers when it will detract from the stature of a Southern man to say of him: "He belonged to Longstreet's corps, and his record was clean and honorable." This may be truthfully affirmed of Col. STACKHOUSE.

It was late in life before he was called to represent his district in Congress, and his service was brief. We were all impressed with his dignified and manly bearing, his prompt attendance upon the sessions of the House, and the readiness he exhibited in the discharge of his legislative duties. From conversations had with him he led me to believe that the quietude and retirement of private citizenship and home-life were more in consonance with his disposition than was active participation in the excitement of politics, and, had he lived, it was not his purpose to continue in Congress beyond a second term. He was held in high esteem by his associates here, respected by all with whom he came in contact, and his death was lamented by all who knew him.

Mr. Speaker, the surest and most reliable evidence of individual rectitude, from the standpoint of human judgment, is to be discovered in the estimate put upon a man by his immediate neighbors—those before whom he has "gone in and out" for years, who have had ample opportunity for the observation of his daily acts and the introspection of his private character, who actually know "the manner of man he is." Given the standing of a man at home by those qualified to bear witness, and it is not difficult to define the real credit to which he is entitled and the consideration of which he is worthy. As measured by this test the merits of Col. STACKHOUSE were of the highest order.

As a member of the committee appointed by the Speaker to accompany his remains to the last resting place, I had occasion to hear expressions from such witnesses concerning the

opinions entertained of him, and the regard felt for him by his closest friends and neighbors. The funeral was largely attended by those who had been intimately acquainted with him. The universal and cordial tribute paid to him was such as to give assurance that "no better man ever lived."

I was specially impressed with a remark made by a minister of the gospel, who, speaking from long personal observation of the virtues of Col. STACKHOUSE, said, "He was the gentlest man I ever knew." He elaborated his many excellent qualities and gave instances within his knowledge, in illustration of the gentleness and charity which adorned the life and conduct of the deceased. The good words said about him and the generous and kindly things told of him were marked by the presence of the utmost sincerity and the entire absence of artificial post-mortem laudation.

It may be declared of Col. STACKHOUSE that his life was a blessing to his people. His precepts and examples will long survive in their remembrance. The moral tone of the community in which he lived will long bear impress of his good deeds and useful influence.

What more is there of and for a man in this world than to live righteously, die peacefully after the measure of his work is done, and return to the dust amid the sorrows and benedictions of those conversant with and affected by his record?

> Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
> What though we wade in wealth or soar in fame,
> Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies;"
> And "Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

ADDRESS OF MR. DAVIS, OF KANSAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: We are here to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of a departed brother. ELI THOMAS STACKHOUSE was born in Marion County, S. C., March 27, 1824. He received a common-school education and was brought up to the business of farming, an honorable calling which he never abandoned. He was three times elected to represent his county in the State legislature. For many years he was a frequent contributor to the public press on agricultural subjects. The main effort of his life was to elevate and improve the agriculture of his State and section. He was president of the South Carolina State Alliance several terms and uniformly aided and encouraged every organization and effort for the benefit of farmers. He was also a trustee of the Agricultural College of his State.

He came to the Fifty-second Congress as an Alliance Democrat, and early in the last session I became acquainted with him. Our seats in this House were near each other. I often felt the firm grasp of his warm and friendly hand, and enjoyed the benefit of his wisdom and judgment as to matters before the House, and profited by his intelligent conversation.

Only a few days before his sudden and unexpected departure I enjoyed with him a walk of recreation upon the streets of this city, with little thought by either of us that there was to be so soon a parting of friend from friend.

The sudden separation of friends by the hand of death brings up earnest thoughts as to the future of man's existence. Is this body all that there is of humanity? When dust returns to dust is there nothing more? Or is there a soul and spirit that never dies? Is this body of man the instrument and the soul only the music? And must the music stop when the harp

is broken? Or is the soul the musician which lives after the instrument is worn out and laid aside? These questions have engaged the mind of man in all ages, and in no age of the world's history have men failed to hold to the doctrine that the soul is immortal.

It is not possible that "a being so fearfully and wonderfully made as man, and animated by a spirit still more fearful and incomprehensible, was created for the brief term of a few revolutions of the planet he lives on."

It is not necessary to appeal to men who have devoted their lives to the study of theology in order to find arguments to support the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Men of other professions and callings are equally confident of the fact that the spirit of man can never die. The mind of man controls the body from infancy to old age. The mind of man is a creator. The mind of man planned the pyramids and ancient temples. The hand of man obeyed the will, and each stone found a place in the massive pile. Fluted columns and sculptured arches sprung into existence. The mind conceives the poem which lives and breathes through all the ages. Empires are founded in wisdom and outlive the hands that made them. The works and thoughts of authors, statesmen, heroes, and patriots live as long as time. Then why should their authors cease to live? Even the dead matter of which our bodies are composed is indestructible. As matter it never ceases to exist. Then why should spirit, as spirit, cease to exist? The thought is absurd.

The mind as mind, the spirit as spirit, will live forever. The mind of man, akin to God, can stamp the creations of its genius upon the living canvas, and the almost breathing, speaking marble. It can marshal the invisible vibrations of the air into soul-stirring and soul-subduing melody. It can pour forth an eloquence with magic power to lash the passions of man into

a whirlwind of fury, or to calm them into peace and quiet. It can control the elements of nature to do its bidding. It can record its thoughts on the printed page, and thus pass them down to ages and nations yet unborn. It can conceive of God, who lived before the earth or the heavens began their eternal rounds, and must live still while the music of their harmony shall endure.

Shall the mind of man, akin to God, die and be no more? Perish the thought. Matter, as matter, endures forever. Spirit, as spirit, like the God who gave it, is eternal.

With this view of the subject, sustained by faith, by hope, by reason, by science, and by revelation, we have not lost our friend. He has only gone a few days before. We shall meet him again in that other world, when, as friend greets friend, we shall again see him eye to eye, where there will be no more sorrowful parting.

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Then rose another time-worn man and said,
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  Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.

"Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
  His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
  Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie.
And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain head.

"Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
  The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
  Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues, yet
Lingers, like twilight hues when the bright sun is set

"His youth was innocent; his riper age,
  Marked with some act of goodness, every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm, and sage,
  Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent."

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The godlike sentiment, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," found in his life beautiful illustration. To the poor he was a benefactor, to the good a companion, and to all an example.

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And in this strange divorce,
Oh, tell where I must seek this compound I.

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From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue when freed
From matter's base encumbering need?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spellbound knight,
Through blank oblivious years the appointed hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet cans't thou without thought or feeling be?
O, say what thou art, when no more thou'rt thee!

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good night", but in some brighter clime
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The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
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To repeat every tale that has often been told.

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guided throughout life by a high sense of honor that never yielded to temptation, and never shrunk from danger.

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Very soon, however, he was called by his people to represent their interest in the State legislature, which duty he performed with honor to himself and satisfaction to his constituency. At the conclusion of his legislative duties he returned to his rural home to enjoy the companionship of his lovely family and there remained for a season, giving personal attention to his delightful occupation, agriculture. He was again called forth to enter upon other important duties, in the discharge of which, by his assiduity and unceasing devotion, he endeared himself to the hearts of the toiling masses. He had scarcely reëntered upon his usual avocation when his services were once more required, and he was placed, without opposition, to represent his State in the councils of the nation.

In all these years just recounted, although our homes were separated by distance, we kept record of each other and occasionally met to renew the intimate associations formed when together engaged in hostile strife; and it was again my pleasure

to be thrown with him in intimate association on the floor of this House, where he demonstrated in his short term of service the same excellent qualities which characterized him in every relation of life. He was a happily constituted man—firm as a rock, with a will unyielding to wrong.

Apart from his nobleness of character, his participation in some of the notable events of our country's history would be sufficient to render him illustrious. Surrounded by illustrious men, wise in their generation, who are struggling to emulate the example of the good and great who have gone before them, he who so lately stood among us has been leveled with the dust.

After a long life of disinterested public service, he has "gathered up his feet" in peace, and gone to his fathers.

ADDRESS OF MR. WATSON, OF GEORGIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Within the last few days we have been called upon to pay honor to three very distinguished citizens of the Republic; the Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Mr. Lamar; the late Chief Magistrate of the United States, Mr. Hayes; and the late Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine.

Far be it from me to deprecate a word of praise that has been spoken in honor of those eminent men; but I dare to say that the humbler individual whom we honor here to-day just as thoroughly deserves his meed of praise as either of his more exalted fellow-citizens. I have, in common with all of our people, the spirit of hero-worship which gives admiration to the brave leader, whether in war or in peace; but I have also a profound respect for the humbler citizen who, in quieter ways, performs those lesser works of duty, which, after all, make up chiefly the golden threads in the warp of human life.

The distinguished citizen in whose honor we are speaking

here this afternoon was a quiet man, walking in the humbler paths of life, not distinguished according to the highest measure of fame, but a man who discharged every duty honestly, fearlessly, zealously, and who won for himself a place in the esteem of those who knew him which sometimes those who walk more conspicuously never win.

It would be utterly impossible to judge of this man appropriately unless we took some account of his work. We have heard from those who knew him all his life some account of his deeds in the years gone by; of his zealous attention to farm affairs, of his discharge of neighborhood duties, of his loving kindness as a father, as a husband, as a friend. We have heard his comrades in arms praise his fidelity and courage on the field of battle.

I only knew him in the latter months of his life, when I saw him discharging the trust which the Farmers' Alliance of the South had put into his hands, and I can speak from personal knowledge of the religious fidelity with which he discharged that trust. Prompt to answer to every roll call, punctual in the discharge of duty, careful in attending to the affairs of this body, conscientious in every vote that he cast, courteous in his dealings with his fellow-members, I hesitate not to say that a more worthy gentleman never entered this Chamber.

There is something inspiring in seeing an older man take up the work from which younger men sometimes shrink. The task of the reformer is never one that leads to a bed of roses, and is never one that leads to the crown of roses. It is always a work of difficulty. He who rebels against existing evils must make up his mind to arduous toil, to ridicule, to misconstruction, and to hatred. It tests the courage of younger men to throw the gauntlet bravely in the face of existing abuses and to say, "This thing is wrong and I will combat it."

A younger man, however, is expected to do it; but for an older

a whirlwind of fury, or to calm them into peace and quiet. It can control the elements of nature to do its bidding. It can record its thoughts on the printed page, and thus pass them down to ages and nations yet unborn. It can conceive of God, who lived before the earth or the heavens began their eternal rounds, and must live still while the music of their harmony shall endure.

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To the well-rounded and most symmetrical characters we may look for greatest and best results, as well as for brightest and most useful examples. To this catalogue belongs the name of Col. STACKHOUSE. His life was full of usefulness and success, and as an exhibition of the possible achievements of American citizenship, unaided by the adventitious increments of fortune, stands out as a shining and hopeful example to aspiring youth wherever blessed by the muniments of a Government like ours.

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In all these years just recounted, although our homes were separated by distance, we kept record of each other and occasionally met to renew the intimate associations formed when together engaged in hostile strife; and it was again my pleasure

to be thrown with him in intimate association on the floor of this House, where he demonstrated in his short term of service the same excellent qualities which characterized him in every relation of life. He was a happily constituted man—firm as a rock, with a will unyielding to wrong.

Apart from his nobleness of character, his participation in some of the notable events of our country's history would be sufficient to render him illustrious. Surrounded by illustrious men, wise in their generation, who are struggling to emulate the example of the good and great who have gone before them, he who so lately stood among us has been leveled with the dust.

After a long life of disinterested public service, he has "gathered up his feet" in peace, and gone to his fathers.

ADDRESS OF MR. WATSON, OF GEORGIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Within the last few days we have been called upon to pay honor to three very distinguished citizens of the Republic; the Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Mr. Lamar; the late Chief Magistrate of the United States, Mr. Hayes; and the late Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine.

Far be it from me to deprecate a word of praise that has been spoken in honor of those eminent men; but I dare to say that the humbler individual whom we honor here to-day just as thoroughly deserves his meed of praise as either of his more exalted fellow-citizens. I have, in common with all of our people, the spirit of hero-worship which gives admiration to the brave leader, whether in war or in peace; but I have also a profound respect for the humbler citizen who, in quieter ways, performs those lesser works of duty, which, after all, make up chiefly the golden threads in the warp of human life.

The distinguished citizen in whose honor we are speaking

here this afternoon was a quiet man, walking in the humbler paths of life, not distinguished according to the highest measure of fame, but a man who discharged every duty honestly, fearlessly, zealously, and who won for himself a place in the esteem of those who knew him which sometimes those who walk more conspicuously never win.

It would be utterly impossible to judge of this man appropriately unless we took some account of his work. We have heard from those who knew him all his life some account of his deeds in the years gone by; of his zealous attention to farm affairs, of his discharge of neighborhood duties, of his loving kindness as a father, as a husband, as a friend. We have heard his comrades in arms praise his fidelity and courage on the field of battle.

I only knew him in the latter months of his life, when I saw him discharging the trust which the Farmers' Alliance of the South had put into his hands, and I can speak from personal knowledge of the religious fidelity with which he discharged that trust. Prompt to answer to every roll call, punctual in the discharge of duty, careful in attending to the affairs of this body, conscientious in every vote that he cast, courteous in his dealings with his fellow-members, I hesitate not to say that a more worthy gentleman never entered this Chamber.

There is something inspiring in seeing an older man take up the work from which younger men sometimes shrink. The task of the reformer is never one that leads to a bed of roses, and is never one that leads to the crown of roses. It is always a work of difficulty. He who rebels against existing evils must make up his mind to arduous toil, to ridicule, to misconstruction, and to hatred. It tests the courage of younger men to throw the gauntlet bravely in the face of existing abuses and to say, "This thing is wrong and I will combat it."

A younger man, however, is expected to do it; but for an older

man, his hair silvered with age, his body bent with the burden of three-score years, and his spirit perhaps wearied with the collisions of life that had come upon him in former years—I say it is especially inspiring to see an older man grapple with the work of reform in spite of ridicule and abuse.

The Farmers' Alliance of the South has been misunderstood, misrepresented, and misjudged. The fact that this man belonged to it shows that it was not a mere movement in the direction of communism and anarchy; that it did not emanate from those who failed in love to the South, in respect to the law, or in loyalty to the flag. It came from men who struck at abuses. It was a protest against the condition of things that now pertains; a protest, industrial, and against the system which gathers what the many make in order that the idle few may enjoy it; a protest, political, against the system which shuts out from control the great masses of the sovereigns of the land according to its law, and gives that control into the hands of the irresponsible and secret few; a protest against a condition of affairs which denies to 8,000,000 human beings the exercise of the franchise accorded by law, and which builds to the future upon the false foundation of the sectional animosities of the past.

This man, in spite of the abuse and ridicule heaped on that order, was true to its principles, to its mission, to its creed, died nobly true to that greatest of all precepts that the citizen should discharge his duty in his own sphere with the best power that the Almighty has given to him; that he should be a member of that sacred band which carries the light of honest thought, of brave speech, and of independent action down the ages. In this noble company are to be found, the statesmen who think for those who will not think, the warriors and patriots who fight for those who otherwise would not have fought, that liberty may live.

Mr. Speaker, as I have said, I have not words too warm in which to speak my praise of a man who lives up to this ideal. It is easy to submit, it is easy to agree, it is easy to bow the head at the shrines which custom has erected around us; but it takes courage to disagree, to protest, to lift the standard of revolt. Yet, sir, it is to the few, it is to the minority who make the protest in every age against its wrongs that we owe every principle upon our statute books which is worth the ink in which it is written.

There is not among our laws, or in our Constitution, a single principle which we cherish and to which we owe our civil liberties that did not cost some brave woman her tears and some brave man his blood. The very principle that the individual citizen should have some hand in making the laws and in shaping his government cost the life of Algernon Sidney one hundred years before Thomas Jefferson wrote it down amid the plaudits of all intelligent Americans.

The protest of the minority in one age becomes the accepted creed of the majority of the next. The martyrs of one generation are the heroes of the next.

We of the South, Mr. Speaker, as you well know, have had peculiar conditions to consider. With the most earnest thought that our statesmen have given it, the question is not yet solved. That grand order, sir, of which you are an honorable member, and to which you owe your election to this House just as I owe mine, and just as the deceased owed his—I say that grand body of men put their hands to its solution, and, with God's help, they will solve the question. They have done much; they have done wonders. They have done it under every discouragement; and I believe that they will finally succeed in bringing to the South a solution which will guarantee to us that success in the future which the manhood and the womanhood and the splendid material advantages of our section naturally deserve.

No society can rest secure upon a false foundation. No section can open the doorway to progress when it denies to any large body of its citizens their rights under the law; and for this reason we have dared to say in the South, and the order to which the deceased belonged has dared to say it—that the true solution of the Southern question and the very foundation on which to build up Southern prosperity is to give to all of its citizens equal and exact justice under the law, and accept the aid of all in building up the prosperity of a section which we all should love.

Mr. Speaker, a doctrine like that runs counter to the prejudices of generations; runs against political teachings coming from those who have saddled upon the South doctrines of finance and doctrines of taxation which they utterly abhor. This doctrine, though sound, may not succeed in a day or in a week or in a year; but just as surely as the right thing does prevail, it will triumph; and when we shall have done that we will open to the South—not to some of her people, not to one color of her people, but to all of her people whether of one color or another—the glorious doorway of a magnificent future.

There is not a man in all this land who loves that section more dearly than myself. I yield to no man in my profound regard for the integrity of Southern life, for its splendid courage as illustrated in a hundred battlefields, for its pure womanhood, which has made our home life so sacred. We are proud of her past, proud of her people, and love every foot of her soil.

Mr. Speaker, we would if we could change the industrial condition of that people. We know that her homes are becoming desolate, her fields stripped and bare, and her children wandering the earth asking for work and for bread. We know that many a brave soldier who went back after the war and found enough property to make himself comfortable is to-day home-

less under laws more infamously unjust than any people have had to suffer since free government was founded. We would, if we could, give new life to the South; put upon her pale and shrunken cheeks the ruddy glow of health and hope. We would put upon her bruised and bleeding feet the sandals of true prosperity. We would lift from her sacred limbs the sackcloth of grief and despair and array her once again in the splendid attire of the bride—the light of hope in her eyes and the smile of victory on her lips. We would, if we could, place her in her true industrial place in this Union; as proud as the proudest, as happy as the happiest—joyous, prosperous, free.

But, Mr. Speaker, that can never be done under a system, political or legislative, which throws 8,000,000 of her people in antagonism to the others, which makes every community a scene of contention where injustice is adopted, where grievances are felt, and where no solution is offered.

I believe, Mr. Speaker, that the work of Mr. STACKHOUSE was in the direction of solving this question, in the direction of having every laborer understand that the cause of labor is the same everywhere, having every farmer, white and black, understand that the cause of the farmer is the same; having every producer, white and black, understand that the cause of the producer is the same; and thus have them march shoulder to shoulder to the redress of grievances—demanding laws which would insure justice to all.

Happy is the man, Mr. Speaker, to whom it is given to complete his work; to find himself in old age surrounded with the evidence that his work is well done and is appreciated. Death found him ready. He was at the post of duty where his people had placed him. The long day's toil was done. Back of him he could see sixty-odd years filled with patient endeavor, filled with duties honestly discharged. Splendid was the

record, fit to go to the high court of the Almighty. The evening of life coming upon him in all its quiet beauty found the arms of this sturdy reaper full of golden sheaves garnered in those long years of honorable toil; and as he went to his sleep I believe that his pathway was brightened by content and by resignation, and that the hope of the true Christian lit its sacred fires in his soul. [Applause. [

ADDRESS OF MR. CATE, OF ARKANSAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: It was not my privilege to know Col. STACKHOUSE, except during his service in the first session of the Fifty-second Congress, and then for but a limited period of time. This was sufficient, however, to enable me to form an estimate of his capacity and usefulness as a Representative and his personal and social qualities as a man. Hence I shall have to leave to others who have had the honor to know him in his earlier days the pleasure of reviewing the events that made up a useful and honorable life, which was devoted to the service of his country and his countrymen.

In the short interval of our acquaintance we were somewhat intimate, as we sat at the same table and slept beneath the same roof, and I learned to respect him for his dignified and manly bearing, his uniform courtesy, and unfailing kindliness on all occasions and under all circumstances. He was my ideal of the Southern gentleman of the old school. Just to all, honest in everything, "without fear and without reproach."

He brought to the consideration of public questions a clear and vigorous intellect and a conscientiousness that never failed to discern the right, and a courage that never hesitated to do the right. He had gallantly borne his part in the struggles

of his native State; had heroically shared with his people the gloom of defeat and disaster, and yet there was no shadow of repining or misanthropy to mar the pleasures of his companionship. He had known sorrow and bereavement, yet his faith in the justice and mercy of an all-wise Providence was not shaken.

I was near him in the hour of his death, and when it was apparent that he had passed away I felt that in that moment there had gone from the earth a good man and a true one, and that on the other shore he was entering into the reward reserved for the righteous.

Peace to his ashes, and honor to his memory.

The resolutions offered by Mr. McLAURIN were agreed to.

The House then, in pursuance of the resolution previously adopted, adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m., Monday, January 30.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH

JUNE 14, 1892.

Mr. BUTLER. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from South Carolina will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. E. T. STACKHOUSE, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives, to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased, and to escort the remains to the place of burial.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously; and the Vice-President appointed as the members of the committee on the part of the Senate, under the second resolution, Mr. Butler, Mr. Kyle, Mr. White, Mr. Gallinger, and Mr. Allen.

Mr. BUTLER. I move as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 12 o'clock and 20 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Wednesday, June 15, 1892, at 12 o'clock m.

EULOGIES.

FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

Mr. BUTLER. I ask the Senate to proceed to the consideration of the resolution of the House of Representatives announcing the death of Hon. ELI T. STACKHOUSE, of South Carolina.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
January 28, 1893.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of the Hon. ELI T. STACKHOUSE, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. BUTLER. I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has received with deep regret the announcement of the death of the Hon. ELI T. STACKHOUSE, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina, and tenders to the family of the deceased the assurance of its sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to transmit to the family of Mr. STACKHOUSE a copy of the foregoing resolution.

ADDRESS OF MR. BUTLER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The Hon. ELI T. STACKHOUSE, late a member of Congress from the Sixth Congressional district of South Carolina, was born on the 27th day of March, 1824, in the district of Marion, in that State. He died on the 14th of June, 1892, in this city, and was buried near the place of his birth and home, at Little Rock.

Except when absent in the military service of his State during the civil war, Col. STACKHOUSE spent his entire life where he was born and buried. The high estimate of his neighbors, the many manifestations of their esteem and confidence in his integrity and ability, furnish the best tribute to his sterling qualities.

He was reared on his father's farm without the advantages which wealth and opportunity afford, but he had that which was better, an honest heart, a clear head, and great tenacity of purpose. During the period of his youth his environments did not furnish many facilities for liberal education. This, however, did not deter him from individual exertions in the acquirement of knowledge, and at 19 years of age he devoted himself to teaching for the four following years, meanwhile studying hard for his own advancement.

He returned then to the farm and for the remainder of his life confined himself to the pursuits of agriculture. Residing in a section peculiarly favored with a most salubrious and healthful climate, and a soil well adapted to the highest state of cultivation, he improved these natural advantages, and by the application of enlightened methods and advanced ideas achieved a success rarely reached in the business of farming. In fact he may be said to have been the pioneer in South Caro-

lina in what is known as the intensive system, a system which has brought so much of profit and comfort to those who have pursued it intelligently and wisely.

Gen. STACKHOUSE held many positions of trust at the hands of his neighbors, and filled them all with credit and ability. He was three times elected to the legislature where he discharged his duties with that unerring good sense which always attended his actions, and with that independence of judgment and fidelity which invariably beget confidence and approbation. He was the first man in the State to advocate the establishment by the State of an agricultural college, where the youth of the country might have opportunity to acquire knowledge of the science of agriculture, and it was largely through his efforts the Clemson College, now in process of construction, was set on foot and provided for. He was selected as one of its trustees and contributed by his practical good sense to making it a State institution worthy of the beneficent objects for which it was instituted.

He was elected president of the State Farmer's Alliance, and imparted to that organization principles which would have made it a most effective instrumentality for good had they been adhered to by those who succeeded him. So thoroughly imbued was he with the great and almost boundless possibilities of agriculture in the South that he embraced every movement tending to improve and advance it, and espoused with zeal and enthusiasm every cause which might alleviate the condition and enhance the prospects of his chosen avocation.

It would only be necessary to visit his model farm and comfortable home to realize how far advanced he was in the science of agriculture and the intelligent application of scientific principles in the business of farming and how profitable he made that business. It would be a valuable object lesson to those who are inclined to croak and decry the pursuit of

agriculture as an unsatisfactory and unremunerative avocation.

Gen. STACKHOUSE had been taught in the school of political faith with so many of his fellow countrymen that his first allegiance was due to his State, so that at the breaking out of the civil war, when his State summoned him to arms, he obeyed her command and cast his fortunes with hers.

He entered the military service as a captain and surrendered his sword as a full colonel.

Here he discharged his duty with the same straightforward conscientious devotion that distinguished him in civil and private life. To say that he commanded the confidence of his superiors and subordinates would convey an imperfect conception of the absolute trust reposed in his judgment and fidelity.

He was one of the most unostentatious, unpretending of men, with habits and demeanor as simple as his honesty was rugged and his character without guile. Abstemious and prudent in all things, he refrained entirely from the use of intoxicants. He did not, however, judge others harshly who differed with him in this regard or fail to tolerate the opinions or habits of those who were not governed by the same strict rule.

As a Christian gentleman he was without reproach, and I doubt if the Methodist Church ever had a more consistent member or one who lived more nearly up to his professions. Taking him all in all, Mr. President, it can be safely and truly said his State never produced a more honest man, upright, patriotic citizen or a Christian more devoted to his religious faith.

He was elected to the Fifty-second Congress without opposition, and so strongly was he intrenched in the good opinion and confidence of his constituents it is doubtful if he would ever have had opposition. He represented a constituency of high intelligence and great public spirit, and within the limits of his district are to be found the scenes of many of the brilliant

achievements of that unique Revolutionary soldier, Gen. Francis Marion. It is not too much to say he was a worthy representative of an enlightened constituency.

His career in Congress was too short to enable him to impress his elevated character and sterling abilities on his colleagues and the country, but I venture the opinion, formed on personal knowledge, that he left with those who came in contact with him nothing but sentiments of esteem, good will, and confidence. If he had been spared a few years longer his sound judgment and faithful, patriotic performance of duty would have been felt in the legislation of Congress. He reached very nearly the Scriptural limit of three score and ten, and died as he had lived, honored and respected by all.

ADDRESS OF MR. GALLINGER, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mr. PRESIDENT: My acquaintance with the late Congressman STACKHOUSE was very limited, but I knew him well enough to recognize in him a faithful public servant and an honorable, high-minded, and useful citizen. He belonged to a class of men whose influence will always be felt for good in this country.

An enlightened and progressive farmer, he labored for the upbuilding and advancement of the agricultural interests of his State, and was always ready to lend a helping hand to any proposition that was calculated to benefit those who till the soil. Both as a practical farmer and a writer on farm topics he commanded the respect and confidence of those engaged in agricultural pursuits, and was recognized as a teacher whose experience and training entitled him to a foremost place in the councils of the agriculturists.

As a fit representative of that great interest his fellow citi-

zens elected him to the Congress of the United States, in which body he served with industry, aptitude, and ability.

It was my painful duty to serve as a member of the committee appointed to convey the remains of the dead Congressman to his South Carolina home. At every stopping place in the State some word of kindly feeling was heard concerning him, and at his quiet home in the country evidences of profound and universal sorrow were witnessed.

The great audience that assembled in the church in the shadows of the pines was not drawn there by curiosity or the formal dictates of neighborhood duty. They were there to pay the last sad tribute to a man whom they loved. Whites and blacks alike felt and exhibited sincere sorrow, and the discriminating and loving tributes paid to his memory brought tears to the eyes of many of those present.

He was buried beside the church, in the presence of his servants, his family, and his neighbors, and as the grave closed over the coffin all felt that a good man had departed, and that the State had lost one of her best and most loyal sons.

Mr. President, I turned away from that scene thanking God that whatever differences of opinion may divide the people of the States, it is well that death leads every heart to the contemplation of divine things—that it is well that in the South as well as in the North the open grave teaches the lesson of man's frailty, and of man's immortality as well—that under the Southern skies as well as in our Northern clime character means much, and that a life well spent commands the respect and admiration of all classes of people.

I turned away from the grave feeling that the lesson of Mr. STACKHOUSE'S life would necessarily be felt in every home in the community, and that it would be an incentive to higher thoughts, purer purposes, and better lives on the part of those he left behind.

A kind husband and father, a good citizen, a liberal contributor to all worthy causes, an amiable, upright, conscientious man, what better tribute can be paid to his memory than a mere statement of his virtues? Mr. STACKHOUSE lived for his people and his State, he died in the service of his country, he was buried in the presence of those who knew and loved him, and unless our beliefs are a myth and the future a hopeless state this good man did not die in any true sense, but simply underwent a transition from a life of toil and pain to a better life of immortal joys and never-ending happiness.

ADDRESS OF MR. KYLE, OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The Fifty-second Congress, now drawing to a close, has been called upon frequently to record the death of some faithful servant of the nation. The ways of the All-wise Ruler are mysterious and past finding out. We are reminded that our lives are but a span, and that the Angel of Death is swift in his coming, calling us hence while in the midst of our duties. Happy is he who on rounding out his career has the consciousness of having served well his day and generation. His monument is already erected.

The tributes of esteem and love from honest and loyal hearts furnish an inscription more enduring than letters cut in marble. ELI T. STACKHOUSE, late a member of the House of Representatives, was born in Marion County, S. C., March 28, 1824. He had almost completed his three score years and ten; a life of usefulness and devotion to the State that gave him birth. Reared upon the farm, he choose farming as his vocation.

It is remarked by many that he was a farmer and that he loved his occupation. The general impression is, Mr. Presi-

dent, that this calling is not held in as high esteem as in the early days of our Republic, when the immortal Washington was called from his farm below this city to the duties of state. If this be true it is a sad comment upon a progressive nation.

Farming is a vocation commended and approved by the Creator and calculated to produce the highest development of body and mind. The best moral force of our nation has been found in the farming classes. They are brave, strong, courageous men, pointed to with pride as the nation's strongest support. It is not to our credit as a free and just Government that during the past quarter of a century this class of our citizens have been placed under the yoke of oppression, compelling them to unite in self-defense and to petition Congress for redress.

The people of the new South well understand the present situation and the burden resting upon the farmer. Men like our departed brother quickly discerned the present drift; quickly foresaw the disaster awaiting their noble calling unless they asserted themselves. The farmers of his locality and of his State regarded him as a leader wise, just, and conservative. They showed their esteem and confidence in him by choosing him three times as leader of the State Farmers' Alliance, and by sending him at different times to the legislature of the State. He labored for the interest of all, white and black; and when he came to Congress he came as the Representative of a loyal and honest constituency who were looking for remedial legislation.

Col. STACKHOUSE was a true representative of the so-called farmers' movement, in his State and the United States; which means a fair and just consideration of all interests and vocations, a thoroughly just and impartial legislation granting equal rights to all.

He was a plain man of the people, whose heart beat in sym-

pathy with those who toil. His life was not ostentatious and yet he was one of nature's noblemen. He was proud to be numbered with those who earned bread by sweat of the brow.

As a reward he possessed the confidence and esteem of a constituency who honored him by calling him to public life, and to crown his life made him one of the chief lawmakers of the land. He now enjoys the reward of one who has been true to his God, true to himself, and true to his fellow-men.

Few can understand the burden of toil and responsibility which devolved upon those who, after a civil strife of five years, by which the land had been devastated and the labor methods of generations transformed, returned to saddened and desolate homes to rear again the structure of fortune and good government.

The reconstruction days were dark days, and yet there were brave men who, having fought from conscientious motives during the rebellion, undertook to lead the people to conform to the new order of things, and who saw in prospect a new South of healthier growth built upon the ashes of the old.

Such a leader was Col. STACKHOUSE. Given to reflection and conservative, he was yet courageous in the face of duty, and in advance of many of his fellow-men in measures of popular reform.

He possessed those virtues which combine to make the great man and statesman whatever be his vocation. His gifts developed through nature's channels until when the body faded from view his powers of mind and soul appeared all the more brilliant. His last days were his best days. The impress of his life is left upon the institutions of his State and his country; and when the summons came it found him at the post of duty, but ready for the introduction into a brighter life—the life immortal—the Christian's hope.

ADDRESS OF MR. IRBY, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I deem it a privilege to be permitted to lay my tribute on the tomb of Gen. STACKHOUSE, of South Carolina, the distinguished gentleman whose death we were so lately and so suddenly called upon to mourn. It is indeed a privilege and a duty, melancholy though it be, to speak of one who, having endeared himself to all to whom he was known, left behind him none but grateful and honoring memories.

I can not claim an intimate friendship with the late venerable and distinguished gentleman who so worthily represented the Sixth South Carolina district in the Lower House, but I do claim, in common with many men of my own and other States, that his friendship was something to be desired, that association with so pure and chivalrous a gentleman was something of which to be proud and to proudly recall.

In such a case it might be better for me to say nothing, for to say little is to do but scant justice to the memory of a man who, in a great State, was honored in youth, in the flower of his manhood, and upon whom a grateful constituency showered its honors and favors at the sunset of life, when his battle has been fought and won, when he had been prepared, soldier, patriot, and knightly gentleman as he was, to receive his eternal reward.

I do not know that I could select from the long roll of sons who have served her in late years the name of one that better illustrates the name of South Carolina than that of Gen. STACKHOUSE. He received from his ancestors the heritage of a name as dear to him as it was of honor to his State, and jealously did he maintain its credit and its glory. He lived out a long life of devotion to his family and duty, and died wearing well and modestly the honors of a grateful and appreciative people.

This fact alone were enough to speak his most eloquent eulogy and present the fairest view of a most exemplary public and private life. We who knew him and who became, through associations here, familiar with his recent domestic affairs, can not refrain from the thought that it was the death of his noble wife but a short time before his own that hastened that of our dead friend; for it can well be believed that so sweet an association for nearly half a century could not be broken at his great age without the most painful and permanent effect. However this may be, the death that divided has again united the wife of spotless name and fame and the husband, both having enjoyed the full term of a quiet and beautiful life, and having parted in the full assurance of a happier life beyond the grave.

I have purposely left to those who were his intimate friends the relation of his earlier life, and to his companions in arms his record as a soldier. For he, too, responded with all the ardor and enthusiasm of youth to the trumpet call to arms in 1861, and bore himself manfully on many a well-fought field in a cause which with his last breath he would have pronounced sacred to liberty although doomed to defeat.

He was the true soldier, for at all times and in all places he kept steadily before him his duty to his God, and whether on the tented field, in the arena of public life, or in the domestic circle, Gen. STACKHOUSE was the Christian gentleman, as he was the pure patriot and gallant soldier. Of men of such heroic type as this we may say with earnest truth that "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well." His whole career, indeed, was one of beautiful symmetry which was early molded under circumstances well calculated to leave their impress on his future character.

In the quietude of a country home he learned and practiced the arts of peace, which were ever his delight, and, when the

war was over, he returned to his fields to labor long, faithfully, and patiently, to begin his life anew, and wonderful was his success—a success that seemed like the benediction of Providence rewarding a life well spent in the honorable service of home and country.

If there was one trait of his character which rose higher than another, it was his love for his fellow-citizens, whose lot, like his own, had been cast to be worked out in the fields of his native State. So, he was ever foremost with tongue and pen to assist in the elevation of the farming classes, to lighten their labors, to better their condition, to seek with enthusiasm that their lines should be cast in more pleasant places. For this he was loved in his community and throughout the State, for his reputation as a benefactor of his people through the Alliance and otherwise is a part of the recent history of South Carolina.

Gen. STACKHOUSE, it may be truly said, even in the stormy and revolutionary days through which his State has passed, was not an agitator in the ordinary sense of the word. Behind all of his manifold good works and efforts for relief was the conscientious impulse to do right and impartial justice, and, guided by a sense of such duty, his work was fearlessly and honorably done. It is scarcely necessary to add that he was a man of indomitable courage, energy, and inflexibility of purpose.

On the field of battle promotion for him was as rapid as it was well merited, and in political life he asked only a fair field and no favor. His domestic relations were of singular sweetness, his amiability and endearing disposition being household words in his community.

And so as we hold up in brief review such a life as this and regard it from the political, social, or moral standpoint, the thought comes to us unbidden that "this was a man indeed," whose every public act was an unwritten eulogy, every domestic relation a virtue.

I could say no more, Mr. President, unless it were in amplification of these sentiments of honor, respect, and esteem for the deceased, which I am conscious I have but inadequately expressed. A loving son of a devoted mother State, the exemplary husband, the cherishing father, the knightly soldier and Christian gentleman, who fought well the good fight and who triumphed in the end, sleeps his last sleep.

What words could add luster to the brightness of such a record or increase the glory of a crown so nobly won? And yet on this day, set apart to do honor to his memory, I could not fail to avail myself of the opportunity to lay with reverent and affectionate feeling my humble chaplet on the tomb of a citizen of my native State, who did so much to illustrate her brightest history by the integrity of his character, by heroic sacrifice, and honorable achievement.

Mr. President, I move the adoption of the resolutions submitted by my colleague.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

Mr. IRBY. As a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 5 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, February 6, 1893, at 11 o'clock a. m.

HON. JOHN C. WARWICK.

[illegible]

53D CONGRESS, 2D SESSION. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 104.

MEMORIAL

LIFE

JOHN G.

A REPRES

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS

PUBLISHED BY

WASHINGTON
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

52D CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 104.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN G. WARWICK,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM OHIO,

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1893.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring). That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon John G. Warwick, late a Representative from the State of Ohio, 8,000 copies, of which 2,000 copies shall be delivered to the Senators and Representatives of the State of Ohio, and of those remaining 2,000 copies shall be for the use of the Senate and 4,000 for the House of Representatives; and the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said John G. Warwick, to accompany said eulogies. That of the quota of the House of Representatives the Public Printer shall set apart 50 copies, which he shall have bound in full morocco with gilt edges, the same to be delivered, when completed, to the family of the deceased.

Agreed to in the House of Representatives February 24, 1893.

Agreed to in the Senate March 2d, 1893.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

DECEMBER 6, 1892.

Mr. OUTHWAITE, of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, it has become my painful duty to announce the death of Hon. JOHN G. WARWICK, late one of our colleagues and a Representative in this House from the Sixteenth district of the State of Ohio. It is not my purpose at this time to make any remarks upon his life and public services, but I shall at an early day ask this House to devote a few hours to paying a proper tribute to his memory in hearing addresses from his friends upon this floor. I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk and ask their immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN G. WARWICK, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House be directed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to his memory the House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

And accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 40 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow noon.

EULOGIES.

FEBRUARY 18, 1893.

The SPEAKER. The hour of 3 o'clock having arrived, the Clerk will report the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That Saturday, the 18th day of February, 1893, beginning at 3 o'clock p. m., be set apart for the purpose of paying tribute to the memory of Hon. JOHN G. WARWICK, lately a Representative from the Sixteenth district of Ohio.

Mr. OUTHWAITE. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of the Hon. JOHN G. WARWICK, lately a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these proceedings to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

ADDRESS OF MR. OHLIGER, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: The duty devolves upon me of paying a tribute of respect to the memory of my predecessor, the lamented JOHN GEORGE WARWICK. If as a neighbor and friend almost lifelong, if as a political coworker, I can suggest to this House

some portrait of the Representative who disappeared from this earth only August last, I will be content.

JOHN G. WARWICK was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, December 23, 1830. When he had just about attained his majority he and a brother, who is still living, bid farewell to their boyhood home in that beautiful isle, that land of poetry and song, eloquence and wit, whose genial-hearted and sympathetic people have long struggled for liberty, and emigrated to the United States, tarrying awhile in Philadelphia, then pushed forward until the two brothers reached the small village of Navarre, in the proud Commonwealth of Ohio. He was not altogether without means, and yet at a meager salary became a bookkeeper in a dry goods establishment in that hamlet.

A few years afterward he moved northward, only about 5 miles, to the then very prominent canal town of Massillon, and there he was again employed as a clerk in a dry goods store. There are those yet living who recall his disposition, his methods of work, and industry at that early period of life. One can infer that he had an unusual ambition, an imbibed honesty that never departed from his mind, and a closeness of application which was one of the keys to his subsequent success in business pursuits. In a short time he became the successor of his employer and began the successful career in the mercantile line wherein he first engaged. Then he branched out into investments in flour mills and coal mines.

Coal is an abundant deposit in the region where he lived. He was an adroit investor, with the keenest perception of value and the probable output of mines, and in all other channels of business endeavor his shrewdness was displayed. He was a promoter of railroad construction, and his adopted city owes to his public spirit largely two of its valuable lines. He was a director at the time of his death in the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad. It was from an important meeting of this

directory in New York he had just returned to this city when his fatal illness seized him.

He gave much attention to farming and raising of fine stock. With great nervous energy he directed his affairs, however much diversified. In this long business career the secret of his success was his rock-ribbed integrity. He discharged every obligation with utmost fidelity. He had accumulated at his death a large estate. When his early life is remembered the whole struggle furnishes but one more example of what brains, honesty, and persistency can accomplish in this free land. As long as I knew him it was never even whispered, even in the most bitter political campaigns, that JOHN G. WARWICK had ever, by act or intent, blurred the purity of his honest character. This much in brief as a sketch of the distinguished dead as a business man.

He early became interested in political action. He lived and died an undeviating and sturdy Democrat. His apprenticeship was served in the common council and the board of education. Gradually he impressed upon his district those combative qualities and shrewd management of campaigns which served him in later years when he was called to higher stations.

In 1883 he was nominated for lieutenant-governor of Ohio, and, with George Hoadly as governor, was triumphantly elected. It was a memorable canvass. The onslaught made upon Mr. WARWICK was unusually spirited. The most dangerous charge pressed against his candidacy was that he was an Orangeman. I trust it may not seem inappropriate to have recorded here that the charge was false. He was a man of singular toleration. Two years later the renomination came to the successful candidates, and though my dead friend received an advanced vote the whole ticket went down in defeat.

It was not for seven years that he again became a candidate for public honors. But in the interval he was always active, always liberal in contribution. He had a keen relish for political affairs. It was for him a delight to engage in the combats of parties, where friendship need not die, nor respect for divergent opinions be abandoned.

Mr. WARWICK was intense in his convictions, frank in their expression. He could not understand neutrality. There was no need to wait long for a discovery of what he thought. So incessantly did he espouse men or measures, with rare acceptance of compromise, that his real trait of fairness was often obscured. And yet he was nobly fair and generous. As in business, so in politics he had a controlling sense of respect for an obligation.

In 1890 there came the battle royal in the Sixteenth district of Ohio between himself and the now governor of Ohio, long an honored member on this floor. To the features of that campaign, as the daily prints have furnished its history, I have no wish to allude. It was a national combat that can not be lessened in its character or its vigor by any suspicion that those who participated are prone to exploit or exaggerate it.

It gave to the lamented dead great prestige and it was not ill deserved. To what impression he made during his brief career in this House it will be easier and more appropriate for those who knew him here to testify, but there are some characteristics to which in all sincerity I wish to pay my humble meed of praise. He was public-spirited, profusely charitable, and hospitable. No one in distress ever appealed to his sympathy and went away empty-handed; that great heart of his was ever seeking an object upon which to bestow a deserved charity. Many a young man starting in life felt the influence of his favor; he having fought the great battle of life successfully, knew its trials and loved to smooth the pathway of the young to success.

Many are the stories of his kind acts and charitable deeds. When the men in mines in which he was interested struck, and his partners advised that he furnish them no more flour from his store, his reply was characteristic of the man: "How can they have bread without flour? While I have flour they shall have flour." It suited his warm heart better to be duped than to turn away from what might be real want.

In his early youth he became a member of the Episcopalian Church, and in all church affairs he was often appealed to and, possibly, never refused the donation asked.

In his early youth Mr. WARWICK had received only the common rudiments of an education and at no time had the advantages of academic study. But as a young man he imbibed a masterful taste for reading, to which he yielded all his life. He was an omnivorous devourer of history and English literature; his mind had a peculiar bent for statistics, and he was an authority constantly consulted upon important questions.

There are many incidents in the career of my lamented friend that crowd upon my memory, but there are others here who wish to pay their tributes to him. After a brief illness in the capital, attended by his beloved wife and his dutiful son, his eventful life ended, and his spirit returned to the God who gave it. His death came as a great shock to his entire constituency, and the sorrow had about it none of the formality of royal mourning.

It was the genuine grief of people who knew and loved him. At his funeral were shown manifestations of the reverence in which his fellow-citizens had held him. Business was suspended. A long cortége followed his remains to the tomb. One scene, most touching, was the long line of four hundred miners, standing with bared heads in the blazing sun of that sad August day as the body of their loved employer was conveyed to the church. If, with measurable fidelity, I have

drawn a portrait of JOHN GEORGE WARWICK as he was in life, a devoted husband, a loving father, an honest man, a benefactor of the poor, a faithful friend, I am content.

ADDRESS OF MR. JOSEPH D. TAYLOR, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: The death of the Hon. JOHN G. WARWICK, late a member of this House, to whose memory his colleagues and friends are met to pay tribute, is a vivid reminder of the uncertainty of human life. At the close of the last session of the present Congress he was in the full vigor of health and to all appearances had the promise of a long life. A few days before the close of the session he called at the Arlington Hotel, in this city, where I was then living, in company with the Hon. Daniel McConville, for the purpose of talking over a business enterprise, in regard to which he thought I could give him some information; and before leaving he arranged to go to Cambridge, Ohio, the town in which I reside, immediately after his return to his home at Massillon, Ohio, and I was to notify the parties he was to see at Cambridge that he would be there, and I did so; and before he got home, before he left this city, he was taken suddenly ill, and very soon the startling news came that he was dead. So sudden, so unexpected, it was hard to realize that it was true. The cares, burdens, and responsibilities of the long session, which had begun the early part of December, 1891, and lasted to the latter part of August, 1892, had been a continuous strain upon his nervous system. Few people who have had no Congressional experience realize the character of the work done, or the responsibilities assumed by a member of Congress.

The relief of the eight-hour system never comes to a member of Congress. His hours are the hours he can steal from

constant pressure and constant demand. He does not belong to the district which he is supposed to represent. He does not belong to the party which elected him. He belongs to all districts, to all parties, to all parts of the country, to all classes, and must answer the demands of all, in every waking hour of the day, if not in the sleeping hours of the night. He belongs to the public, is the servant of the people, the tramway between the Government and his constituents, the responsible agent for all the ills of legislation.

This is the kind of life Mr. WARWICK had been living for nine months, and while he looked well and was apparently in good health his physical and mental powers had been severely taxed and his system had not the ability to resist the unexpected malady that befell him as he was finishing up his work in the national capital preparatory to going home. Death is always an unwelcome guest. It comes unexpectedly, comes before we are ready for it; but it seems harder in this case, because it came before he had reached his home; before he had the opportunity of once more meeting and greeting under his own roof his family and friends.

But the sad side of this picture is not the only side. The career of Mr. WARWICK is one which his constituents as well as his personal friends can remember with pride and gratification. As a citizen, as a business man, as a neighbor, and as a friend, Mr. WARWICK did his duty, and will be associated with deeds well done and with acts kindly remembered. He was honored and appreciated by his party, his State, and his country. He was elected lieutenant-governor of Ohio as a Democrat at a time when Ohio was regarded as a strong Republican State. He was elected to Congress over the Hon. William McKinley, jr., the present governor of Ohio, who was at the time regarded as one of the most popular men in the country. It is true that the district was Democratic, but his election at

that time was regarded as a great triumph. And it should be remembered that he never surrendered to any constituency or to any party his personal independence.

He was a Democrat, but he believed in the principle of a protective tariff, and his influence was always exerted in holding back his party when he thought it was approaching too near the doctrine of free trade.

He was no extremist on any question. He believed in a wise and well-considered conservatism on all questions. In his home, in his family, in his business, in the senate of his State as its presiding officer, and in the Congress of the United States he was the same unostentatious, unassuming, plain man that we all knew when we knew him first.

He was born in Ireland in 1830, came to this country in his twentieth year, was elected lieutenant-governor in his fifty-third year, was elected to Congress in his sixtieth year, and died in his sixty-second year. His life swept quickly by, and what was a little while ago a living active presence is now with us only a memory, and it illustrates how transient and transitory are all the seeming realities of life. The sunshine of to-day gives way to the shadows of to-morrow. The joys of the present are supplanted by the sorrows of the future. This is the mysterious lesson of life and death; of time and eternity.

It is well, however, to note a worthy, useful, and successful life. Prominence among men is not to be lost sight of in weighing the attributes which make up a well-rounded life; but there is a character more to be commended, an ambition more to be admired—a faithful allegiance to duty and a conscience void of offense. And it is well to pause in this busy turbulent House long enough to pay merited tributes to the dead, whose vacant seats admonish us that life is too short to

be wasted in bitter wrangling or in partisan controversy. Those oft-repeated words—

> Life is real, life is earnest,
> And the grave is not its goal;
> Dust though art, to dust returnest,
> Was not spoken of the soul—

express well the words of comfort that cheer the saddened heart in the presence of the great shadow that falls so frequently athwart this Hall. But our friend and colleague is not in fact dead. Though we speak of him as dead, the great life that awaited him across the shadowy river is just begun. Not only that, but the words he uttered here, the deeds he did in his earthly career, will go vibrating and echoing down through the ages to come. The spiritual forces and divine influences of a noble life have no boundary this side of eternity. And the man who exerts these influences and makes the most of life is to be held in grateful remembrance by a grateful people.

The present Congress has stood around the open grave of many of its members. Four Senators and ten Representatives, fourteen members in all, have gone the way of all the living. The funeral bell has scarcely ceased to ring, the sad requiem of sorrow has scarcely hushed its plaintive notes, and Ohio has had her delegation broken among the rest; but in the past Ohio has been singularly spared this solemn experience. In the ninety years of her history only one Senator and five Representatives have fallen at their posts of duty in the National Congress prior to the death of Mr. WARWICK, and the last of these five was my honored predecessor, Dr. J. T. Updegraff, who died in November, 1882.

The great funeral procession, composed of the men whom he had long employed, of the business men with whom he had long transacted business, of his neighbors and friends, who had

watched his successful career from a man of moderate means to a man of large wealth, testified their high appreciation of his worth in life and their sorrow at his death. His success and usefulness in private life were more remarkable even than his efficiency in public life, and his whole career was without stain or tarnish.

No one could come in contact with Mr. WARWICK without feeling that he was a remarkable man, a man of marked ability, and a man of a high sense of honor, and his Christian character, his generous manhood, his home life and gentle manner made him a model worthy the admiration of the young men of this country. The country owes a lasting debt of gratitude to Ireland for giving us this worthy and eminent man.

There are other words of praise I should be glad to utter of my esteemed and honored colleague, to whom I became strongly attached on this floor; but I leave this to those who knew him longer and better than I did, to whom has been specially intrusted this sacred duty.

ADDRESS OF MR. ROCKWELL, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: Could Governor WARWICK have known that these memorial services were to be held, he would have said, "Let there be no fulsome praise, no extravagant eulogy, and let no lips utter any but words of sincerity and truth."

For he was himself a frank and sincere man. He hated fraud and sham. He loved truth and sincerity. He knew his own powers and recognized his own limitations and he would have thanked no man for exaggerating those powers, or for crediting him with an absence of the weaknesses of our frail human nature.

He was a splendid example of the sturdy Irish Protestant

blood which has constantly enriched our country from its earliest settlement, and which has its exemplar in Andrew Jackson, between whom and Governor WARWICK were many marked points of resemblance. The same qualities of high courage, steadfast persistence, great personal independence, and warm and generous impulses, tempered by rare judgment, characterized them both. They each had the same fealty to friends, to party, and to any cause which they espoused. They were each strong in their likes and dislikes.

With Governor WARWICK, a friend once made was never abandoned nor neglected so long as that friend proved worthy of confidence, and a cause once espoused never failed to receive his entire devotion. Such is the estimate of his character which I formed from my acquaintance with him and my knowledge of his life and career. Before I knew him personally, he was the friend of my friend, devoting to his service an energy and zeal which won my admiration and regard, and this admiration and regard constantly increased as I came to know him better during our brief association as members of this House.

As I talked with him about the events of his active career, tracing him step by step from the humble Irish cottage in County Tyrone to his beautiful Ohio home; from his clerkship in a small country store to his position as the manager of vast business interests; from the small trader to being the employer of thousands of laborers, and from the immigrant ship to the halls of Congress, I became more and more impressed with his courage, manliness, and fidelity. He arrived upon our shores in 1850, a sturdy Irish boy of twenty years, with no capital save correct principles, a common-school education, and the great gifts of energy, perseverance, and unusual business aptitude. He went at once to Ohio and soon after to the city which was his lifelong home.

Engaging in mercantile pursuits, his prudence and sagacity enabled him in a few years to purchase his employer's business. As he prospered he invested largely in coal lands and flouring mills, and later became largely interested in railroad enterprises.

He was from the start public-spirited and earnest in the promotion of the interests of his city, and was successively a member of its common council and board of education. As lieutenant-governor of his State, and presiding officer of its senate, he won the regard and esteem of every one without distinction of party.

His contest for election to this House against Governor McKinley and the strenuous exertions which were made to defeat him brought him into national prominence, and he came among us modestly wearing the laurels of a great and well-earned victory. He received the unusual recognition, for a new member, of the chairmanship of a committee. The same fidelity and zeal which characterized him as a business man were displayed in the discharge of his official duties.

The inborn love of liberty and of Democratic principles which caused him to leave his native land and become an American citizen continued to be his guiding star and made him a devoted member of his party. With him Democracy was a creed to which he gave steadfast adherence in prosperity and in adversity. He was no holiday soldier. His home life was happy. His last moments were soothed by the ministrations of his beloved wife and son.

The affectionate esteem in which he was held by his lifelong friends and neighbors at Massillon—his home for thirty-five years—was deeply manifested during his life and at his death. His unostentatious deeds of benevolence and charity had endeared him to thousands. As an employer he was just and generous. Four hundred of his employés, with bowed heads

and moistened eyes, followed his remains to their last resting place, testifying in this manner their love and esteem. With the beautiful ritual of the church of his boyhood, to which he became connected before leaving his native land and ever after adhered, his body was consigned to the tomb—"earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." "He rests from his labor and his works do follow him."

The great enterprises which he initiated still go on. His army of employés are still moving on in the steady ranks of industry, though under a new leader. But the land is more prosperous and thousands of its citizens are happier because of the life work of JOHN G. WARWICK.

I once stood beside the bedside of a friend whose life had been an eventful one. When told by his physician that he must soon die, he lay for a long time in earnest thought and then quietly said: "Well, I have made mistakes; but I have done the best I could." Happy will it be for us all if we shall be able to render such a verdict on our own earthly careers.

And I believe that Mr. WARWICK could not only have truthfully said this, but that he would have asked at the hands of his friends and fellow-countrymen no higher eulogy.

ADDRESS OF MR. CATCHINGS, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. SPEAKER: I esteem it a great privilege that I am permitted to take part in these ceremonies. For our deceased colleague I entertained the most profound respect. Few men have possessed greater attraction for me. His campaign against so distinguished an opponent as the present governor of his State, and the great victory achieved by him, had given him national fame, and made him a notable figure in American politics before I ever met him. When the Representatives

elected to this Congress began to assemble in this city in November, 1891, a natural curiosity to see and talk with the hero of that great contest, caused me eagerly to seek his acquaintance. His appearance was singularly striking and attractive. His face, to me, was unusually handsome, and bore marked evidence of the high and strong and manly character for which he was ever noted.

It may be it was because I instinctively associated him in my mind with his great and successful campaign that I thought of him as a soldier; and upon first seeing him I remarked to a friend that he looked like a field marshal. His manners were as attractive as his appearance. He impressed me as a man wholly free from guile, gentle yet strong, deferential yet self-respecting and courageous. A strong friendship soon grew up between us, and I often sought his society, and derived from it great satisfaction and pleasure.

His modesty is exemplified by the brief and simple biographical sketch furnished by him to the Congressional Directory:

JOHN G. WARWICK, of Massillon, was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, December 23, 1830; came to America in 1850 and engaged in mercantile pursuits; is interested in milling, mining, and farming; was elected lieutenant-governor of Ohio in 1883; was elected to the Fifty-second Congress as a Democrat, receiving 20,059 votes against 19,757 for William McKinley, jr., Republican, and 846 votes for J. J. Ashenhurst, Prohibitionist.

The career of the modest gentleman who gave this brief account of himself was one of which the highest and noblest might be justly proud. Coming to this country while yet a boy, with no adventitious circumstances to smooth his pathway, by his genius, superb judgment, and dauntless courage, he made himself the possessor of a princely fortune. And this was accomplished by such methods only as an honorable and just man may always employ. There were no short cuts, no doubtful practices, and, more than all, there was no grinding of the faces of the poor and the humble.

All who knew him, rich and poor, haughty and humble, alike rejoiced in his prosperity, and loved and honored him. And as might have been expected of one such as he was, of the bounty that had come to him, charitable benefactions at all times and in many forms were generously, though unostentatiously, dispensed by him among those less fortunate than himself.

His election to the high and honorable station of lieutenant-governor of a great State, and his subsequent election to a seat in this House, bespeak the esteem entertained for him by his friends and party associates. Had he lived out his natural life there can be no doubt that still higher honors would have been bestowed upon him.

A good man, honorable citizen, and useful public servant has gone from us. His memory shall be affectionately and reverently cherished by me always.

ADDRESS OF MR. LAYTON, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: JOHN GEORGE WARWICK was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, December 23, 1830. His parents were poor people; his early advantages were few, and it was with but a meager education that he came to America, the land of his adoption, in the year 1850, with his brother Robert, who yet survives him.

After a short sojourn in the city of Philadelphia he removed to Navarre, Stark County, Ohio, where he secured employment as clerk and bookkeeper in a small country store. By strict economy and industry he was enabled a few years later to embark in business for himself in the city of Massillon, where he continued to reside until his death.

In 1865, while still at the head of a large and successful drygoods house, he became the owner of large and extensive

flouring mills, and was the first to introduce new and modern machinery and improved methods of manufacturing flour in that locality. He soon thereafter became interested in and waselected and served as director of numerous railroads passing through that portion of Ohio.

He also invested extensively in real estate, and soon became the owner of several fertile and valuable farms near his home city.

Later on he invested extensively in mines also, and was one among the many large and successful coal operators of the State.

While engaged in the dry-goods business, which he disposed of in 1872, he was an extensive buyer and dealer in wool, and in this line, as well as in all others to which he gave his personal attention, by reason of his remarkable energy, careful business traits, and unerring judgment, he was entirely successful.

The value of his judgment in important business matters became so well and generally known that his aid and advice was frequently sought after by many other business men, and was always freely and frankly given. He was not only a man of sound judgment, but a man of strong convictions and fearless in their advocacy, and yet without malice, and reasonable in all things. He was also ever kind, charitable, and generous. Many a poor man, many an honest laborer, many a poor widow and orphan child will miss his thoughtful generosity.

While always a thorough, earnest Democrat, always taking a lively interest in the welfare of his party, he never sought office or place until the year 1883, when, yielding to the pressure of his numerous friends, who knew his sterling worth and character so well, he accepted the nomination for lieutenant-governor on the ticket with the Hon. George Hoadly for governor, and was triumphantly elected.

He presided over the senate of the sixty-sixth general assembly of Ohio, and, although devoid of any prior experience, yet, thanks to his good, sound practical sense and judgment, which always stood him so well in hand, he discharged his duties as such presiding officer, as well as those of the second officer of the State, in such a manner as to secure and retain the general admiration, esteem, and confidence of even his political opponents.

In the month of July, 1890, he was nominated by the Democrats for Congress in the Sixteenth Ohio district, having as his opponent on the Republican ticket Hon. William McKinley, now governor of the State. Notwithstanding the prominence of his opponent and hence the extraordinary efforts on behalf of the opposing political party to encompass his defeat, he was elected by a handsome majority as a member of this the Fifty-second Congress, where his merits were at once recognized by his appointment as chairman of the Committee on Enrolled Bills and as a member of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, the first being an honor seldom, if ever, accorded to a new member.

In 1864 Mr. WARWICK was married to Maria Karthaus Lavake, an ever-faithful, worthy, and congenial partner, who, together with his only son, W. K. L. Warwick, survive him. And right here I may say that he was ever a kind, considerate, and affectionate husband and father.

He loved his good wife and son and ever merited the love and affection they bestowed on him in return.

On the 14th day of last August, 1892, at twenty minutes past 9 o'clock a. m., my friend and colleague, JOHN G. WARWICK, died at the Riggs House, in this capital of the nation, by reason of a sudden and violent attack of dysentery. His beloved wife and son were with him during his last illness, administering to his comfort with kind and loving hands,

but neither their unremitting care nor the skill of his physicians could prevail against his acute disease. He was conscious to the end.

He was willing and prepared to die. His last words to them were words of comfort and love, such only as a good dying father can give to an ever-faithful and loving wife and dutiful son, whom he will meet in this world no more forever.

In his religious associations Mr. WARWICK was an Episcopalian, and was a prominent and liberal member of that church in his adopted city.

It is not by reason of any mere formal custom of this House that I desire to pay my humble tribute to the memory of JOHN G. WARWICK, but to perform a labor of love regarding one of whom I have for many years entertained the highest respect, akin to veneration.

I first became acquainted with him in 1883, ever since which time, notwithstanding the disparity of our ages, I was his friend, and I have reason to know he was mine.

And among my cherished recollections shall always be the thought, the knowledge, that I possessed the friendship of this modest, unassuming, yet strong, kindly, manly man.

His whole life history, from his boyhood days in that beautiful green isle to the hour of his decease, is that of intelligent effort and judgment and honorable conduct in its every detail. As a citizen, as husband, as father, as friend, he combined every element that is necessary to constitute each and all of them in their more perfect completeness.

His quiet, unassuming, and quaint ways, his ever-kindly, pleasant dealings, his liberal ideas, and bounties to the poor, needy, and deserving, his ever courteous and gentlemanly ways and manners in his daily walks, both in private and public life, endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, and his death has left a feeling of universal regret among all who

knew him. The high moral character and noble, pure, and patriotic life of my friend remains not only a memory, but an imperishable legacy. A priceless heritage is that memory to his family and friends, who knew him best.

My acquaintance with my deceased friend was only made by gradual stages. He was not a man who sought intimacies among strangers, nor did he ever respond quickly to their advances. But with those who held his confidence, who, having the "Open Sesame," so to speak, to his big kindly heart, passed once within its recesses, he was like an open book; for them, for these, he "wore his heart upon his sleeve," ever full of kind, gentle, tender sentiments and deeds of charity and good will.

Fragment by fragment, while quietly conversing with him, I gathered from his own lips the story of his life; of his boyhood days spent in the green isle of his birth, amidst (almost) want, privation, and suffering on the one hand, and on the other (as he himself often said, as if he loved to dwell on the recollections of the place of his birth) amidst what always seemed to him as the greenest verdure, the clearest lakes, the brightest sky in any land; of his early struggles and more or less hampered efforts to obtain an education; of his patience and self-denial, so hard to exercise and endure by one in whose veins there flowed the fiery impulsive blood of his Celtic ancestors; of his arduous application to daily labor in inferior situations and employment until at last the bright sunshine of prosperity threw cheerful rays of golden light to cross his rough pathway; of his happy marriage in middle life and the long years of perfect bliss and enjoyment spent in the bosom of his family; of his business successes, earned by the hardest kind of work and closest application; of his final participation in civil and political affairs and his election as lieutenant-governor and then as a member of this honorable body.

The utter simplicity, the genuine modesty, the entire absence

of boasting, self-emulation, and self-praise with which all these things were told to me was absolutely both novel and charming, and strongly but fairly outlines one of the prominent and lovable characteristics of my departed friend.

While it is true that other men under like disadvantages in early life have climbed from out of the valley of obscurity and poverty to the dazzling heights of fame and fortune, yet it is none the less to the honor and credit of my friend that he by his own unaided efforts and indomitable will rose from this obscurity and poverty in his lowly home in an oppressed and downtrodden land to wealth, prominence, social favor, and high political place among the highest and best of our nation's men. And this fact alone should and no doubt does solace and comfort his stricken family in their hour of distress.

He lived, as he himself said, in Ohio, his adopted State, because he soon learned to love her beautiful hills, her fertile valleys, her broad, rich plains, her many clear and beautiful streams, and her generous, kindly American people. As I have before stated, he made his home at Massillon, situated in a stretch of country of which may be said:

> No lovelier land the prophet viewed,
> When on the sacred mount he stood
> And saw below, transcendent shine,
> The streams and groves of Palestine.

He sleeps. My departed friend, JOHN G. WARWICK, now sleeps where the greater part of his simple, noble life was spent, his memory enshrined not only in the hearts of his immediate friends and neighbors, rich or poor, high or low alike, but of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

He died in the harness while in the very midst of his work as a valued and useful member of this House.

His last work in this world is done and the record of his life is complete. Its pages are white as the driven snow;

and his history, from the cradle to the grave, is without blot or stain. His name will not be forgotten until the history of Ohio has been obliterated forever.

Ohio, the birthplace and the home of many men, living and dead, of whom the nation is proud, has produced stronger, abler men no doubt; but if she has ever produced a better man in her modern days, it has not been my good fortune and pleasure to meet him.

With all his triumphs—

> Nothing in his life
> Became him like the leaving it; he died
> As one that had been studied in his death,
> To throw away the dearest thing he owned
> As 'twere a careless trifle.

His gentle voice is now silent; he will ever be missed from among us. After life's labors so well performed he surely has received that highest reward of eternal celestial life.

As the poet puts it:

> He has done the work of a true man,
> Crown him, honor him, love him.
> Weep over him tears of women,
> Stoop manliest brows above him.
> For the warmest of hearts is frozen,
> The freest of hands is still,
> And the gap in our picked and chosen
> The long years may not fill.
>
> * * *
>
> Never rode to the wrongs redressing
> A worthier paladin,
> Shall he not hear the blessing
> "Good and faithful enter in?"

ADDRESS OF MR. HARE, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: It needed not the wisdom of Solomon to discover and declare the impressive truth that in whatever respects men may differ, whatever distinctions of birth or station, of talent or culture, of wealth or influence may have marked their lives, there is at last one event that is common to all.

To the monarch upon the throne as to the beggar at the palace gates; to the statesman crowned with honors as to the lowliest of his countrymen; to the scholar, the scientist, and the sage as to the unlettered serf; to the rich and powerful as to the poor and the oppressed; to all classes and conditions of men there is this common event in respect to which no man hath any advantage of his fellows, and which none may hope to escape by postponement to a day certain or indefinitely.

The very certainty of this event, the very fact that it is constantly transpiring about us and in our midst, tend to rob it of a portion of its terrors, and, by rendering us familiar with its presence, to render us also, in a large degree, insensible to the pangs it brings, to the wounds it inflicts, to the void it creates, to the loss and suffering it is almost certain to entail.

We are living in an age of great physical and mental activity; an age crowded with startling events; an age in which one great achievement "doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they follow," causing the world about us to pulsate with feverish energy, and to become restless with the spirit of enthusiasm enkindled by its constantly succeeding triumphs, and its anticipation of new victories in the swift-coming future.

In the midst of such surroundings as these we are apt to forget or neglect the duty we owe to cherish the memory and bear testimony to the worth and virtues of those with whom we have been associated here, but who have gone out from

among us with their life-work completed, the record made up and the volume forever closed. Oblivion, Mr. Speaker, ought not to be the fate of any man deemed by his fellow-citizens worthy to be their representative in the councils of the nation, certainly not of any man who by his conduct here has honored the choice and confidence of his countrymen.

Hence, sir, whatever may have been said or written in disparagement of the custom we observe to-day in paying tribute to the memory of our departed associate, it is a custom not "more honored in the breach than the observance," and it is rendered all the more appropriate when the tribute we bring is in honor of such a man.

For, Mr. Speaker, JOHN G. WARWICK was not only a superior man, in that he possessed in large measure the essential qualities of true manliness, but the history of his life, should it be written, will furnish a most impressive illustration of the possibilities that are open to such qualities, to such a character as his, in this land of his adoption, and will thereby reflect honor as well upon his country as upon himself.

Born in County Tyrone, Ireland, the early years of his life were passed in that beautiful but unhappy country, where he acquired such schooling as was possible to a youth of his intensely industrious habits, and where under the guidance of his father, who was a merchant, he was made familiar with the rudiments of a mercantile education, and imbibed a taste for active business pursuits.

In the year 1850, before he was yet 20 years of age, he came to the United States, landing in Philadelphia. A stranger in a strange land, with no friendly hand stretched out to receive him, with no one to counsel or encourage him, with no capital but health, strength, intelligence, and determination to succeed, this young Irish immigrant encountered and proceeded at once to solve the same difficult problems that have been encountered

and solved by thousands of his countrymen who have adorned with imperishable honor the history of their adopted country, and who to-day constitute one of the most valuable elements of its citizenship.

Tarrying but a short time in Philadelphia, his keen discernment pointed his course to the rapidly growing West, and he was shrewd enough to avoid the mistake so often made of losing his identity by seeking employment in the crowded cities of the seaboard.

In the selection of a proper location in the West he was equally alert and far-seeing, and was guided by the same discriminating judgment that distinguished his after years.

There is not to be found on the American continent a more tractive body of land or a region richer in all the diversified forms of material wealth than that embraced within the limits of Stark County, in the State of Ohio.

It was there that young WARWICK decided to establish his home. Entering into service as clerk in a store in the village of Navarre, he was able, by dint of the closest industry and economy, at the end of three years to enter into business on his own account in what has since become. largely through his efforts and enterprise, the thriving city of Massillon.

I shall not undertake, Mr. Speaker, to enter into the details of his remarkable business career. Whether as merchant, manufacturer, mill-owner, mine-owner, whether as the promoter of private or public enterprise, whether as an individual or in association with others, every undertaking in which he became interested seemed to prosper as if in response to the will of a master mind, as if in obedience to the touch of a master hand.

To him perhaps in as great measure as to any other citizen is the city of Massillon indebted for its past and present prosperity and for what would appear to be the sure promise of its future. For he was not only a pillar of strength in the main-

tenance and support of its varied industrial enterprises, but was as closely associated with its social life, with its charities, with its educational and religious institutions. He was, indeed, by common consent its model citizen.

Although a man of intense political convictions and always active and zealous in the discharge of what he conceived to be his public duties, it was not until comparatively late in life that he could be persuaded to accept other than strictly local public office.

In the year 1883 he was chosen to the position of lieutenant-governor of Ohio, and although without previous parliamentary experience, and perhaps with no taste or natural aptitude for the duties imposed upon him by his election to that high office, he nevertheless so applied himself to the discharge of those duties as to merit and receive the warm approbation of senators of all parties, and to firmly establish himself in the confidence and esteem of the people of Ohio.

Retiring at the close of his official term, he continued in private life until called to lead his party in a contest with one of the foremost statesmen of the country, a contest that will ever be memorable in that district, and which resulted in his election to the Fifty-second Congress.

His service here was brief, but honorable in the highest degree. Assigned to the chairmanship of the Committee on Enrolled Bills, and to a conspicuous place on the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, he brought to the performance of his duties the same conscientious, painstaking application, the same uncalculating zeal and fidelity that had distinguished him through life.

Perhaps no man who served here for so brief a period will be longer or more pleasantly remembered than will Governor WARWICK. At no time in robust health, but, on the contrary, a frequent sufferer from the disease which ended his life, he

was nevertheless always cheerful, always cordial, always hopeful.

Although his countenance in repose bore the appearance of sternness and might convey the impression that he was of an unsocial and austere disposition, it needed only the approach and greeting of a friend or an acquaintance to cause it to light up with a smile so genial as to betoken a nature at once amiable and sincere. And that was his real nature. It was the quality which, united to a fine sense of honor and the most scrupulous integrity, drew to him not only the confidence but the esteem of all with whom he came in contact, and bound to him his legion of friends.

Nevertheless he could exhibit not merely the appearance but the quality of sternness when occasion required. He detested shams, despised hypocrisy, and did not always carefully weigh his words in characterizing the thing his judgment condemned, but in denouncing what he believed to be vicious in principle, or corrupt in method, he was both vigorous and unsparing. But he was never ungenerous—on the contrary, no man was more tolerant or more considerate of the opinions and feelings of his associates.

At his home in Massillon he was greatly beloved. Not alone in the estimation of his business associates and among those with whom he came into most frequent contact did he hold a high place, but throughout all classes of the community and particularly among the poor, to whom he had been a benefactor, whose homes he had often lighted and whose burdens he had helped to bear, his name was a household word, and the memory of his many unobtrusive acts of kindness will remain forever fragrant.

It was my sad privilege, Mr. Speaker, to accompany the body of our friend to its last resting place in the beautiful cemetery near by the city of his residence. If there could ever have

been any doubt of the affection in which he was held by his neighbors, who knew him best, that doubt must have been dispelled by the evidences of grief that abounded on every hand. Owing to an accident the train was four hours late in arriving at Massillon, but during those four hours more than a thousand people had stood patiently waiting in the hot sunshine of an August afternoon in order to be present at the station when the train should arrive. All business was suspended. The great factories, employing hundreds of men, were closed in order that employers and employés might unite in paying the last tribute of respect and affection to him whose unexpected death was symbolized in the tokens of mourning that were visible everywhere.

It has been my fortune to be present at the obsequies of many eminent men, but I have never witnessed a more impressive exhibition of genuine, unaffected, universal grief than was manifest on that sad occasion.

On the previous day, at a mass-meeting of the people of Massillon, this feeling had found expression in many forms, but notably in a series of resolutions, from one of which I quote such testimony as might constitute a fitting epitaph to the memory of a philanthropist:

> *Resolved*, That in Mr. WARWICK we recognize a true and valued friend, a man of unblemished character, always kind and generous to the poor, of great and honorable skill in business, and strong and helpful in all public and private enterprises that secured the welfare, prosperity, and advancement of the city and its people. His death is a public calamity.

And this sentiment, Mr. Speaker, was but illustrated and emphasized in the unforced assemblage of the multitudes who, on the day of his burial, thronged the streets and stood with uncovered heads as the body of their friend was borne to the tomb. Such a demonstration as was there witnessed of the reverent grief of a whole city constitutes a more eloquent testimonial to the worth and virtues of our departed associate, and

to the love and veneration of his fellow-citizens, than the most glowing eulogium of the most gifted tongue.

And if by those who, at most, bore to him only the relation of neighbor and friend the death of such a man was so deeply mourned, what shall be said of the grief of her to whom for so many years he had borne the tender relation of husband, and of her son upon whom he had lavished from infancy the indulgent love of a father? To the one remains only the priceless legacy of his memory as she walks in the gloom of a shadow that shall never again be lifted; to the other the example of a life and character such as the inspired writer must have had in mind when he declared "A good name is better than precious ointment, and the day of death than the day of one's birth."

The lessons of such a life ought not, indeed, to be lost upon any young man whose laudable ambition it may be to carve out from hard conditions the fame of a successful and honorable career. They ought rather to be pondered with serious and attentive care. For his was not an exceptional career saving to the extent and in the respects that it was rendered so by his own efforts and energy. None of the advantages of wealth or influence could be invoked to aid him in the outset of his struggle for recognition and success. No royal road was opened up before him; nothing but the same beaten path that stretches itself at the feet of every youth and is blazed throughout its entire course.

It is not the "primrose path of dalliance," nor is it always strewn with roses.

On the contrary, it is sometimes a rough and weary way, beset with thorns and brambles, and calling often for the exercise of the heroic virtues of patience, fortitude, and self-denial. But it leads always to honor and usefulness; often to fortune and fame.

And whoever will may pursue it without other guidance than the simple observance of the field notes that are blazed along its course.

Industry, economy, diligence, sobriety, integrity, these and their kindred virtues, justice and charity, coupled always with a generous sense of equity, and with that fidelity which keeps a man loyal and true to the very spirit and intent of the faith that may have trusted him without requiring at his hands the form of a promise or a pledge; these, sir, are the emblems that mark the path; these constitute the essential elements of true manhood, and without them success in its highest and best sense is impossible.

That JOHN G. WARWICK possessed and cultivated all these ennobling traits of character none who knew him would do him the injustice to deny, and they constituted the basis of his claim to the respect, esteem, and confidence of his countrymen.

Although he did not attain the age of three score years and ten, allotted as the span of human life, he had yet lived long enough to fill the measure of his early ambition and to accomplish more than is ordinarily achieved by men who, by reason of strength, attain the age of four score years.

Fortunate in finding a home in this favored land, fortunate in the opportunities that were given him to serve the country of his choice and of his love, fortunate in his business pursuits, happy in his domestic relations, rich in the love of his fellow-citizens, and just entering here upon a new service for which he was well equipped, forming new associations which were in all respects congenial, there were indeed many reasons why our friend should prefer to live.

But he was not afraid to die. To him the final summons brought no dismay, no apprehension, nor did it take him by surprise.

Fortunate as he had been in all the relations of his useful life he was hardly less favored in the circumstances attending his lamented death.

Conscious to the last moment, in full possession of all his faculties and of the peace that passeth understanding, life's labor done, he was ready to receive his reward.

And so, surrounded by those he loved and with a smile upon his countenance, he entered upon that dark voyage so full of mystery and yet so full of promise and prospect and faith and hope as to banish all sense of dread from the mind of him upon whose kindling vision the receding earth was only bringing more clearly into view the light that shone from the farther shore, guiding him on the way to his eternal rest.

Peace to his ashes, reverence to his memory, honor to his fame.

ADDRESS OF MR. CARUTH, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. SPEAKER: In the Fifty-first Congress a new measure had been brought forward which affected in some manner or other the whole people. If enacted into a law it would enter, either to bless or injure, every American home. With the name of one of the Representatives of the people that bill will ever be associated. He was a man of high character, of strict integrity, of undenied patriotism. He thought he was right and believed he was acting for the best interests of the nation.

Fierce and bitter was the parliamentary battle that was waged, but the followers of this leader looked to him for advice and guidance, even as the "Old Guard" looked to and obeyed the first Napoleon. His opponents yielded to him the respect his character commanded, but with vote and voice they contested his theories of the rights of the Government and fought to the bitter end to defeat the cause he espoused. The battle

ended and on the banner of the leader I have described perched the eagle of victory.

However, the biennial elections were at hand, and the defeated but not yet vanquished transferred the conflict to the hustings and to the polls.

The measure and the man were to be upheld or defeated by the ballots of the people. What would be the result of the combat? This was the all-absorbing question in every city, town, hamlet, and home in the Republic.

To the Sixteenth district of Ohio the eyes of the nation were turned, for from this district came the leader I have mentioned, and on the result of this contest there seemed to depend the fate of the measure and the man.

The opposing forces were led by the one whose memory we this day honor.

I would not mar an occasion like this by any political references. Suffice it to say that the measure was repudiated, and when the smoke of battle cleared away from the Sixteenth district of Ohio—after a conflict which was waged furiously over every inch of the field—it was seen that the young "Napoleon" had met his political Waterloo.

It was in that fight that the American people learned to know by name and reputation the Hon. JOHN G. WARWICK; but those who honored him were not strangers; they had known him in the daily walks of life, and had helped to elevate him to the second office in the gift of the voters of his State; they had seen him discharge with dignity and honor the functions of lieutenant-governor of the Commonwealth.

The fame of the battle he had fought, the great victory he had won, made him a conspicuous figure in American politics, and he was "the observed of all observers" when he took his seat as a member of the Fifty-second Congress. He laid no claim to oratory, nor sought to load the RECORD with his

views on every subject, but modestly, earnestly, and quietly in committee rooms, in the Departments, and in this Hall he discharged with earnestness and zeal his duty to his people, his party, and his country. In his intercourse with his fellow-members he was courteous, considerate, and kind, and loved the society of the scholar and the wit. His conversation contributed to the knowledge of the one and the pleasure of the other.

You remember, Mr. Speaker, the intense heat of the last summer; how the people fled to seashore and to mountain to escape the heated city and to breathe the cool and health-giving air. The members of Congress, in the discharge of their duties, were chained to their desks and to this Hall, and here, true to his obligations, remained JOHN G. WARWICK, although the companion of his life, she who divided his sorrows and doubled his joys, had been prevailed upon by him to seek for awhile the seashore, on his promise to join her, and find quiet, rest, and strength after the trials of the long Congressional session.

This hope of happiness was destined never to be realized, for when the gavel went down to close the session he was stretched on a bed of illness, and this loving, devoted wife had been recalled to his side to minister to his wants and soothe his pain.

His colleagues hastened to their homes, happy to be released, glad to see once more their neighbors and their friends, but, alas! never more in life was JOHN G. WARWICK to look on the face of those who loved and honored him. Death came and beckoned him away from the pains and labors of time to the rest and rewards of eternity. He heard the summons and with a farewell word of love to his devoted wife he followed the grim messenger. All was over; a useful life was ended; a distinguished career terminated in the grave.

The career of JOHN G. WARWICK fittingly illustrates what can be accomplished in this country of ours. Born on a foreign soil, in County Tyrone, Ireland, he left the unhappy land of his birth before he attained his majority to find in this Republic more incentives for exertion and greater liberty of thought and action. A youth without advantages, a stranger in a strange land, with no means, he made his home in Ohio, engaged in mercantile pursuits, then in mining and farming, amassed a fortune, and died before he had reached the allotted "three score and ten," an honored and respected member of the highest law-making body in the land.

He accomplished this, Mr. Speaker, because he was a man of determined purpose, who in life knew no such word as "fail." Obstacles could not bar or impediments impede him if in the way of the object he desired to attain. Fixed of purpose, strong in his convictions, loyal and devoted in his friendships, loving and tender to wife and family, these were the predominant traits of character which marked his life.

Well may his people mourn the loss of one whose life contributed to the benefit of his kind. Well may his family weep over the desolation of a home his loving, thoughtful care made bright and happy. Well may the nation thus sorrow over the death of a patriot citizen who loved her institutions and contributed to her greatness.

ADDRESS OF MR. CALDWELL, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: The House does well, even when affairs of state are closely pressing it, to commemorate the virtues of JOHN G. WARWICK. To pay the tribute of love and acknowledgement to a public man of his worth is an affair of state.

He was a part of this House, and the loss to us and to the

people when he died was so heavy that the memorial custom which has so long prevailed in this body has emphasis in his case.

One of the wholesome, indeed essential, elements in our beneficent and successful form of government is unceasing party contention. The life of a republic depends on the existence of political parties. With all men in agreement on all propositions, and with no minority to scrutinize and threaten, and even to mount and ride with power—with the people for an army—we should have a government no better than the effete systems. Indeed, the more earnest and combative the parties within the lines of peace the greater is the safety of the form of government we have chosen, for the people are thus stimulated to a consideration and understanding of public questions.

Every true and courageous man admires a partisan—he who has earnest convictions with the courage to proclaim them. Who advocates and defends his principles with honesty and enthusiasm is useful as a citizen or as a servant of citizens, no matter to what party he belongs. His virility entitles him to admiration and respect which we can not accord to the shuffler and trimmer.

The men who settle great questions and truly and honorably lead the people are the men with views and rugged fighting qualities. We have respect for an open, honorable adversary, who meets us point to point and foot to foot, and if defeated bows to the majority like a true American. It is one of the compensations of our system that we can shake hands across the party lines.

It does not require much time for the acute man to penetrate a Democratic or Republican uniform and discover a warm heart beating within. No longer, certainly, than it takes to prod the cold, repellent disposition.

Shakespeare wrote for all time and for all men. He indited words applicable to JOHN G. WARWICK when he describes the prince, who was "framed in the prodigality of nature." Nature was profuse to him with its gifts of sense, ability, devotion to friends, philosophic tolerance of the views of his opponents, and a generosity that was princely and absolutely unaffected.

Governor WARWICK passed sixty fleeting years on earth. He had almost attained his majority before he came to this country from Ireland, but he was of that composition which rapidly comprehends and appreciates free institutions, and he quickly became a typical American. He had the best education in the principles of popular government that a thoughtful and practical man could have—a self-education.

He differed with many of us in the details of legislation, but on the main issue his position could not be fairly questioned even by a political opponent. He was a patriot, a devoted lover of his country. In his modest way he was a statesman. Statesmanship consists not alone in towering oratory and learned treatment of abstruse constitutional questions; it is a term which ought to embrace the qualities of the man who, from a practical standpoint, perceives the precepts of a good government, and uses every effort, according to the light thrown upon him, to preserve and perpetuate that government.

Governor WARWICK was a power in any enterprise with which he was associated, in politics, business, or social life. He had great strength in his known soundness of judgment and his unquestionable probity. He always did what he believed to be right, and he was not moved to perform while there was the slightest question in his mind as to the honesty of the enterprise. He was a strong organizer and disciplinarian.

When ne became an advocate of a measure in Congress. whether political or not, he was an active advocate. He was

sleepless and relentless in promoting what he believed to be good and needful legislation. Once convinced of the justice and propriety of a measure, Governor WARWICK was a most valuable ally. His promise of support did not mean perfunctory words and a mere ranging of himself on that side. It meant activity and results. It meant argument, solicitation, and the influence of a man whose own integrity was a recommendation for whatever he advocated.

He was powerful in persuasion. His personal appeals to members were more effective than speeches. Within his party, on political issues, and in all parties on questions that were nonpolitical, he was almost irresistible. He was a commanding man. He believed in using the means legitimately at his command to secure proper results. He had a personality that was imperious when necessary, and gentle when gentleness was the proper method. He was a most valuable man in the organization and discipline of the party to which he was devoted, and the party opposing his views always felt the necessity of alertness when he was in authority.

He was to a great extent a WARWICK in the histrionic sense. He was the potent agent and desired the promotion of many men, and had much to do with the adoption of doctrines. He was tenacious. To enlist him in a cause was to prepare to fight it out to the end. He was not a compromiser; he always studied the ground so well and was so moved by his integrity, as well as his judgment, that he was past the compromising point before he entered the fight.

He was versatile in his methods. He had thoughtful things to say to those who were thoughtful; strong argument for those who were wavering; gentleness for those who were gentle and receptive, and stern command for those who were obstinate and obstructive. And, with it all, he earned such a high character for integrity and sense that he generally won on all lines.

Governor WARWICK was a successful man; success came to him not as a result of a mere spirit of gain, but as the reward of a wise, liberal, and unselfish policy. His prosperity was the prosperity of the community in which he lived. His example stimulated other capitalists and employers to do justice. He was a useful man. He developed natural advantages, built up towns, and built up men. His generosity to worthy young men seeking to carve out positions for themselves was one of his most beautiful characteristics. He helped himself and then he helped others. His genius led him on to honorable fortune, and his goodness of heart made others the beneficiaries of his success.

He once found himself, through his associations with other operators of coal mines, with his employés on a strike where their lack of employment soon left them without means, but they had unlimited credit at the store which the governor conducted. An attempt was made by other employers to discipline him for giving practical aid to the strike; but he had no sympathy with the starvation policy, and rebelliously declared that the men should have provisions from his store as long as he had any.

This, Mr. Speaker, was illustrative of the character of Governor WARWICK. He was a business man with whom other business men desired to have associations on account of his sagacity and integrity. But he was not sordid. Money-getting was not the chief end of his life; money was to him something desirable to have for the use there was in it. A colossal fortune in the hands of JOHN G. WARWICK would not have incited the unrest found among the people on account of the concentration of wealth. The cry of plutocrat could find no lodgment against him. What he had was employed for the betterment of the general condition.

The poorest man in his community was always glad to hear

that he had advanced financially, for that meant better times for all. There could be no better example of frankness than was furnished by the man we are honoring. He was absolutely unaffected. He was a plain, straightforward, honest man. He pretended nothing. He knew his compass and kept within it. He spread no sails on unknown seas; he knew what he could do and he did that well. He selected his sphere of usefulness with unerring judgment and became great in it.

What he might have been as a public speaker, had education and circumstances bent his mind in that direction, we can not, of course, tell, but that his work was as effective as oratory we know. He brought reason, force, and example to bear. He was gifted in persuasion and power; he was well fortified to meet either the thinker or the obstinate man. In behalf of a friend or in advocacy of a principle he was a soldier as well as a missionary. His zeal was great, but it was not blind. He knew in what fields to work. In the pursuit of an object he lost no time and he wasted no strength. He had in an eminent degree the faculty of knowing how to work in each case where an impression could be made, and where work could be of no avail.

Members of this House in daily association become impressed with the amenities of life. They discover that in the performance of their duties the acrimonies of party politics are only incidental. They learn that in things really necessary to do in the main, purposes for which they have been sent here, there is a common ground on which all must get together. There are honest differences every day, and in essential matters the antagonists of to-day may, on some other question, be working elbow to elbow to-morrow.

We meet in common in the committee rooms and are naturally thrown together much in the hours of rest and recreation; under associations of this kind no man can long conceal his

faults, and no man, however modest, can long obscure his virtues. JOHN G. WARWICK bravely passed this test. In our midst he was an active spirit—was a working legislator, who kept abreast of current information; who loved fellowship; who was aggressive in promoting what he believed to be right; who was reciprocal when reciprocity was honorable and consistent, and who had the highest motives in his acts of kindness.

Being such a man he was well known to all of us, and knowing him as we did we honor his State, his country, and ourselves as much as we honor him in engaging in this memorial service.

Death is appalling in its frequency. The thoughtful man must shudder when he recounts the mortality even in this Congress. But, often as it may come, it is a duty we owe to ourselves, to humanity, and to the tenderest sentiments to pause and pay honest and loving tribute to him who has gone before us to an eternity whose unknowableness inspires us with awe.

We can well spare from the public business time to perform these offices which mark civilization and enlightenment.

Mr. Speaker, a life is not such a little thing that when it goes out we may discharge it from our memory and go on in uninterrupted worldliness. Death comes with a fresh shock every day. We can not get used to it. We wonder why, when there are so many less fair fields for devastation, it cuts off in the supremacy of his usefulness such a man as JOHN G. WARWICK. But we can only wonder and accept, and derive poor satisfaction from the poet who writes:

> The good die first,
> And those whose hearts are dry as summer's dust
> Burn to the socket.

The end of the worthy life of a good man conveys a greater lesson than can be expressed in words. It stimulates the faith

of the ardent believer in a blissful future and arrests the cold philosophy of the skeptic. Whatever our reasoning may be, whatever material views we may take of the mystery that closes existence, so far as we know it, we find ourselves clinging tenderly, hopefully, and in faith to the thought that there is a better and greater life into which our honored friend has entered. To us left, in a brief battle with things mundane and at best but a span behind him, he leaves a gracious memory.

ADDRESS OF MR. BENTLEY, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: It was my good fortune to meet Governor WARWICK in the opening days of the first session of the Fifty-second Congress, and, as I lived at the same hotel with him all through the many months of that season, I enjoyed the rare privilege of a close intimacy and friendship with him. His genial personality and his steadfast integrity commanded the respect of all who enjoyed his acquaintance, while his great kindness of heart and sincerity of purpose and manner strongly intrenched him in the affections of his friends.

Men of genuine excellence in every station of life; men of industry, of integrity, of high principle, of sterling honesty of purpose, command the spontaneous homage of mankind. It is natural to believe in such men, to have confidence in them, and to imitate them. All that is good in the world is upheld by them, and without their presence in it the world would not be worth living in.

JOHN G. WARWICK was one of these men. From an humble station in life he went forth to do battle with the world; to carve out a destiny for himself. He was inspired with an earnestness of purpose which was determined to win success.

Integrity, fidelity, and industry were the strong defenses of

his early years, and never in all his busy and useful life was his honesty or the purity of his motives questioned.

Born in Ireland in 1830, he came to this country at the age of 20 years and soon engaged in mercantile business, where his energy, tact, and capacity early placed him in the foremost rank of the business men of the town of his adoption. Identifying himself with various public enterprises, he extended his business relations into the fields of mining, milling, and transportation. He served as a director in several railroads and was one of the chief promoters of the Cleveland and Marietta Railroad.

A consistent and aggressive Democrat and always a liberal contributor in means, in counsel, and in effort to the success of his party, he was always reluctant to become a candidate himself for any office, but finally accepted a nomination in 1883 for lieutenant-governor of the State of Ohio, and, being elected, he discharged the duties of that high office with a fidelity and ability which justified the confidence of his friends and won the esteem and commendation of his political opponents.

He was again nominated in 1885, but shared the defeat which came to the entire Democratic ticket. In 1890 he was nominated for Representative in Congress from the Sixteenth Ohio district as the candidate of the Democratic party against William McKinley, jr., and was elected after a contest which was one of the most memorable in the history of Congressional elections.

Taking his seat in the Fifty-second Congress, he brought to the affairs committed to his charge the intelligent industry and fidelity which always marked his business career. His courage, his strong will, his honesty of purpose, and his frankness of speech never left any one in doubt as to the position he occupied upon any public question.

No man more strongly possessed the characteristic of unswerving constancy to his friends. Never doubting, never fearing, he was always ready with a strong arm to lean upon, a true heart to confide in, and with instant response to every call that could be made upon his sympathy and devotion.

There was no room for cant, pretense, or hypocrisy in his nature. His pulse never beat with one false emotion. While we mourn his loss; while we miss his pleasant face, his gentle voice, his kindly manner, and offer our most affectionate tributes to his worth and memory, we may well pause at the threshold of the touchingly beautiful home life which has been enshrouded with the impenetrable gloom of a measureless sorrow.

It was there, in the tranquility of his home, where the spirit of love and duty wisely ruled, where the daily life was honest, sensible, kind, and loving, that he found his highest peace and happiness, and no one knew better than he, from a glad and bright experience, that earth holds no joy so sweet as the quiet contentment, the gentle, winning, confiding love, the serene and hallowed associations that cluster around the idea of home. It was in the daily tenderness and devotion of domestic life that the golden threads were wrought into the texture of his moral character, which gave him calm and peaceful entrance into the "beautiful home of the soul."

ADDRESS OF MR. HOUK, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: I have been exceedingly gratified in listening to the eloquent and beautiful tributes that have been paid to the memory and character of our deceased colleague, Governor WARWICK. As my acquaintance with him only commenced with the beginning of this Congress, it was not such

as to enable me to depict in such terms as have been employed by the gentlemen who have preceded me the qualities that have inspired such heartfelt and eloquent eulogies. I have therefore made no special preparation in submitting the few thoughts I have to express on this occasion.

Governor WARWICK impressed me from my first acquaintance with him as a gentleman of great sincerity and simplicity of character, kind in all his impulses, of great personal purity, and sterling integrity. I doubt not he discharged all the duties that were ever imposed upon him, in any of the relations of life, with conscientious and diligent fidelity, and with all the ability with which God had blessed him.

He was a useful man here. His worth was recognized by all with whom he came in contact. It is fitting that such a memorial ceremony as this, in accordance with the custom that has prevailed here for many years, should be observed.

A few thoughts have been suggested to me whilst listening to these beautiful tributes to the memory of our departed colleague that I will attempt briefly to express.

In looking around this Hall of the American House of Representatives, upon these seats, and galleries through which there has been passing a constant, never-ceasing flow of life for more than a quarter of a century, I am reminded of scores of eminent men whom I have known, and who have passed from the arena of terrestrial existence. Three of these distinguished men, Gen. Robert C. Schenck, Clement L. Vallandigham, and Lewis D. Campbell, were my predecessors as Representatives of the Third Congressional district of Ohio on this floor.

Among those recently deceased may be named ex-President Hayes, James G. Blaine, Gen. Butler, Samuel J. Randall, and S. S. Cox, all of whom have left their impress upon the legislative history of the country. This stream of life flowing through

this Hall, notwithstanding the constantly recurring withdrawal, one by one, from the membership of the House by death, is ever full; but how forcibly are we reminded, by this ever-shifting scene, of the sublime apothegm of Burke, uttered by that great orator when, during a speech on the hustings, he was informed of the sudden death of his competitor. He at once cut short his speech, gathered up his papers, and exclaimed with touching pathos, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

And are we not all shadows? Are not those who have gone before us, and who during their terrestrial lives impressed themselves upon the history of the country, and contributed to shape its destinies, the realities?

Look upon the portraits of those two immortal patriots that adorn the walls of this Hall. There, sir [pointing to the portrait of Washington at the right of the Speaker's chair], is a character that is more vividly and widely impressed upon this nationality than any merely human personality has ever been impressed upon any people in human history. Everything around us here recalls the life, the name, and the services of Washington. And does he not still live? Does not the magnificent monument in sight of this Hall, that symbolizes the purity and dignity and simplicity of his character, testify to living and will it not testify to coming generations that he still lives?

And his companion there [indicating the portrait of Lafayette], who illustrated the bravery, the chivalry, the generosity of the French character in coming to assist in the achievement of our national independence, does he not, too, still live in the hearts of the living as he will forever in the hearts of future generations of the American people?

Mr. Speaker, there are other gentlemen who have asked and been accorded the privilege of adding their tributes on

this occasion. I will not deprive them of that privilege by the use of any further time. I have only arisen to testify briefly my respect for the memory of this estimable and most pure gentleman, who was the first to be called from the membership of the Ohio delegation to the Fifty-second Congress, from the activities of this to the mysteries of the better and more exalted life.

ADDRESS OF MR. PEARSON, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: Frequently, indeed, have the members of the Fifty-second Congress been called upon to pay their tribute of respect to the memory of a deceased fellow-member; and while on other occasions I have listened in silence and with interest to the words of praise spoken in behalf of such deceased member, I can not now preserve a silence which might be construed as a want of respect and love for him in whose honor these ceremonies are held.

While I had some acquaintance with Hon. JOHN G. WARWICK prior to our meeting at the organization of this Congress, yet I did not know of his real, true worth, until we became associated as colleagues from Ohio on the floor of this House. It was here that I learned to not only respect and admire, but to love the man. He was a true, manly man, full of honor and truth, bold and aggressive, yet modest and unassuming; a man of strong convictions, and earnest in maintaining them.

Governor WARWICK, as he was familiarly called by all who knew him, was loved and respected not only by the people of his Congressional district, but by the people of Ohio generally, and by all who were so fortunate as to know him intimately and well.

If there was one honorable trait in his character which deserves mention more than the many others it was his true

friendship and gratitude. In all my associations with men I do not remember to have met any who surpassed him in this regard; once your friend, your especial friend, you could safely depend upon him under the most trying circumstances.

What a lesson the history of his life affords to the youth of our country; born upon Irish soil, he came to America when less than 21 years of age, and, in the midst of strangers, in a strange land, but in free America, where honor, integrity, and true worth are recognized, unassisted by friends of influence or wealth, he commenced, as it were, the battle of life alone; but by his honesty, his industry, and his untiring energy, he fought his way on and up, until he was elected by the people of his State as lieutenant-governor, and later honored with a seat on the floor of this House, both of which positions he filled with honor to himself and credit to his people.

Governor WARWICK held many positions of honor and trust, and in all of them it can truthfully be said of him that he discharged his duties faithfully and well; he realized that, in official position, he was but the servant of the people, and it was their interest he consulted in the discharge of all his duties. It was this devotion to their interest which so endeared him to them.

Mr. Speaker, I well remember the expressions of sorrow heard on every hand when the sad words, "Governor WARWICK is dead," reached the people of his adopted State.

As I have said, they had learned to love and honor him; they recognized in him a true representative of their interest, and hence they felt keenly the loss which, in his death, they sustained, and in many an humble home the silent sympathetic tear was shed, and a fervent, earnest prayer was offered for the widow and immediate friends of Governor WARWICK.

ADDRESS OF MR. DUNGAN, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: It was an ancient Thracian custom to weep around the cradle and to dance around the grave, mourning over the beginning of this troublous life, and rejoicing over the commencement of a higher life.

But we are more human in our philosophy, and rejoice when we have the great gift of one to love, and mourn when death claims a friend. And even in the deepest grief, how it comforts the stricken soul to recall the virtues, the kindnesses, the countless acts of love of the departed. And we do not so much mourn for the dead as we mourn for ourselves, for our loss, for the blank left in our lives. It is as natural to remember as to love, and since the days when David sang of Jonathan, his friend, mankind with one accord has done itself the honor to commemorate the virtues of the worthy dead.

To-day we dedicate an hour to the memory of JOHN G. WARWICK, of Ohio. Nor do we, his friends, want panegyric, but truth; for in this case the truth is highest eulogy.

Born in the little town of Grotan, in the County Tyrone, in Ireland, he became an American, not by accident of birth, but by the deliberate act of his young manhood he chose our country for his country, our flag for his flag, and our people for his people. Coming to the United States when 20 years old, he so acclimated himself to our institutions that for years he has been trusted with many public places of honor, connected with the management of the schools and municipal government of his adopted city, as well as in the wider field of State and national action.

Elected lieutenant-governor of Ohio he presided over the Ohio senate with the dignity of a simple, kindly nature. Afterwards, sent to this Congress in a most memorable con-

test with a great national leader of the Republican party, and then unanimously chosen as Ohio's member of the national Congressional committee, he remained always the same quiet, earnest gentleman it was his nature to be, and the Democracy of his chosen State never did itself more honor than when it honored such a man. And this generous-hearted man from a generous-hearted race, in making so good an American, never forgot to love and help his fellow-countrymen, for he was not only a splendid American, but a typical warm-hearted Irishman always.

His character can be easily described by those who knew him, for his life was an open book that might be read of all men. A clear-headed, prudent, but energetic man of affairs, with capacity to grasp the details and the possibilities of many kinds of business, he engaged in labor, in merchandising, in milling, in railroad building and operating, in coal mining, and in farming, and successfully conducted them all. His pronounced personal qualities were honesty, modesty, simplicity, sympathy, and generosity.

Can another star be added to such a crown?

Sincere and unassuming, full of kindness for the humblest man he met, kindness that not only felt, but helped; trusted by the rich and loved by the poor, none had ever sincerer, sadder mourners than he; one instance will show at once his kindness, his manly independence, and his simplicity. During a strike that stopped work at all the mines in his region, his own amongst them, he was requested to attend a meeting of the mine owners, and was there asked what he meant by supplying strikers with provisions from his stores during a strike. "Why," said he, "those people have dealt with me long, and always paid me; they have worked for me, and will again, and if I don't trust them for provisions where can they get any?" and that settled the matter.

The nation and the world have often to pause to say, "We have lost a great man," but we to-day do more than that. We stop the business of this House to mourn the loss of a good man—a true man.

To say more of JOHN WARWICK than is true would simply be to insult the memory of the man, himself so true.

But this much was just to say, and while we have all heard such memorial exercises lightly spoken of, I yet maintain that they have their high use to the living.

After the white blamelessness of sixty-two years of active, earnest, almost faultless life, he leaves a memory fully fit to be cherished.

The legend of St. Humbert is that that good man was buried with a green branch lying on his breast, and when a hundred years afterward they chanced to open his grave they found the body had become dust, but the fair branch, unwithered, still kept its perennial green. So with good men. They die and their bones turn to ashes, but long in the hearts of their friends the memories of the good they wrought abide imperishable. "For though dead they do live again. Their lives live after them." And it is well to stand for an hour by this bier and speak to each other of the dead, for there surely are men who when dead still live "to make the next age better than the last."

And the lives of many people are better—happier, and therefore better—because of JOHN G. WARWICK'S life.

We are better because we knew him, and we may be very sure that in the eternal mystery of death he can not be else than enjoying the reward of a life so full of good deeds done in the body.

We may not know where the loved who leave us go—

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day,
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet, oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see.

Then might they say, those vanished ones, and blessed is the thought,
"So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may tell you naught;
We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of death;
Ye can not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."
The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent;
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead,
And as life is sweet to the living, so death is to the dead.

ADDRESS OF MR. DONOVAN, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is not inappropriate that I, a native of the State of his adoption, should pay my tribute of respect and affection to the memory of him whose presence within its borders for so many years did so much to make it a greater, a better, and a happier Commonwealth. His many noble qualities, his lofty understanding of his responsibilities, and his earnest endeavor to discharge promptly all his obligations will not soon be forgotten by the good people of Ohio, many of whom were the beneficiaries of his kindness and generosity, and all of whom, with bowed heads and aching hearts, lay their garlands of pathos and sorrow on the hallowed tomb of JOHN G. WARWICK.

I first became personally acquainted with him at the organization of the present Congress, and although he was 29 years older than I, a lasting friendship soon sprang up between us. I learned to admire the sturdy virtue, the persistent energy, and the unflinching honesty of my friend and colleague.

He was born and reared in the sacred land of my ancestors, and possessed the frankness, generosity, and courage characteristic of the Irish race. His abhorrence of despotism and his love of our free country and its institutions, impelled him at the age of 20 years to bid farewell to his native isle and

seek a home in a land where kings do not rule by the grace of God.

He possessed good judgment and business sagacity in an eminent degree, which, with his gentlemanly deportment and unquestioned honesty, soon made him a favorite in social circles and a prominent man in commercial affairs. He believed that in our system politics and the economic problems involved therein are inseparably connected with our business and social life; and he deemed it not only a privilege to be enjoyed, but a sacred duty to be discharged, that every good citizen should be well informed on all questions of civil government and political economy, affecting the welfare of the people and the safety of the Republic.

Mr. WARWICK was a thorough Democrat and labored zealously and effectively for the ascendency of the principles of the party with which he affiliated, and in which he had an abiding faith. He was a consistent but not a bitter partisan, and believed that while a candidate for public office should be loyal to his party, a public officer should be loyal to the people.

It is not surprising that such a man should be sought as a political leader; indeed it would be surprising if he were not so sought. In the year 1883 Mr. WARWICK was nominated by the Democracy of Ohio for lieutenant-governor, and was elected. As presiding officer of the Ohio senate he was patient, fair, and just, and won the confidence and esteem of the members of that body irrespective of party affiliations.

After one of the fiercest and most memorable campaigns in the history of Congressional elections, Mr. WARWICK was elected in the year 1890 to represent the Sixteenth district of Ohio in the Congress of the United States. During the all too short time that he served as a member of this body he proved himself an active worker, a prudent legislator, a patriotic citizen, and an honest official. His associates and

coworkers on both sides of this Chamber join me in bearing witness that our lamented colleague deserved all the encomiums that have been pronounced on him and was worthy of all that has been said eulogistic of his many virtues.

No greater panegyric can be delivered on any man than to say that he is an honest American citizen. JOHN G. WARWICK was an honest citizen of this great Republic, and for his indubitable loyalty to it the people of the whole country owe a debt of gratitude to him, the sanctity of whose ashes is preserved by commingling with its sacred soil.

ADDRESS OF MR. OUTHWAITE, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: So much has already been said to commemorate the virtues and perpetuate the good name of our late colleague that I feel unprepared to make any important additional contribution to these ceremonies. But my high esteem for Mr. WARWICK and my sense of the loss which this House and the State of Ohio sustained in his death impel me to add a few sentences of tribute to his memory.

Before he came here as a Representative of one of the most progressive, prosperous, and intelligent constituencies in Ohio he had won a high place among the citizens of the whole State. He was a self-made man who had impressed upon his neighbors and a wide circle of acquaintances the forceful integrity of his character. With but the ordinary groundwork of an education in his youth, by a careful and a zealous course of reading he had amassed a wonderful store of general information.

He was a close student of history and fond of English literature. He had collected a choice library as he pursued his work of self-edueation, and had learned how to use it to

the best advantage. He was remarkably full of statistical information, especially such as related to important political questions. To facts concerning the promotion of the industries of mining and manufactures he had given much attention, and was a close observer of the operations of commerce.

To the learning found in books he had the valuable experience which comes from contact with all sorts and conditions of men. He was a large employer of labor, and had the constant regard of those in his employ. He had also received the general culture which comes to men as a result of travel, for he had visited many parts of this country, and met leading men in all the channels of life, as well as visited his native land and other portions of Europe. The story of his successful life is one of simplicity.

Starting in business life as a clerk in a little country dry-goods store, he became in mature years prominent in mercantile pursuits, as well as the operator of considerable coal mines, the promoter of manufacturing enterprises, and the owner of extensive farms. He gave to every work he undertook the most careful attention and zealous industry. He owed his success to this fact, and the further fact that his native prudence, sagacity, and industry was supplemented by the strictest integrity and fidelity to his obligations. These characteristics of his private life were intensified when he came to the performance of his public duties.

When lieutenant-governor of Ohio he held the respect of every member of the senate by the fairness of his rulings and his unfailing courtesy. When he entered the Halls of this Congress he came well equipped with information upon public affairs, anxious for the success of the political principles he adhered to, a prudent adviser upon party measures, and full of the patriotic purpose that all he should seek to do might be for the welfare and prosperity of the whole country and

the happiness of all the inhabitants thereof. He made no pretensions to oratory, but in assemblies of citizens, in conventions and municipal bodies he often talked forcefully and fluently. His manner of speech was plain, blunt, cogent, and condensed. He made a sort of sledge-hammer presentation of cold facts and strong arguments.

During his last memorable campaign, which resulted in his election to Congress over the Hon. William McKinley, the only personal opposition urged against him was that he could not make a speech. At a great meeting of his party where he was present on the stand, held in one of the cities of the district, such cries were shouted. Mr. WARWICK deliberately came forward upon the platform facing the vast audience from whence such challenge had come and unmercifully rebuked this unbecoming treatment and proved his ability to talk to the point in a very few moments. After his election he made a trip to the Pacific coast, and while in San Francisco he was tendered a reception by a vast concourse of generous Californians. Upon this occasion he made an address upon public questions which was widely and favorably commented upon.

Mr. WARWICK was a thoroughly domestic man, fond of the retirement of his own home circle, and yet he delighted in the companionship of other men, had a lively sense of humor, and was a good listener. He enjoyed good stories and had a fund of them from which he drew to illustrate, entertain, or instruct. He was always a true friend, and was noted for his kind ways and benevolence. The affection felt for him in his home city was general, and his name was frequently sought to head subscription papers of a charitable or benevolent character. The poor of his city were greatly indebted to him and warmly cherished his memory.

Let me repeat one instance of his generous wisdom. Once, when a strike was going on at one of his mines, fully con-

vinced of the correctness and justness of his own position, he could not forget that the families of his employés might suffer while the questions of difference were under discussion and the men without work and wages, and he sent them flour and groceries. In the end they yielded to his views. At his funeral many hundreds of these same miners stood with uncovered heads for about an hour in the hot sun to pay tribute to his memory, while here and there tears moistened the eyes of these true mourners for the loss of such a friend, a just tribute to the good heart of our late colleague. He has earned a golden page in the history of this country.

ADDRESS OF MR. GANTZ, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: The life and character of the late JOHN G. WARWICK have been so appropriately and eloquently presented by those who have preceded me in these memorial services that there seems to be nothing for me to add, yet I desire to pay tribute to the memory of my late colleague and friend. I first made his acquaintance about ten years ago at the time that he was a candidate for the office of lieutenant-governor of the State of Ohio, and I was then much impressed by his undaunted courage, his sincerity, and his lofty integrity. Fearlessly he advocated his views and the tenets of his party, and by his earnest, sincere manner he proved to be a tower of strength in the political contest of 1883.

While not an orator, he exerted a remarkable influence, for his positive manner and frankness of speech carried conviction everywhere. He was not reared in the lap of luxury, but unaided he fought his way step by step, until by unremitting toil he attained wealth and honor. He filled the position of lieutenant-governor with great credit to himself and his State,

and in the fall of 1890 was elected as a member of the Fifty-second Congress.

Serving with him during the first session of that Congress I became better acquainted with him, and learned to honor and admire him for his rugged honesty, devotion to his friends, and the many manly virtues which he possessed.

There never was a more generous friend, and all who knew him will join me in bearing testimony that his was a faithful, enduring friendship.

Strong to his likes and dislikes, he was an earnest, forcible champion of the cause of a friend, but always fair and honorable in dealing with an opponent.

The people of Ohio had the fullest confidence in this plain man, and it was with profound sorrow that they heard of his death. It has been truthfully said that the sorrow for the dead is one from which we refuse to be divorced, but I believe that the poignancy of that sorrow is and should be lessened and relieved by the consolatory knowledge that the departed one filled his mission on earth as God intended, and that the world is better for his having lived.

I am fully convinced that my friend and colleague always endeavored to do his duty earnestly and honestly, and that he was inspired in all his actions by motives of justice, patriotism, and purity; and certain it is that he missed no opportunity to make others happy. There can be no better test of a man's merit than the esteem in which he is held in the home circle, and in this Mr. WARWICK was everything that a loving and devoted husband and father could be, and enshrined himself in the hearts of his family so that time will not efface therefrom the memory of him who is absent, but not forgotten.

Any description that I could give of the many good and noble traits of character of the deceased would be incommensurate with the merits of him whom we all loved, and in whom

all who knew him had implicit confidence. But JOHN G. WARWICK is no more, and while we miss him in this Chamber, he is also missed in the State of Ohio, and because he was a kind father and a loving husband, he is sadly missed in the home circle; but we may all be comforted in some degree, because we know he has left behind him an honorable record and a noble name.

ADDRESS OF MR. HARTER, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is a privilege to be allowed to speak, even if very briefly, of the man whose life and character are now before the House for truthful comment and therefore for eulogy, for the truth about JOHN GEORGE WARWICK necessarily takes the form of commendation and the tone of eulogy. I shall not ask much of your time, as a more complete review of his career is very properly within the privilege of the honorable gentleman who, coming from the same State, now represents the district which sent Mr. WARWICK to the Congress of the United States.

Born in the same county in which Mr. Warwick spent over forty years of his life, my knowledge of the man and familiarity with his career continued down to the hour of his death.

The private life, social character, and business relations of a man largely indicate what will be his career after being called into the public service, and brief and untimely as was the record of Mr. WARWICK at Washington it promised to bear all the fruit which a pure life and an honorable career among his Ohio neighbors, beginning away back in 1850, foreshadowed.

In all the years I knew him I never heard him charged with falsehood or dishonesty; the head of a large business, constantly connected with important enterprises, he won the name

of an upright merchant and an honorable and capable administrator of trusts, and when death reached him he enjoyed the confidence and held as firmly as any other part of his estate the esteem of those who knew him best.

No trait in his character was more distinctly apparent than a sympathy for others, which was almost boundless, and which in his long life showed itself in numberless deeds of kindly charity. In the city in which he lived he will be long missed by the poor and the unfortunate, and his place among the prosperous can not easily be filled. So far as he saw his duty before him, he did it, and more can not be said of any man; and happy will be those we leave behind us if, when the time comes for writing our epitaphs, so fair a scroll can be placed upon our tombs as the most unflattering and least eloquent of his friends here in this House declare to be due to JOHN G. WARWICK.

ADDRESS OF MR. SCOTT, OF ILLINOIS.

Mr. SPEAKER: The grim destroyer does not respect persons in reaping his rich harvest. When he cut down the Hon. JOHN G. WARWICK, of Ohio, he took one of nature's noblemen.

A brief acquaintance during the first session of this Congress was sufficient to enable me to estimate fully his high character. It was impossible to come in but casual contact with this true man without becoming his sincere admirer.

He was chairman of one of the committees on which I had the honor to serve. In this capacity I came in close contact with him and we became fast friends. If to know him so briefly and yet to form so strong an attachment for him, what must have been the enduring relation existing with those with whom he associated for a lifetime?

Coming into Congress as a new member, he at once assumed that station to which his natural abilities, strengthened by long public service in his State, entitled him. Ever true and loyal to his friends he had their closest confidence. He was always ready to serve them to the extent of his ability. Having traveled extensively and being a great reader, he was fully abreast of the times in which he lived.

This tribute, though brief, is yet meant to express a sincere admiration for one who in life was an upright, able, and dignified gentleman.

ADDRESS OF MR. BRETZ, OF INDIANA.

Mr. SPEAKER: As the successor of Governor WARWICK on one of the important committees of this House, I come to offer my tribute of respect to the departed.

Of his life and character in detail I know nothing. My first acquaintance with him was formed at the assembling of the Fifty-second Congress, and as the first session of that Congress progressed my acquaintance with Governor WARWICK grew more and more intimate.

As has been said of him, he was not quick to put himself upon intimate terms of friendship with new acquaintances; but his force of character so impressed those with whom he came in contact that it was a pleasure to seek and cultivate his friendship. He was a man possessed of sterling qualities, frank and positive in all he said or did, and it is no great surprise that he rose, in a short life, from a penniless boy with a limited education to a man of some means, and attained the high distinctions he did in the political arena. So forcible were these rare qualities of sturdy honesty that he was

accorded positions on committees by the Speaker of this House rarely attained by new members.

The news of his untimely death was a great surprise to me, when I remembered that it had been but a day or two since I had left him in this city to go to my home, at the end of a long session of Congress, apparently in vigorous health; but the shock produced by the news of the death of our friends is sometimes somewhat lessened when we remember that many thousand years ago it was truthfully said:

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." "Thus wastes man! To-day he puts forth the tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms, and bears his blushing honors thick upon him; the next day comes a frost, which nips the shoot, and when he thinks his greatness is still aspiring, he falls, like autumn leaves, to enrich our mother earth."

So it was with the deceased; while engrossed with the busy work of this life he was stricken down and suddenly there was heard the rustle of a wing and the soul of our esteemed colleague took its flight into eternity.

Mr. Speaker, no eulogy we can now pronounce upon his life can add anything to his already well-made record. His name and fame will adorn the pages of the history of his State, and when the historian recites in after years the past events of this great nation, the name of JOHN G. WARWICK will not be missing.

His deeds are accomplished, his name inscribed on the Book of Life; peace be to his memory; green be the grave where sleeps our departed friend. Let us hope that he is better off than those of us who survive him.

ADDRESS OF MR. HAYNES, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: At the close of the first session of the present Congress I parted with my friend and colleague, JOHN G. WARWICK, in this city. At that time he was seemingly in good health and spirits, and told me somewhat of his plans and purposes on returning to his home after the adjournment of Congress.

The district which he so ably represented having been changed after his election to the Fifty-second Congress it seemed to our friend that there was no important public nor party necessity demanding that he should make further sacrifice of his business interests, and he had, several months prior to his death, advised his personal and party friends that he would not be a candidate for reëlection as Representative.

He was satisfied and happy in the thought that he could hereafter devote his time, means, and energy to developing and promoting business enterprises which he believed would greatly benefit, not only himself, but the people generally of his town and district.

A few days after our parting it was with deep sorrow and regret that I learned of Mr. WARWICK'S illness and sudden death in this city.

I had known Mr. WARWICK personally for many years, and intimately since 1883, when he was the nominee of his party for lieutenant-governor of Ohio on the ticket with George Hoadly for governor. He was elected by a large majority, his popularity especially with the labor vote of the State aiding materially in the success of the ticket. He made an enviable record as lieutenant-governor of the State and president of the senate, retiring with the good will and esteem, not only of his party friends, but of his political opponents.

Mr. WARWICK was a man of marked character and ability. Coming to this country when a young man of about 20 years of age, possessing nothing more than an honest heart and willing hands, he made his way to honor, distinction, and wealth.

In the discharge of his public duties, as well as in the management of his business affairs, he left the impress of his individuality on all his undertakings and his associates.

A kindly, genial gentleman; courageous, loyal, and true to his friends and trusts, positive in his convictions and earnest in the defense and support of party and personal friends. He was also a man of exceedingly kind feelings and impulses; generous, charitable, sincere, and earnest, he intended to do what was right to friends and opponents.

Mr. WARWICK was devoted and loyal to the political party with which he affiliated. He was a man of positive and strong convictions on questions of public or party policy, and always careful, painstaking, thoughtful, and efficient in the discharge of all public duties.

He represented his constituency faithfully and well; his good judgment, industry, and interest in the duties pertaining to a member of this House made him a valuable associate to his colleagues in this Congress.

While it is not my purpose to recount the details of the life of our friend—leaving to others to speak of his early life; his great labor and struggle to overcome the difficulties that surrounded his youth and early manhood; of his success in business; of his generosity and charity; of his happy home life and surroundings; the good will and confidence of his neighbors—I wish only to add that Mr. WARWICK has been identified with the business interests of his city and district for many years, always contributing his full proportion of money, time, and labor to the development and prosperity of the community.

He was recognized in his city and district as a successful business man of great ability, respected and trusted implicitly by all, and the trusted friend and counselor of his neighbors and friends—a trust that was never betrayed.

I attended the burial of our friend and colleague, in the beautiful cemetery in the busy and enterprising city of Massillon, his home for many years. The shops, mines, and business places were closed, all work was suspended, and the long lines of workingmen, mechanics, miners, and citizens, who had stopped their labor and assembled to attest their respect and sorrow at the death of their friend who had, for many years, been their adviser and counselor, and their sympathy for the wife and son who had been bereft of a loving and devoted husband and father, told to all who were present that a man loved, honored, and respected had passed away forever.

Mr. OUTHWAITE. Mr. Speaker, other gentlemen desired to speak on this occasion, but are detained by illness or other causes. I therefore ask unanimous consent for leave to print, and that these gentlemen be allowed to submit their remarks.

There was no objection.

Mr. OUTHWAITE. I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The motion was agreed to.

Accordingly, in pursuance of the terms of the resolutions, the House (at 5 o'clock and 20 minutes p. m.) adjourned until Monday, February 20, 1893, at 11 o'clock a. m.

ADDRESS OF HON. ROBERT E. DOAN, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: We have all been shocked and pained at the mortality among members of the two branches of Congress. How true it is that—

> To our graves we walk
> In the thick footsteps of departed men.

During the Fifty-second Congress fourteen members have been called to lay down life's burdens and answer the eternal roll call. Had the custom prevailed in this House of wearing the usual emblem of mourning for thirty days, we would have had a constant reminder that death is in our midst, and that this is indeed a house of mourning.

What a deep, sad lesson is conveyed to us in such a solemn hour as this. When old age has dimmed the bright luster of an active mind, when the zenith of capacity has been reached and passed, and we near the foot of life's hill, we bow in submission to nature's claims. But we stand with awe in the presence of death, when lips are silent that but yesterday pleaded with the impassioned eloquence of strong manhood, or when its withering touch fells to the bier a man in the full possession of all his powers, busied in the ceaseless activity of a useful life.

What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

How forcible, how significant, how impressive are the words of Watts, as they come ringing in our ears:

Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours.

Mr. Speaker, the life of JOHN G. WARWICK on earth is ended. His friends and country are left to mourn his loss.

Death can move from earth our friend, blot out all physical existence, but it is powerless to destroy the results of his labor, the impressions he has left, the good he has accomplished.

These are legacies of glory over which death has no power. In the well-directed life they comfort us like a living presence, and grow brighter and brighter as we descend the hill of life to sleep at its foot.

While there is no mystery like death, there is no theme so sublime and grand as immortality. Blessed truth!

Fruits fall to the earth and decay, but never a fruit that did not leave its seed, and never a life that did not leave its example.

The sun of man's life goes down, but the star of his example remains in the firmament. The sun may set in the western sky amid the storms of earth, but it leaves a legacy of glory to the very clouds that obstruct its setting, speaking a language to our souls of a brighter day, a resurrection day, a coronation day, when God will gather His jewels in the eternal sunlight of His love.

Governor WARWICK was a Democrat of the old school. He was a thorough disciplinarian; he was honest, conscientious, sincere, and true to a fault. What he advocated he believed, and his very sincerity made you his friend. The demagogue he despised. The basis of his political action was that of absolute justice, and his motto was "That it were better to fail in the right than succeed in the wrong." While you differed with him politically, you admired his frankness and probity.

In all his official acts as a member of the House, upon the floor, in committee, or in debate, he was the same sincere, candid, manly man. In his death the country has lost a faithful public servant—the members of the House a conscientious co-worker in every department of legislation. As a citizen he had the respect of those who knew him best, without regard to party affiliations. As a neighbor he was obliging; as a friend to the poor he was large-hearted, liberal, kind, and true. No deserving man was ever turned away from his door empty-handed. While he was firm and positive in his business matters and in his convictions of right and duty, he was nevertheless gentle in his disposition and ever anxious to add to the "sum of human joy."

I have not risen, Mr. Speaker, to deliver a eulogy on the deceased statesman. I shall not attempt to sketch the honorable steps by which he ascended to distinction in his own State, and obtained the confidence of all as a member upon this floor. That has been well and appropriately done by his colleagues and friends in this House. The deceased has made that task easy for—

> The record of a noble life is that life's best eulogy; the history of the deeds of worthy men their most lasting epitaph.

I have risen simply to say a word or two in behalf of a worthy colleague from my own State of Ohio, and to render a tribute to his memory that is so justly deserved. In the general sorrow over his untimely death, I want to add the deep feeling of my own heart and drop a tear of sympathy and sorrow with those who loved him best in his own State and in his own home.

In these lessons remember God speaks, and—

> To the dead He sayeth: Arise!
> To the living: Follow me!
> And that voice still sounding on
> From the centuries that are gone,
> To the centuries that shall be!

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

DECEMBER 8, 1892.

Mr. BRICE, of Ohio. Mr. President, I ask that the resolutions of the House of Representatives in regard to the death of my late colleague in that body be laid before the Senate.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *December 6, 1892.*

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN G. WARWICK, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to communicate a copy of these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to his memory the House do now adjourn.

Mr. BRICE. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep regret the announcement of the death of the Hon. JOHN G. WARWICK, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate this resolution to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

Mr. BRICE. Mr. President, at some future time I shall ask that a day be fixed when appropriate tributes may be paid to the memory and services of my late colleague in the other House.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Ohio.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously; and (at 1 o'clock and 2 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday December 12, 1892, at 12 o'clock meridian.

EULOGIES.

MARCH 3, 1893.

Mr. BRICE. Mr. President, I desire to call up the resolution of the House of Representatives relative to the death of Hon. JOHN G. WARWICK.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore.* The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *February 18, 1893.*

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that oppor, tunity may be given for tributes to the memory of the Hon. JOHN G. WARWICK, lately a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. BRICE. I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask that they be read.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore.* The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN G. WARWICK, late a Representative from the State of Ohio, and tender to the relatives of the deceased the assurance of their sympathy with them under the bereavement they have been called to sustain.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate be directed to transmit to the family of Mr. WARWICK a certified copy of the foregoing resolution.

ADDRESS OF MR. BRICE, OF OHIO.

Mr. PRESIDENT: In paying tribute I can but indicate a portion of the respect and honor in which, in common with our people, I personally held the late Representative WARWICK. I can not, under the circumstances which now surround us, properly convey to you or to the Senate the full measure of his worth as a man, a citizen, a friend, and a Representative. We have now reached that stage in the session which deprives me of the opportunity and the power to express what I myself feel.

He was my friend for many long years. He was a representative citizen of our State for more than thirty years and one of its best known public men for more than one-half that period. He died in the confidence of his neighbors and friends. He died in the full vigor of his life, after he had been victor in a memorable contest which had made his name, for the time at least, national. The result of that contest placed him in the House of Representatives and put him in such a position in that body as fixed its attention upon him, upon his talent, upon his bearing, upon his character. He bore well in every respect that scrutiny, and he had not been a member many months until he was honored, admired, respected, and loved there as he had been at his home and among his people.

Mr. President, on August 14 of the present year the Hon. JOHN G. WARWICK, a Representative in Congress from the State of Ohio, died at the Riggs House, in this city. His illness was of short duration, and the deceased himself was the first to become aware of his approaching end. The members of his immediate family had been summoned, and in his expiring moments he had the consolation found in the presence of those who had been dearest to him in life.

The memory of Congressman WARWICK as a public man and as a private citizen is still fresh, and yet it will be a melancholy pleasure to recall the incidents of his memorable career. He was a marked type of the public-spirited citizen, and his kindly generosity in the affairs of life deserve a higher praise than I am able to bestow upon this occasion.

JOHN GEORGE WARWICK was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, December 23, 1830. His father was a merchant. In 1850 he came to the United States, and, after a short sojourn in Philadelphia, removed to Starke County, Ohio. In this community for forty years he found the scene of his life's endeavor.

In no man's history can the possibilities of energy and business integrity find a more striking example. First he became engaged as clerk in a dry goods store, and by perseverance and industry finally entered into business for himself upon a small scale. He possessed the shrewdness and tact characteristic of the people of his birth, together with a directness of purpose and skill in management which advanced him rapidly in the pursuit which he had chosen. His experience as clerk in a country store gave him an insight into human nature and a knowledge of the plain and rugged side of life, the impressions of which lasted until death. In the conduct of his affairs he was undeceived by pomp and ostentation, and always had a friendly hand extended in aid of deserving need.

When he had fairly established his footing in the community which he adopted as his permanent home he found himself able to embark in more ambitious enterprises. He gradually invested in many undertakings, and was remarkably successful in them all. During his career he was not only active in several large railroads, but was an extensive miller. His coal mining interests were large, and he gave much attention to his farms. The great secret of his life's success was his punctilious adherence to every obligation, and his enthusiastic

and unchanging devotion to every enterprise into which he entered.

It was not in business affairs, however, that he exclusively took mental exercise. While a young man he had devoted himself eagerly to the study of American and English history, and in after life he was an authority upon nearly every event relating to the two countries whose annals he had so carefully studied in his youth. The diversion of reading was one of the fixed habits of his life, and the newspapers of the day were always to be found at his hand. It is not surprising that he was invariably abreast of the current of public affairs.

While building up his private business Mr. WARWICK did not seek political distinction. This came to him later in life, when he had more leisure and a greater opportunity to give attention to outside interests. He had accepted some local offices of minor importance, but it was not until 1883 that he became a well-known figure in the politics of his State. In that year he was nominated by the Democrats and elected lieutenant-governor of the State on the ticket of which Hon. George Hoadly was the head. He presided over the State senate for two years with marked ability and fairness. Upon his retirement from that position he was favored with the esteem of all who had come in contact with him as a presiding officer.

The next occasion upon which he entered actively into politics was in 1890, when he was the Democratic nominee in what was then the Sixteenth district of Ohio. The campaign was the most vigorous and hotly contested of that year, either in the State of Ohio or elsewhere. He had the honor to defeat a distinguished opponent after a canvass that attracted wide attention throughout the country, and which has since had an important bearing upon national issues. His success in this struggle did not go unrecognized. When he entered

upon his Congressional duties he was given assignments of marked consequence in the body to which he had been elected.

His career in Congress was brief, but by no means unproductive. He had served only through the first session when he was lifted from the scene of his earthly achievements by the unkindly hand of death. However, within the brief period that fate accorded him for the service of the public in a Congressional capacity he accomplished much. The interest he felt in his own State and the particular constituency which he represented made him a watchful, wise, and earnest public servant in their behalf. Enjoying as he did the good will and confidence of those with whom he was associated, he used the opportunity for the greatest benefit of his country and his State. He was faithfully at his desk each day, and watched with unvarying care the changeful phases of national legislation.

He was unhesitating in expressing his opinions upon public questions, and his straightforwardness and courage in advancing his beliefs were always a source of strength to the causes which he espoused. Pretensions to oratory he did not make. In the few public addresses made by him his arguments were plain, cogent, unmistakable statements, requiring no interpretation to make clear their purport. In private conversation he had the same directness of manner, which gave him a force that he might never have enjoyed had he been the slave of ornate and effusive speech.

Full of humor, much of it of the sparkling kind attributable to his Irish birth, fond of the society of his friends, and with the mantle of charity always at hand for the failings and faults of others, no more companionable man ever shed the glow of human fellowship within the circle of his immediate friends. It is within that circle that his loss will be most fully measured.

In every respect Mr. WARWICK was a remarkable man. In

his struggles from poverty to independent wealth the key of his success was his absolute integrity, perseverance, and native shrewdness. The turmoils of business and politics he did not allow to disturb the serenity of his temperament. His views of party animosities, the rivalries and jealousies of daily life, were invariably tempered by tolerance. He looked at the hamperings of this world with composure. Oftentimes he would step from the scene of his active work and find rest and recreation in his books. It was thus that he sustained the equability of his emotions, notwithstanding the quick and energetic character of his mind.

Mr. President, I have but sketched the history and qualities of the deceased. An adequate estimate of his worth is the measure of grief that has been poured out by loving friends upon his tomb and the sense of vacancy that they feel now that he is gone. These are the tributes to which I would call your attention, and not to my own inadequate expressions. The memory of his character serves as its highest eulogy. In life he courted no undeserved praise; in death, no flower amid the many blossoms dropped upon his casket fell from an insincere or flatterer's hand.

ADDRESS OF MR. DANIEL, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The genius of Ireland, it seems to me, has found its most ample, generous, and brilliant expression in our own land. We often hear our country spoken of as the greater Britain. It is just as truly the greater Ireland. We learn of Irish statesmen and Irish soldiers when we read our school books. We catch the music of Irish poetry in every volume of essay and history or disquisition. The brilliance of Irish wit we find in the local columns of our papers, and

repeated from lip to lip in jest and converse by the hearthstone; yet if we were to judge of Irish character only by that which we hear of it as it comes to us borne from that distant land, we should have but a partial and imperfect appreciation of that people.

In our own country the name of the Irish soldiery has become a proverb of valor, and the brilliant generals who have borne it on every field have added even greater glory to it as it came to us by tradition. In literature too, and statesmanship, we have seen in our own country exemplifications of Irish genius.

And there is one feature of Irish character of which we could take but little cognizance except by our own experience, and that is the successful ability with which that race copes in our history with every circumstance which it has to combat.

We not only find the poor and humble Irishman with his pick and spade climbing the mountain and building the railroad, but we find him the president of the bank, the president of the railroad, the organizer of great commercial schemes and political movements, showing that Irish ability in business, where cold intellect meets its like in the hard conflicts of competition, is on a par with its brilliance as it shines in song and in story.

We know very little, Mr. President, of the details of the struggle of Ireland for home rule, and we know scarce any of it in the sense that we know our own political struggles and conditions; but the fact that the Irishman in this country shows constant progress wherever you find him, whether in the field of manual or intellectual toil, intensifies the belief that some peculiar condition of oppression must exist which has prevented him from becoming so independent and so great in his native land as he has become in our own. In the Old World the Irish orator might say of his countrymen: "They

have fought successfully in every battle but their own." In this free country they have fought in all our conflicts of civic competition, and in none better than their own.

Mr. President, it is a privilege to pay a tribute of respect and honor to the worthy dead, and now as the hours of the Fifty-second Congress wane, we have paused to commemorate the virtues of one who entered it with us but did not live to see its close—a distinguished representative, who illustrated alike the genius of his mother Ireland and the great opportunities for the rise of merit afforded by his adopted land.

I did not have the pleasure of even a personal acquaintance with Mr. WARWICK. I do not know that mine own eyes have ever rested upon his face, but a circumstance of name attracted me to take particular notice of his political struggles and his marked career. He bore a name to me ever venerated, that of my own grandsire, John Warwick; and, while I have no reason to believe that we were kindred, it led me to make frequent inquiries concerning him.

In this manner I became familiar with the general reputation which Mr. WARWICK bore, not only as a public man but as a citizen in the community where he lived. That fixed reputation, which was attested not only by the public prints, nor only by the voice of his political friends, but by every manner of communication from all classes of men who had known him in all relations, is his best praise. One account has always been given of him, and that is that he was a man amongst men, universally esteemed, greatly confided, trusted, and believed in.

So he enjoyed that greatest proof of a man's worth which comes from the collected judgment of men who know him in all relations and all conditions, and now he lives "in a people's voice, the proof and echo of all human fame."

There were certain qualities of Mr. WARWICK which appear to have been as well known and recognized as his name. They were modesty, integrity, charity, and ability. There is such emphasis sometimes put upon the declaration that a man was "honest" as to convey an undertone of suggestion that the virtue is rare. It goes without saying that the public men of our country are honest. The lack of honesty in them is very, very rare. It would be a great reproach to our people and our free institutions if such were not the case. The hazy lights of political literature are often misleading.

There is no more honest or straightforward body of men in the world than those who represent the American people in public life. They are in the blaze of popular inspection; and if their qualities or actions are sometimes portrayed in distorted lights, and if there be occasionally some one that does not deserve the name, it is nevertheless true that in no other walk or profession, whether it be mercantile, legal, scientific, or otherwise, are there more proportioned to their number who deserve the name of honest than the statesmen whom our people have entrusted with power.

When I speak of Mr. WARWICK as a man of integrity, I do not mean simply to say that he never took his neighbor's goods, nor slandered his good name; I mean to signify that he impressed upon all who knew him the fact that he was punctilious in the observance of every obligation—mercantile, social, political, or otherwise. His charity has been borne witness to by too many testimonials to need circumstantial relation. His ability has been attested by many and varied accomplishments. His must have been a diversified order of genius. He was a merchant, he was a farmer, he was a miller, he was a miner, and he succeeded in whatsoever he undertook.

The public position which he won was through the confidence

he had inspired amongst the people with whom he lived, by his diligence and by his success, and by the character he had manifested in that success. Public honor was but the manifestation of that broad appreciation of his State which sent forth a representative man—representative in his sterling virtues as well as in his political opinions, to utter its thought, and do honor to its character.

Mr. President, the saddest phase of public life is found in the partings which it leads to, and I know not sometimes whether those partings be more sad when they are with the dead or the living. We are but brief sojourners here, at best, whatever may be our fortunes in life; and although many, not to say all of us, are partisans, all partisanship is merged in the friendships formed by community of service for a common country, and by the sentiments inspired when we stand by the dead forms of those who have been our fellows.

Changes of administration are well for the public weal. Experiment can not test the rival claims of men and measures except through their agency. It is the crucible of ideas and their champions. But whether on one side or the other of political difference, whether of victory or defeat, the change severs strong and tender ties and breaks cherished associations and foretokens the great change when all shall pass the common way.

JOHN G. WARWICK has only passed before us in the procession. He has lived his life, he has done his work, he won with virtue the laurel that now lies upon his tomb. Those who yet press on the toilsome march find refreshment in his good example: "Let him boast who putteth his armor off, not him who putteth it on" is now the conqueror's boast for him. Clean, bright, without tarnish, the armor which he wore is now hung up as the relic of him who wore it well; and Ohio receiving

his dust may be proud in the realization that he whom she honored so often has honored her in turn by his useful and unblemished life.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore.* The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Ohio [Mr. Brice].

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.